BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4 No. 2

FEBRUARY
1932

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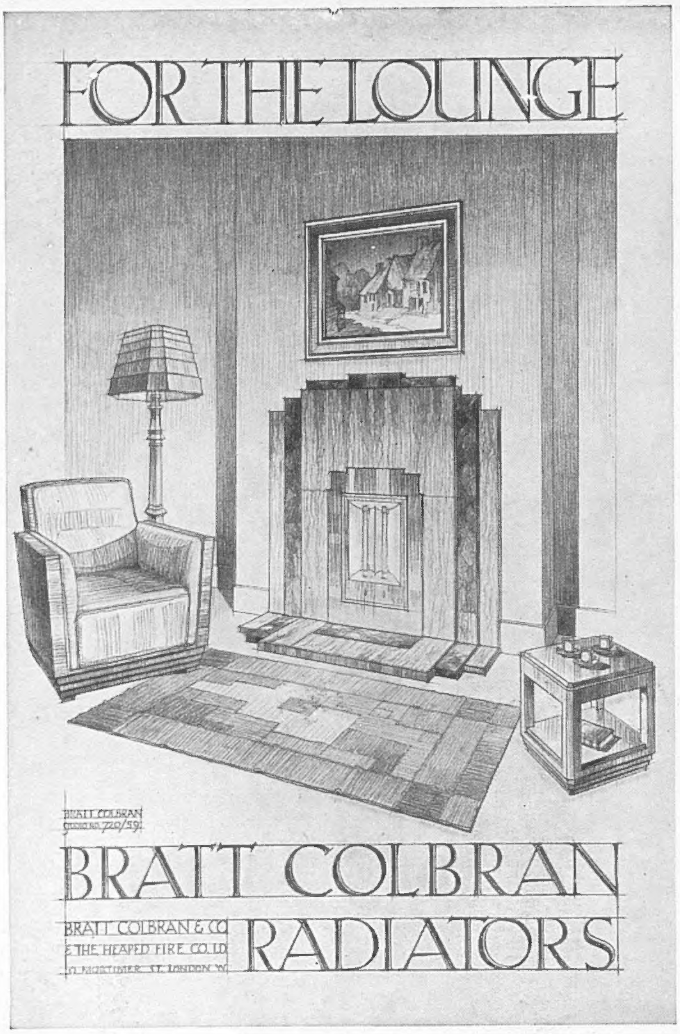

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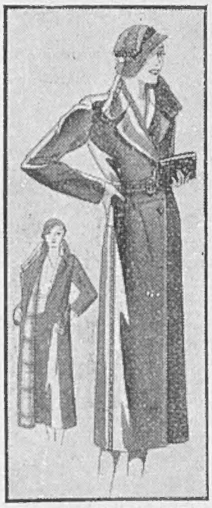
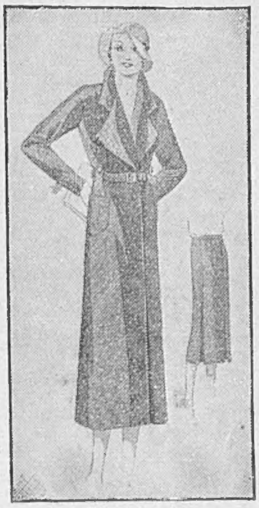
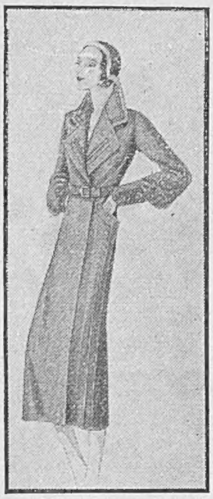


" burlington "
this coat in fine chrome leather is cunningly designed and cut with a wide wrap that will prove serviceable for motoring. as trimming, it shows the clever introduction of self tucks on the cuffs, collar and back. the cosy lining is of soft fleece. obtainable in brown, blue, green, or red.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



" the moors "
she who would choose a tweed coat and a matching skirt need look no further than the two-piece depicted here. made of a good wearing tweed that can be chosen in several mixtures, it consists of a coat that is cut on the newest lines with the wide lapels of guardee influence and a slim skirt that has the side stitched pleats. coat lined throughout.
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



" the arandora "
for those who prefer the tweed coat, this model combines in its many qualities all that could be desired. made in several of the latest shades in a good wearing tweed, it shows the use of the selvedge in three-tone effect on the most uncommon sleeves, collar and revers. lined throughout.
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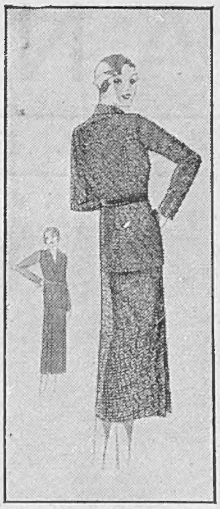
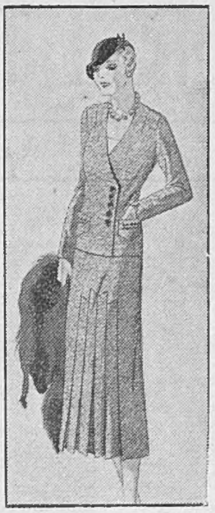
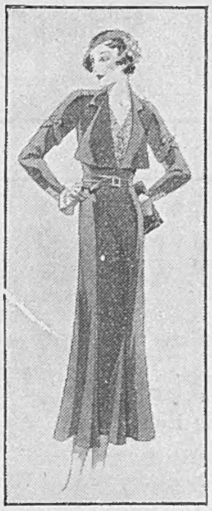


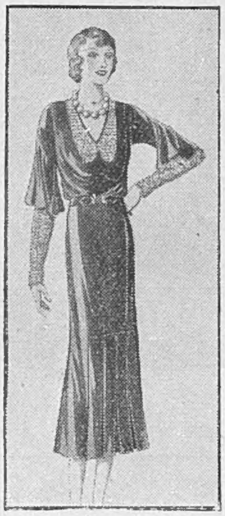
" the donegal "
the eather-belted coat of a perfectly tailored country suit in a mixture tweed is one of the highlights of this design. note also the norfolk cut of the coat back with its inverted pleats and the buttoned pockets. the skirt has stitched inverted pleats at each side. coat lined crepe-de-chine.
cash 7 guineas. **21/-** monthly



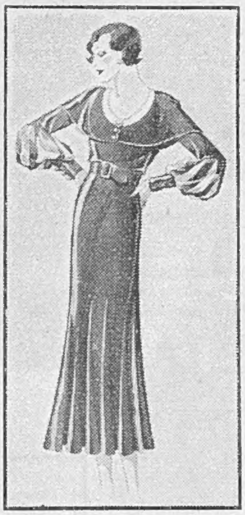
" sunny days "
a novelty bouclet tweed in a new soft beige shade was the material we selected for a version of the cardigan suit that can be worn for town or sports occasions. the new line of the coat fastening with its five buttons and the button motif repeated on the pockets are two important details. can be copied in other shades.
cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly



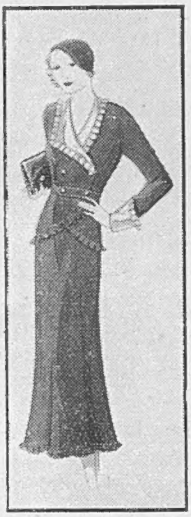
" the chocolate soldier "
following the trim military lines, yet retaining all the graciousness of femininity, this little street frock will find many friends. made of a fine wool mousse, it daringly introduces the contrast colour note in its vestee and on the sleeves. the wide revers are also notable. in many colours.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



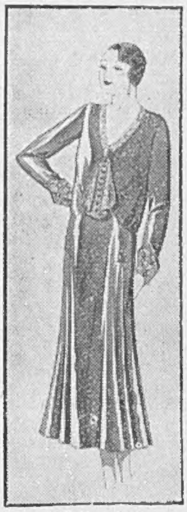
" petit diner "
peau d'ange afternoon or semi-evening gown that is so striking in appearance. note well the clever little cape that appears on the sleeve above the gauntlet cuff composed of rows of narrow beige lace, and the daintiness of the inset vest that is also of lace. made in black, this can be copied in one or two shades.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



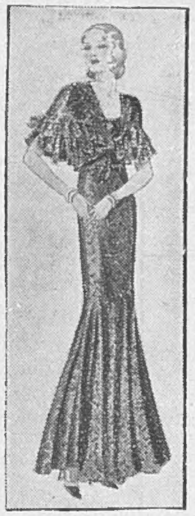
" let us be gay "
different and smart is this afternoon frock in faille trimmed on its deep cape collar and cunningly slashed sleeves with contrast suede crepe. the skirt falls from the high waist in full flared folds, and is defined with a stitched belt. originally in black and emerald, it can be copied in other shades.
cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly



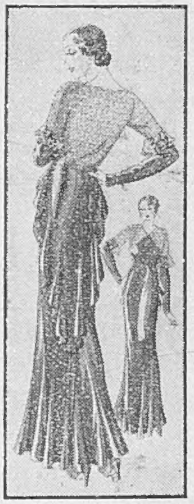
" time for lunch "
a smartly tailored street frock in a fine soft woollen carries out the tunic line. box pleatings trim the edge of the shaped hip flounce and foot of the flared skirt. satin collar and cuffs, and belt. in many new shades.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



" distinguée "
a distinguished afternoon gown for the woman who would choose a model for its slimming lines, is this design in heavy satin. collar, jabot and gauntlet cuffs are in beige lace, also in one or two new shades.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



" la petite sœur "
a charming evening ensemble combines the much demanded jacket in an unusual design, with a sleeveless gown, both fashioned of filmy thread lace. in black, with slip of crepe-de-chine. can also be copied in beige, pink, blue, green, etc.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



" l'affaire "
this is eminently suitable for the " between " occasions that demand more than an afternoon dress, yet less than a formal evening gown. fashioned of heavy morocain, it shows the contrast note that is the vogue, with the deep yoke and sleeve top in beige or flesh lace. the modified bustle line is achieved by a draped flounce. in black, it may be copied in one or two shades.
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly

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There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

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"They say I *look* like — but I really *am* an 'Ovaltine' girl!"

says Miss Dorothy Ward

Daly's Theatre,
London, W.C.

Everybody has been admiring my latest picture taken as "Nan" in "A Country Girl," so successfully revived at Daly's Theatre. "You look just like that pretty 'Ovaltine' Girl," they say, but, as I tell them, I actually am one, for I find nothing so good after a trying day as a "nightcap" of "Ovaltine."

It gives me sleep when harassed nerves would otherwise keep me awake. So to all girls, whether country or town girls, I recommend "Ovaltine" if they want to keep pretty and well

Dorothy Ward

Miss Dorothy Ward as she appeared in "A Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre.

Delicious "Ovaltine" supplies in a correctly balanced form the concentrated goodness of Nature's best foods—ripe barley malt, creamy milk and eggs. There is no food beverage more easily digested or richer in the restorative nourishment which rebuilds brain, nerve and body. Without increasing weight it gives that radiant health which is the foundation of beauty.

When "Ovaltine" is your "nightcap" you will enjoy dreamless, restful sleep. In those golden hours of slumber tired eyes regain their brightness. The fatigued body is strengthened and rebuilt. Ragged nerves are soothed and restored. The bloom of glorious health returns to the cheeks. New energy is created to meet the demands of the coming day.

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P.777

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4: No. 2 February, 1932

Editorial

MAN—the Luxury!

GIRLS at the University of Pittsburg have decided that "all men are a luxury and a hindrance." Man will no longer be admitted to their social gatherings.

American University life is not the world, and into the economic and the physiological aspects of the matter it is needless to delve. Yet coming from a nation whose women-folk have for generations regarded men as not only not a hindrance but positively a necessity, the pronouncement is indeed strange. The American husband has, with considerable truth, been pictured as a willing beast of burden, piling up a fortune on Wall Street in order that his wife and daughters may spend it on clothes, cars and mental and social uplift. But he has had his place in the sun, and will not give it up without a struggle; one might even be ungallant enough to suggest that Pittsburg University would be an Eve-less Eden were there not plenty of Adams available for paying the bills.

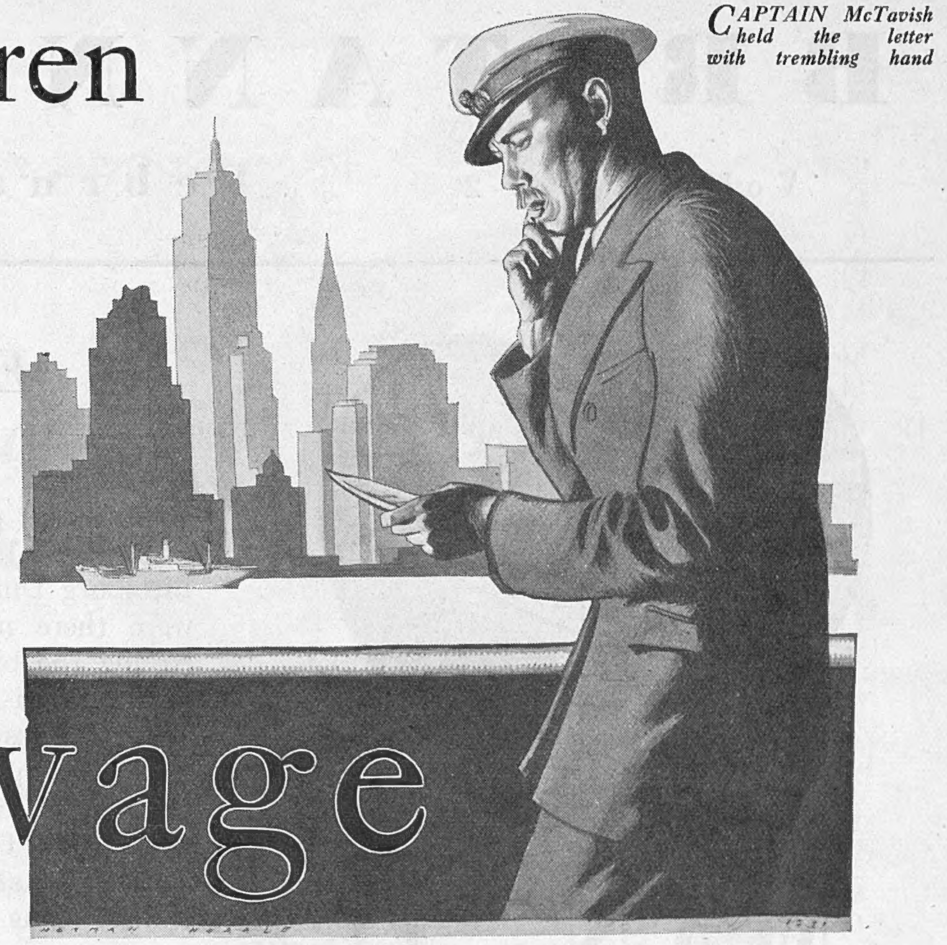
In a semi-Americanised England the contrast is not quite so harsh. Man is by disposition and instinct a gregarious animal. Woman is not. We may cheer up and take comfort, should it be feared that there are germs of a sex-war in this instance of student ebullience, from a variety of things. Has any club for women only ever been an unqualified success? Is it ever likely to be? A restaurant party of men only is an accepted institution; a large table surrounded exclusively by women feeding in public is a rarity, and a slightly ludicrous one. "To-night, my dear, I am dining with some men," will announce from time to time even a model husband. How often does a wife, model or otherwise, declare that she is "dining with some women"?

So let women consider, if they will, a man as a luxury. That is the very reason why he is not likely to be banished for long. For women like luxuries—and he may lay that flattering unction to his soul.

Besides, neither a fad nor a self-denying ordinance has a long life. Horace, as usual, was right. "*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*" "You may drive out Nature with a pitchfork, but she will always come back."

By P. C. Wren

A *Drama* of *the* Sea by the *Author* of "*Beau* Geste"



CAPTAIN McTavish held the letter with trembling hand

Salvage

Illustrated by Norman Hepple

CORPORAL SCOTT (M.D., Edinburgh), once a fashionable physician, and now hospital-orderly, nodded to us as he passed by.

"A drunkard is a despicable and disgusting object; the foulest handiwork of the De'il himself. There's nothing lower or more degraded. . . . Except a liar. . . . Or perhaps a teetotaller. . . . Or a man who kens an improvin' and true story an' will not tell it for fear that the fules who hear it will not believe it."

Thus McSnorrt, as he poured out the second glass of the third bottle of *pinard*.

"Aye," I agreed, with non-committal provocation in my voice, and hope in my heart, for this sounded promising; and, when the usually inarticulate McSnorrt was moved to speech, he was worth hearing.

"Aye," he said. "I'm tellin' ye. I was thinkin' of Captain McTavish. Yon Corporal Scott reminded me of him, for he's the livin' image of the man. First time I saw him I went up to him, thinkin' t'was McTavish himsel'.

"McTavish. . . . Aye. . . . Captain Robert McTavish. . . . Aye. . . ."

And straightway McSnorrt, encouraged by me and inspired by Bacchus, told me the tale of Captain McTavish. Not only told, but dramatised it for my benefit and his own delight—in administering that benefit to a weaker vessel; in pointing a moral and adorning a tale.

"I LOVE the fine subtle humour of God's Own Country. It's deep as well as broad, Pilot," said Captain McTavish as he stood on his bridge, and looked back at New York's marvellous sky-line.

"Sure," agreed the pilot.

"Sure," echoed Captain McTavish. "Your cast iron dame with the smokeless torch, for example."

"Yeah ?"

"I enjoy old Aunt Liberty more and more every time I see her. She's the subtlest thing in jokes since Pharaoh commissioned the Sphinx."

"Yeah ?"

"Yeah. She lights the way of the poor Irish immigrant in to Prohibition and the way of the rich Sausage King out to unlimited drinks. . . . Liberty—lighting the world, while her shadow falls on the closed saloons and the open notification, 'Thou shalt not have liberty to drink what thou preferest' . . . Wonderful. . . . The Great Joke of all Time. . . ."

Now mind ye, ma mannie, it wasna Captain Malcolm McTavish's way to fleer and to jeer, nor to be flippant at the risk of hurting another man's feelings; and he was no sic' a fule as to think that any civilised country can afford to laugh at any other civilised country. No, 'twas not his way—when he was himself. But he wasna himself. No man is, after weeks of craving . . . craving . . . and suspense, and fear.

The pilot's jaw muscles tightened. The corners of his grim mouth turned a little further downward, and there was a hard gleam in his hard eye.

"Yeah ?" he said. "Great joke ? D'you allow we've passed the Great Joke ? . . . Yeah ? . . . Well then, if you've finished *your* great joke—and done guying one of our most cherished institootions—I'll give you this letter. . . . I was most particularly requested not to hand it to you until your ship passed the Statue of Liberty—that amuses you so much. I hope the letter will amuse you equally . . . as it was brought to my office by your—by a lady. . . . 'Nother subtle joke p'raps—' deep as well as broad.' "

And smiling maliciously, the huge and powerful pilot turned his back and walked across the bridge. In point of fact, he, too, regarded Prohibition as a terrible farce, acted (if not conceived) in the worst possible taste—but it was not for any doggoned Britisher to know that.

With trembling hand, Captain McTavish held the letter as he stared at and through the Statue of Liberty.

With unseeing eyes he passed down the ladder to his room. For a long time he sat on his settee gazing at the well-known writing, and then, tossing the letter on to his desk, he broke the Customs Seal from a locker door, and drank half a tumbler of neat whisky.

At length, as though nerving himself to an act of desperate hazard, he drank another half tumbler of neat spirit, tore open the envelope, and read the brief note that it contained.

WHEN the Chief Engineer came up for instructions—and I'm not tellin' ye the name o' yon Chief Engineer, ma mannie—he found Captain McTavish lying face down on his settee, a crumpled letter in one hand that trailed down to the floor.

Sitting up, he glared at the Chief with bloodshot eyes.

"Man McTavish!" cried the Chief. "What. . . ."

"No. It's not drink this time, Mac. . . . but it soon will be. Drink, and then some. . . . She's left me. . . ."

"Man. . . . can ye wonder ?" muttered the Chief. "Can ye wonder ?"

And if his voice in comment were contemptuous, the hand that patted Captain McTavish's shoulder was kindly.

" Wonder ! " raved McTavish. " Wonder ! I'm full o' wonder . . . full to the brim . . . that my damned soul should love a woman so, and my cursed body love drink more," and he laughed noisily.

" Ah well, Chief," he added, " the poet tells us we always return to our first love. . . . When I've seen the pilot over the side, I'm returning to mine."

" Then ye're a damned fule, Captain McTavish," said the Chief Engineer, as he shut the door.

True to his word, as ever, Captain McTavish returned to his first love, the moment he had dropped the pilot ; and ere long he was in a state of drunken oblivion, an oblivion so deep and complete that even the North East gale—that leapt up in sudden rage, and for three days increased in fury—howled unheard and unheeded by the man who was reputed to hear and to heed every sound of ship or sea, whether he slept or woke.

Then Providence, Fate, or if ye preferr that phrase beloved to fules, the Long Arrm of Coincidence, once more intervened to show what fules we mortals be.

Although the Captain was invisible—reported unwell . . . and known to be dead drunk — the ship's routine went on unhindered and unchanged, as is the way, thank God, of the British Mercantile Marine.

The Third Mate, who had, or fancied he had, a definitely artistic bent, gathered in all the circular life-buoys from their sockets on the poop-rails, and gave expression to his creative urge and temperament by rendering them perhaps more beautiful with red paint, the vessel's name in block letters and realistic " house " flags that fluttered permanently, if stiffly, in a perpetual breeze — which curiously enough blew them in diametrically opposite directions.

The Second Mate, glorying in having a Chart Room all to himself, revelled in sines and tangents, and not only felt, but observed aloud, that he was indeed and at last and rightly *the* Navigating Officer.

With a cherished and beloved " Kew A Certificate " sextant, the purchase of which had consumed the entire receipts of his last pay-day, he spied upon Venus and the Moon, and further persuaded the Chief Mate—although that gentleman was anything but a sporting character — to " shoot " sundry heavenly bodies during his night-watch.

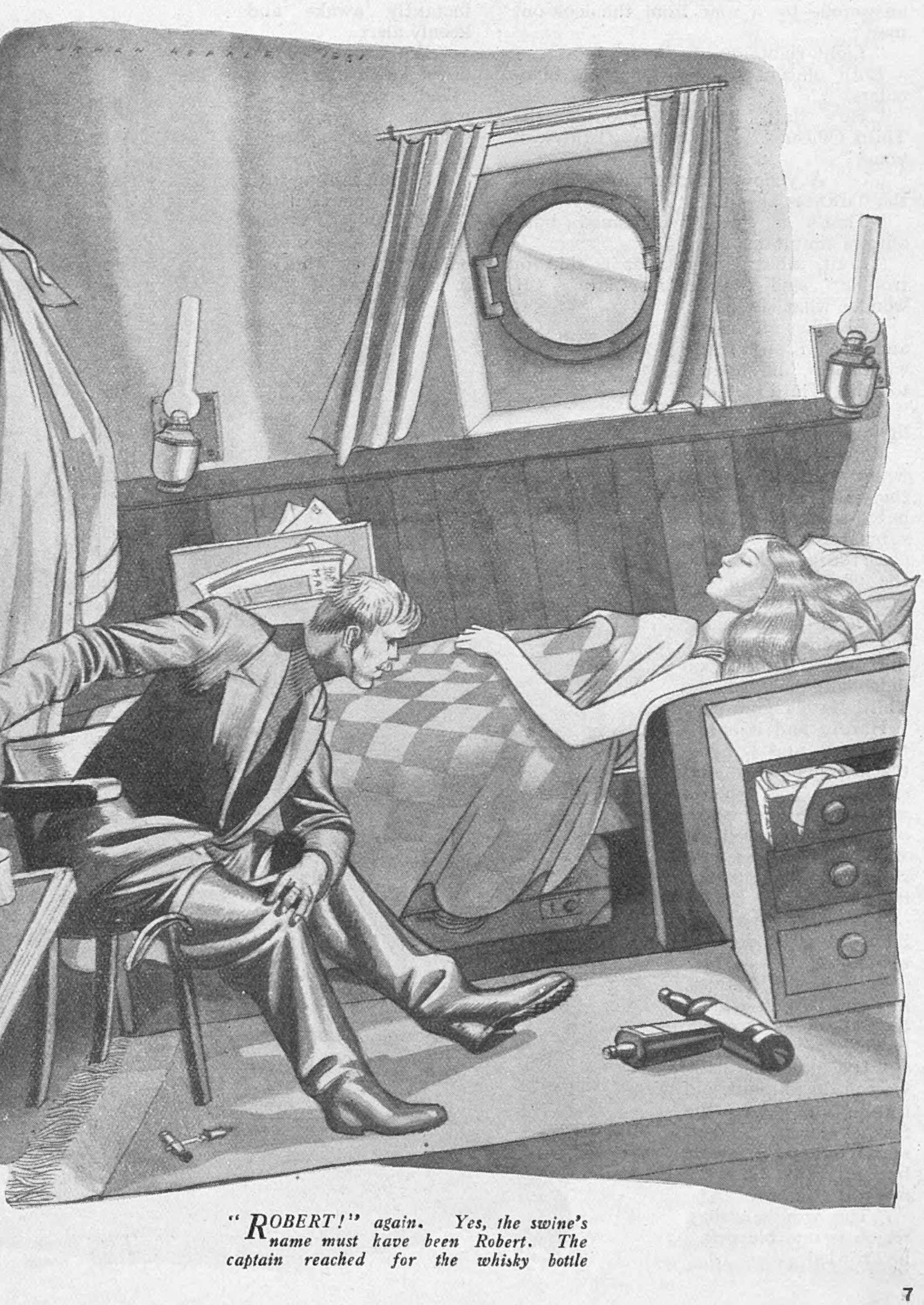
Thus, on the fourth day of the passage, although the sun sulked hidden behind a dark grey veil across which scudded darker grey clouds, the Third Mate knew his position with tolerable accuracy, and, himself the instrument of Providence or Fate—or as fules again might say, plastic clay in the hand at the end of the Long Arrm o' Coincidence—was able to set a course which, all unknown to him, brought the ship toward that point at which she was destined to arrive.

Destined, mark ye, ma mannie ; and is it Providence or Fate, or a long arm unguided by a brain, that controls Destiny ? . . . Eh ?

Overhead, the unseen stars winked—doubtless at each other—for, having brooded over this queer worrld o' ours since Time began, they knew everything. Knew even that, though a Third Officer may make allowance for refraction, parallax, variation, deviation, and all other -ations including damnation, he has no formula that discounts Destiny.

WHEN the Carpenter went on the bridge that morning to do sundry small jobs, the stars may have winked again, for they also knew that a sharp snow-squall would give him a sufficient excuse to go below for a smoke ; that the slack knave would slip his tools into the starboard life-belt-locker only three feet from the binnacle (an' let me tell ye, laddie, that's a black base unpardonable crime at sea) ; and that to-day bein' Saturday he would do no more worrk and so forget his tool-bag and the place where he had left it.

And the stars saw the sensitive compass-card, floating on its bed of alcohol (eh, ma-a-n !) answer to the strong magnetic pull of the iron tools—and winked yet once again. Winked again—for, thanks to the Carpenter's bag of metal, the course set by the Third Mate was not followed by the ship—and from a point thirty miles south of where she



" ROBERT ! " *again. Yes, the swine's name must have been Robert. The captain reached for the whisky bottle* should have been, she steadily bore down upon a wreck.

Yes, thanks to the carpenter, blind instrument o' Fate—an' to Hell wi' yere long arrm o' coincidence—away across the heavin' white-capped miles, the wreck lay right dead ahead. . . .

With monotonous regularity the green seas broke over our fo'c'sle-head, and whitened our funnels with salt of their spray.

Washed like a half-ride rock, pausing after every shattering blow, but only to plunge on again undismayed, our rusty blunt-nosed tramp zigzagged on, like the Bolivar, or like a dommed animated swimming-bath, toward the goal pointed out for her by the finger o' God.

Aye, ma mannie, by God himsel'—and awa' wi' yere Providence, Fate, and Destiny, aye, and to the Bilges o' Hell wi' yere " Long Arrm o' Coincidence."

At midnight, the Third Mate felt, rather than saw, his relief standing by his side.

" Is that you, Tubby ? " he bawled above the howling of the gale, and was answered—by a roar from the look-out man.

" Light right ahead, Sir."

Both officers reached for their binoculars.

" He's daft, Tubby," shouted the Third Officer. " I can't see a light, can you ? "

. . . A yellow pin-point appeared in the darkness ahead.

" That's a flare," exclaimed both officers simultaneously.

" Lord, what a night for a ship in trouble," said the Second Mate. " I wonder what she is."

" Give her an answer and see if she really wants help," he shouted to the Third Officer. " One of those blue lights will do."

And suddenly, the water cascading over the rails, the glistening hatch-covers, the half-submerged rusty winches, the tapering masts, the white face of the man in the crow's-nest, and a circle of raging sea, were brilliantly illuminated by a dazzling light held in the Third Mate's hand.

Hardly had it spluttered out and left the blackness blacker and still more solid, when a white wriggling snake of light appeared to shoot over the far faint rim of the horizon that itself created.

" Rocket right ahead, Sir," yelled the look-out man.

" She's in distress, allright, Tubby. What's to be done now ? " bawled the Third.

" It's precious little we can do to-night, old son," answered the Second Officer, " except stand by. . . . Stand by and pray that the sea will go down.

" The wind's easing, which is one blessing," he growled.

" You'd better get out a good supply of blue lights," he bawled to his junior. " We'll cheer her with one every few minutes, and we can steer by her rockets.

" I reckon at this fierce speed it'll be a couple of hours before we get up to her," he grumbled. " And then comes the hardest part—waiting for daylight.

" Tell the engine-room we shall be easing down before long," he shouted. " It's no good calling up the Mate yet. Better let him sleep. But tell the Chief Engineer. . . . "

(Aye, they can't do long without the Chief Engineer, I'm tellin' ye.)

In a couple of hours or so, the pounding of the tramp's engines subsided to a faint purr and, barely holding her own against the heaving sea, she lay half a mile to leeward of the blurred mass whence the appealing rockets had leapt to the apparently unanswering heavens. . . .

At the first streak of dawn the Third Mate entered the Chief Officer's room. Even as the door opened, the Mate sat up in his bunk instantly awake and keenly alert.

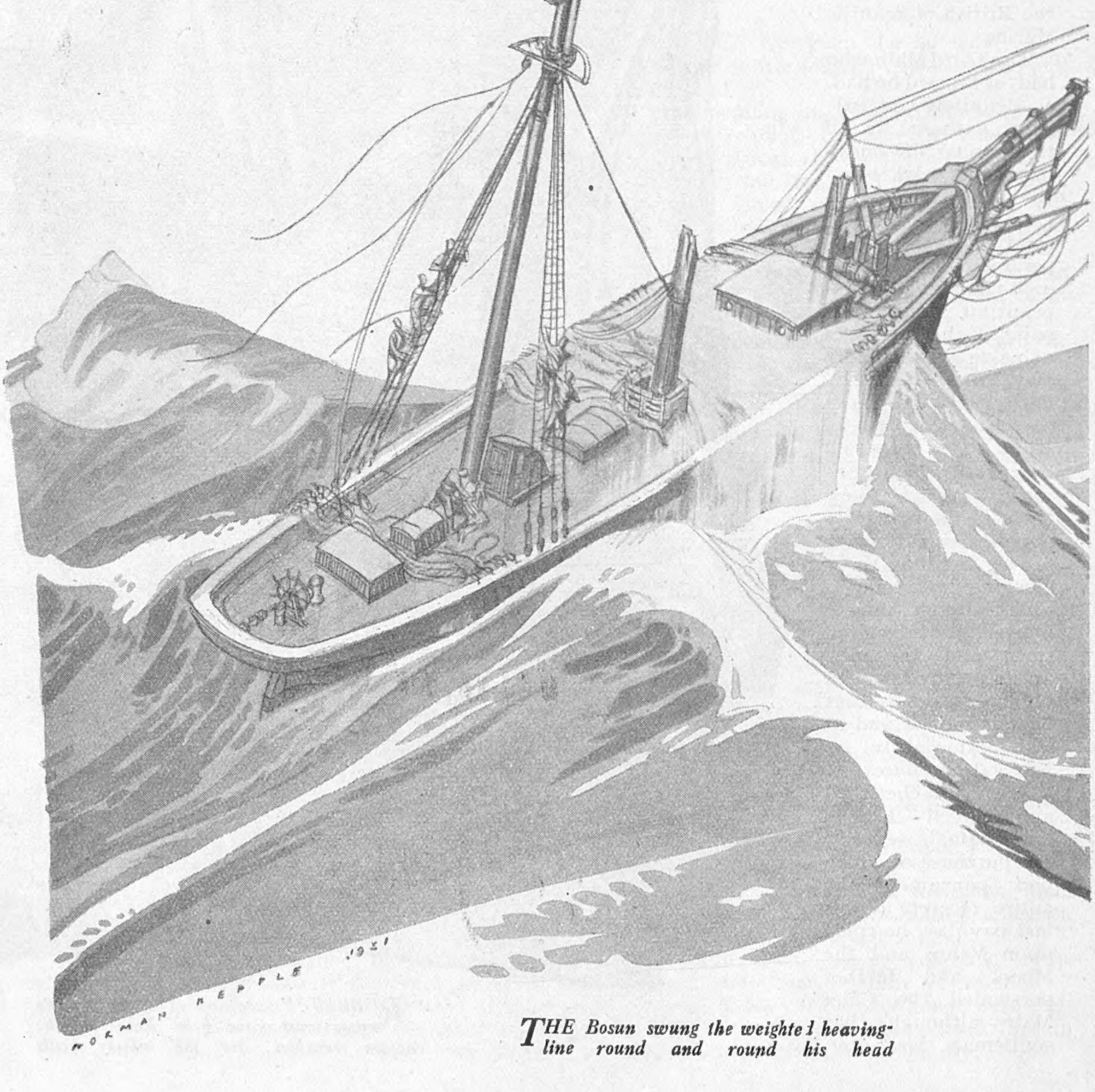
" What's she slowed down for, Third ? " he asked anxiously. " In my sleep I felt something was wrong somewhere."

" Nothing wrong with us, Sir," answered the Third Officer, " but there's a dismasted barque up to wind'ard in a devil of a mess. All her gear, except the mizzen, is hanging over the port side, and I can see the poor devils trying to work at the pumps as though they're beat to the wide. . . . I've seen mined ships lying in pieces on the Goodwins, and I've passed lifeboats manned with starved corpses in the Bay . . . and this sea-swept coffin reminds me. . . ."

" Yes, you've seen a lot in the course of your long life," interrupted the Mate briskly. " Who is she ? "

" The *Volterrae*, of Boston, Sir," answered the Third Officer, and added, ere he closed the door, abashed and subdued, " See you on the bridge, Sir. . . ."

Half-clad men left their warm bunks, drawn by the fearful fascination of a wreck, this wreck of a once trim sailing-ship, now on the crest of a great wave, a tangled and battered silhouette against the sky-line, now deep down in the trough under a white smother of swirling



THE Bosun swung the weighted heaving-line round and round his head water, a sinking mess of broken wood and rope.

Through glasses, the crew could be seen alternately pumping and hanging on for dear life, as now she rose clear and now the seas broke right over her. While they watched, silent and still, a great breaker towered and, curling, seemed to hang over the waterlogged craft, pausing for a period immeasurably brief yet torturingly eternal. . . .

When it had passed, there was a man the less at the pumps, and the tramp's firemen looked up at the officers on the bridge and muttered—till the sailors asked them if they'd like to pull a boat out to her and win a hatful of medals.

The Chief Engineer, the Bosun and the Carpenter were invited to a council on the bridge.

The Chief Officer, who was young to bear his heavy responsibility, spoke first.

“ There's half a dozen ships coming in answer to our wireless—but, Lord, what can they do ? Those poor beggars'll drown before they come, and what can we do—we who are here ? . . . If I put a boat out, would anyone go in her ? . . . It wouldn't be afloat for five minutes. . . . Am I right, Second ? ”

The Second Mate was slow to answer.

“ If I were a single man, I'd go,” he said at length. “ If any men would volunteer, that is . . . which they wouldn't, for they'd know there isn't a chance of their ever getting back. It's awful to say it—God damn it—but we can do nothing. . . .”

“ Have you any contribution to make, Third ? ” asked the Chief Officer. “You're always reminding us you're an old sailing-ship man,” he added. “ Would you care to go ? ”

The Mate was sorely worried, and his words, voice and manner showed it.

“ My contribution,” replied the Third Mate stiffly, “ is to remark that before anyone is asked to go, we might remember that we've a Captain aboard this ship.”

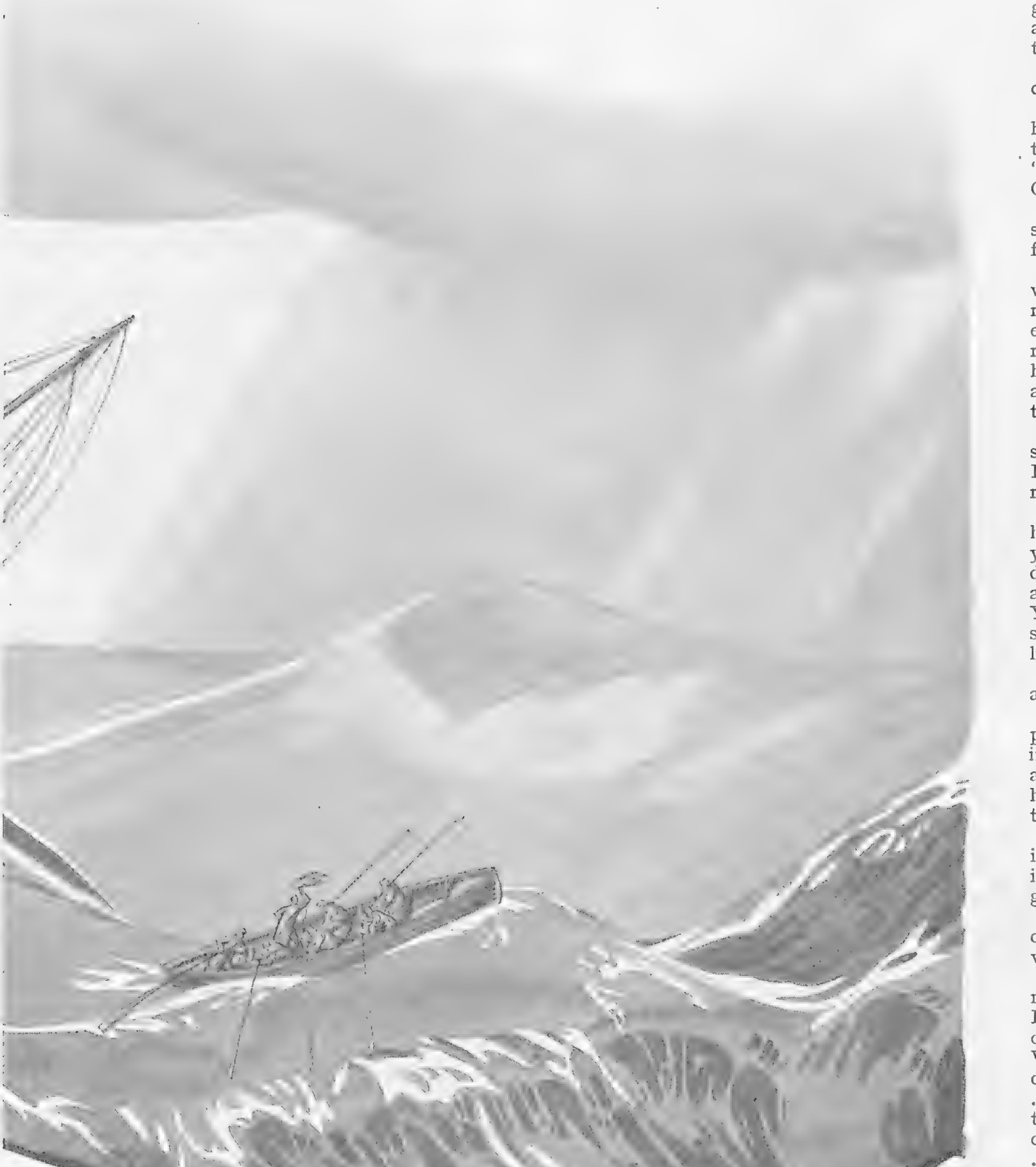
“ Aye, and I'm wi' the young man there,” broke in the Chief Engineer. “ Oh, I ken weel our skipper's drunk as David's sow, but I've seen yon mon turn from dead drunk to smilin' sober in less than twa shakes of a lamb's tail—and for much less than a sinkin' ship, too.”

“ Ar, that's right. So've I,” chimed in the Bosun, who rejoiced in the incredible name of Fussilove.

“ If Cap'n McTavish knew about that,” he went on, pointing to the wreck, “ he'd do something about it damn quick. Ar, drunk or sober, he would.”

Suddenly the Second Mate turned to the Chief Officer and thrust a telescope at him.

“ What's that lashed to her mizzen ? ” he said, pointing a hand that shook with excitement.



The Mate trained the glass on the wreck and awaited his opportunity.

“ Good God,” he cried. “ It's a woman.”

“ Come on, Chief,” he added, turning to the Chief Engineer. “ We've got to see the Old Man.”

And without further speech, they descended from the bridge.

Receiving no answer whatever to their repeated knocking, they entered the Captain's room. McTavish lay in his bunk, fully dressed, and breathing stertorously.

Seizing him by the shoulder, the Chief Engineer shook him roughly.

“Rouse yersel', man,” he shouted. “ Pull yersel' together. There's distress signals flyin' and folk drownin'. . . . Ye're sair needed, man, so rouse yersel' an' act like one.”

The only answer was a snoring grunt.

Together the two men pulled their Captain up into a sitting position and shook him till his head rolled from side to side.

“ What about smackin' a glass of cold water in his drunken face ? ” growled the Mate.

McTavish's eyes opened, and he stared vacantly at the speaker.

“ A ship in distress, man,” cried the Chief Engineer. “ A ship in distress, I say. . . . Will ye have it said ye did nothing for her ? . . . that you were too dommed swinish drunk to understand. . . . Pull yersel' together, you shamefu' sottish. . . .”

McTavish lurched to his feet and, leaning

(*Continued on page* 83)

Beginning a New Series of the Romance of Great Enterprises and the Men behind them

THE "Empress of Britain," the crack ship of the C.P.R.

BIG BUSINESS

No. 1: The Tsar of the Country-on-Wheels: The Canadian Pacific, Yesterday and To-day

THE office staff had long ago taken their thousand various ways home, but the man in the room marked "President" still sat gazing at the map spread before him on the desk.

Snow had been falling in Montreal since early afternoon, and a cold quietness enwrapped the city streets outside. Even the clanging bells and high-pitched whistlings from the railway station below the window became mellowed, so that they fell on the ear like the notes of an organ echoing the chimes of a cathedral clock—which latter they perhaps resembled in punctuality.

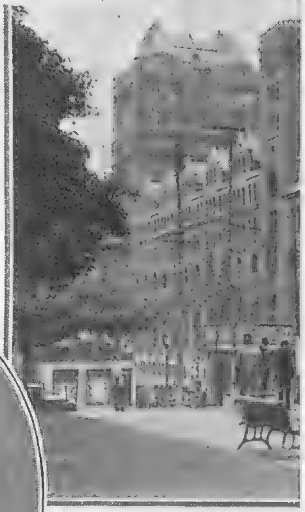
The broad-shouldered man at the desk could, indeed, set his watch by the particularly ear-splitting wail emitted by a 4-6-2 type locomotive as it drew out for the west promptly at 10.15, Eastern time. But to-night, with his aggressive chin cupped in his hand, he was far too absorbed in the problem presented by the map, and the letter lying by its side addressed to "*E. W. Beatty, Esq., President, Canadian Pacific Railway, Windsor Station, Montreal.*"

A decision had to be made, and—like most of the decisions affecting the life of the company over whose fortunes "Eddie" Beatty presided—it largely depended upon a map. Yet on this night, just over a year ago, it was no chart of half-explored western lands over which the young President of the C.P.R. was poring. Indeed, the present problem had nothing to do with either Canada, the Pacific, or even a railway.

The map on his desk was a map of London. . . . the letter with it was signed by Sir George McLaren Brown, the Company's chief in Europe.

And Beatty wanted to build a great hotel in the heart of the Empire's capital. Some told him that he was wrong, that there would be organised opposition against any newcomer to the West End hotel field. Yet Beatty felt that he was right; he and his predecessors had been building great hotels for forty years, meeting with inevitable local opposition at first, but finally with co-operation.

"The times are bad," he was warned. "That doesn't matter," he told them: if it was not a case of this year, it was next year. Now was the time to buy the site. But which site? And that was the problem.



THE late Lord Mount Stephen (President C.P.R., 1881-1888)

When he had signed the £3,200,000 contract for the giant Royal York in Toronto three years before, the choice of a site had been comparatively easy; but in London it was different. Here were a dozen different positions. One at Marble Arch, another in Berkeley Square, and one in Park Lane; in Trafalgar Square; on the rim of Regent's Park; the Lansdowne House site. Which was it to be?

So the pencil of this man sitting in Montreal traced lightly across the distant wilderness of brick and stone that is London. Just so traced the pencil of the first President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company less than fifty years before: the map was different, but the spirit of enterprise was the same.

THAT was in February, 1881, and three bearded men sat in a room at the Bank of Montreal arguing over the roughly pieced together chart of the Rockies that lay before them. Those men were George Stephen, the president of the bank; his cousin, Donald Smith, of the Hudson's Bay Company; and William Van Horne, a railway executive of Dutch ancestry and American breeding. The new Government of Sir John A. Macdonald had just granted the syndicate formed by these men a cash bonus of £5,000,000 and twenty-five million acres of land. In return the syndicate agreed to build and operate a railway line linking the Atlantic coast with that of the Pacific.

Great railways had been built before, and have been built since; but never has such a problem faced engineers as this projected trans-Canada line presented to the three daring men who had agreed to build it.

For forty years surveyors had been trying to find a path through the great

Left:
LORD STRATHCONA driving in the last spike of the trans-continental railway at Craigellachie, B.C.

Centre:
FROM ocean to ocean. The arrival of the first through train on July 4th, 1886, at the seaboard of British Columbia

By Gordon BECKLES

THE magnificent head-quarters of the C.P.R., Windsor Station, Montreal

range of Rocky Mountains that split Canada into two isolated parts. In 1857 the Imperial Government had even sent an expedition to tackle the monumental task. But Captain Palliser, the head of the exploration party, had failed. "I cannot advocate a line of communication across Canada to the Pacific exclusively through British territory," he wrote in his report. "The time has now for ever gone by for effecting such an object."

At least one man did not agree with Captain Palliser.

This was Walter Moberley, the assistant Surveyor-General of British Columbia, who organised his own small expedition and set out on the trail. In face of great difficulties and danger he forced a path through the foothills and along the Columbia River. One morning he found blazed on a tree the latitude and longitude of the spot where he stood, signed by David Thompson, astronomer and explorer for the Hudson's Bay Company, with the date 1828. He checked it, and found that both readings agreed.

Moberley felt that this discovery was a good omen; yet he was still far from his goal. Near the mouth of a river he came upon a nest full of eaglets, with the parent eagles sitting on the limb of the tree above them. Moberley fired at the birds, who flew up the valley of the river.

"It strikes me that we might well follow them," said Moberley. Weeks later he discovered another valley, and, in turn, blazed a cedar tree: "*This is the pass for the Overland Railway.*" And he named it Eagle Pass.

In 1871 the Canadian Government started the titanic task of planning the railway route across the newly formed Dominion. For ten years Sandford Fleming led a company of pathfinders through the wilderness. Fleming was a railway engineer, with an ideal all of his own. He dreamed of an Empire cable which would link England with Australia, New Zealand, India and the Far East.

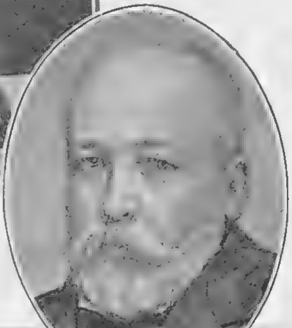
Much of his work did not even touch the Rockies, but lay in tearing a trail through the great rugged forest lands to the north of the Great Lakes. Hitherto it had been possible to reach the middle-west regions only by first entering American territory.

In the far West, on the Pacific slope, thirteen separate lines had already, by 1875, been run through the valleys of British Columbia, and all had failed to reach a jumping-off spot from which the Rockies might be scaled. And so, in 1880, the Government attempt to span the continent proved to have failed most ignominiously.

Such was the situation when two Scotsmen and a Dutchman—Messrs. Stephen, Smith and Van Horne—stepped into the breach.

"It will take you not ten, but twenty years," they were told

(*Continued on page* 86)


Left:
THE late Sir William Van Horne (2nd President C. P. R., 1888-1899)

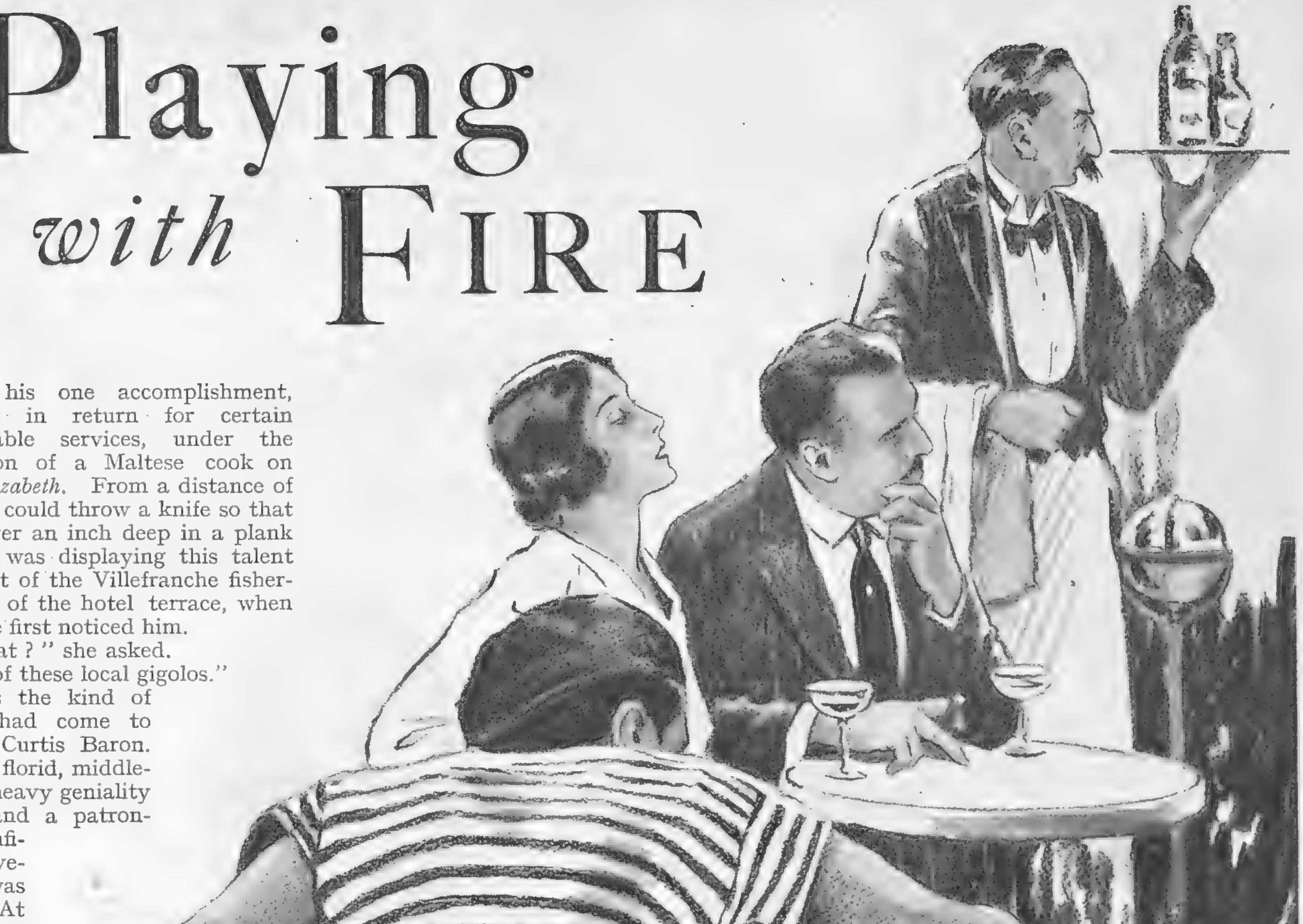
Right:
THE late Lord Shaughnessy (3rd President C. P. R., 1899-1918)

HOW the builders lived during the making of the railway. Ross and McDermid's camp at Rogers Pass, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies

THE C.P.R. hotel, Royal York at Toronto. The largest hotel in the British Empire

THE man in control of millions: E. W. Beatty, the present President of the Canadian Pacific Railway

Playing *with* FIRE



IT was his one accomplishment, acquired, in return for certain questionable services, under the instruction of a Maltese cook on the *Queen Elizabeth.* From a distance of thirty feet he could throw a knife so that it would quiver an inch deep in a plank of deal. He was displaying this talent for the benefit of the Villefranche fishermen, in front of the hotel terrace, when Muriel Swaine first noticed him.

"Who's that ?" she asked.

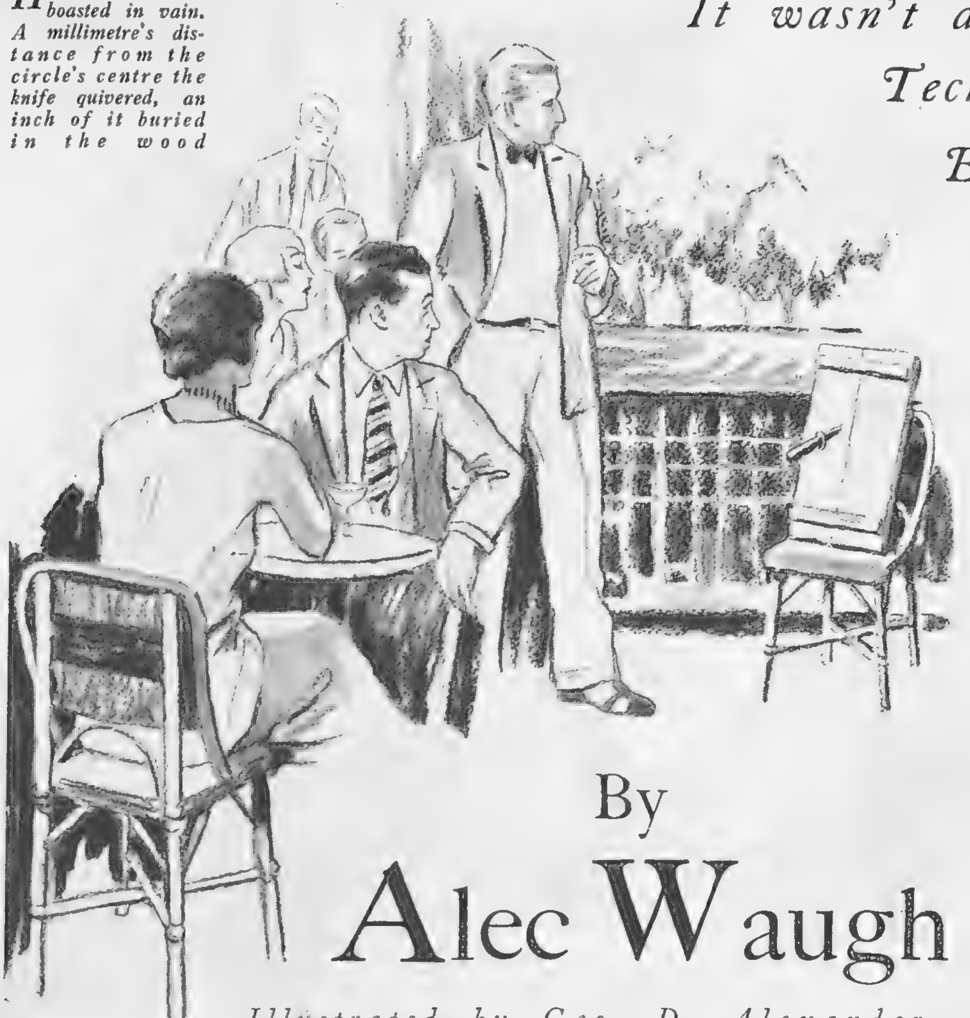
"Another of these local gigolos."

Which was the kind of answer she had come to expect from Curtis Baron. He was large, florid, middle-aged, with a heavy geniality of manner, and a patronising, self-confident possessiveness. He was from Maine. At the best of times she, a New Yorker, did not much like New Englanders, and Curtis Baron was the type of New Englander she particularly disliked; a New Englander trying to forget in a foreign country his New England conscience.

He had from the start attempted no disguise of his intentions. An eager light had come into his grey, heavily pouched eyes when she had walked, that first evening, into the hotel dining-room alone. She had known what he was thinking, "A woman in the middle twenties, married, reasonably attractive, alone, in this small unfashionable Riviera town; with no other unattached male staying here besides myself; what a heaven-sent opportunity." All through the meal his eyes had kept turning to her. He had come across to her afterwards as she sat over her coffee on the terrace, watching the moon rise above the humped shoulder of Cap Ferrat, veiling with soft light the grey-green olive slopes, the curving harbour side, and the fishing boats moored against the quay.

"I reckon this isn't the kind of night when one wants to be alone," he'd said. His voice was thick and throaty. It scattered the evening's magic.

From the first evening he had made his intentions clear. That in itself she had not resented. It was natural for an unattached man to pay court, in such a setting, to an unattached young woman. She was fair game, and Curtis Baron could not have been expected to know that after two years of marriage she was more wholeheartedly in love with her husband than on the day she had married him. It was not the nature of his intentions, but the self-confident knowingness of his campaign that had annoyed her. She had avoided him as much as possible. But in a small place like Villefranche, where the hotel was practically a club, one had to be polite to people. It was Baron's presence, as much as anything, that had made her write that morning to her husband: "John, darling, I'm so bored here. Do, do get that business of yours finished quick in Paris, and come down and join me here." If only he would hurry, so that she could be rid for ever of Curtis Baron's heavy gallantries, and his attempts to ingratiate himself with her, by a disparagement of everybody else. Why should he, after all, describe the tall, slim, graceful, dark-skinned, dark-haired boy, with the shabby blue trousers and tattered *maillots* as "another of these local gigolos"?



He had not boasted in vain. A millimetre's distance from the circle's centre the knife quivered, an inch of it buried in the wood

It wasn't a case of "Gigolo's Technique"—just young Blood, too Latin in Love, too hot to hate . . .

By
Alec Waugh

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

" Do you know anything about the boy ? " she asked.

" Only what everybody knows. That he's called Jario ; that since painters have asked him to sit for them he's considered himself too grand to work. He'll run errands for five francs. He'll give swimming lessons on the *plage*. He'll sit around the summer café in the evening, waiting for tourists to stand him beer and sandwiches, and he's on the look-out for some middle-aged woman who'll buy him swell clothes and take him to places."

He spoke in his condescending, man-of-the-world manner, and it was true probably in its way, Muriel supposed. But looking at the boy's Grecian beauty, she could not believe that there was not more than that to him. He was so very lovely.

SHE compared that loveliness next morning with the prim examples of masculinity that surrounded her as she loitered through the noisy, crowded Avenue de la Victoire. Nice, whatever may have happened to the rest of the Riviera, has remained a provincial Paris. The men who hurried past her, neat, punctilious, straw-hatted, had not only the look but the spirit also, she suspected, of red-taped officialdom. They contrasted very feebly with Jario's dusky, loose-limbed, loose-jointed grace. She was still thinking of him when she saw in a shop window a long, lean-bladed, sharp-edged knife, with a handle of carved ebony. A sheath of embossed leather lay beside it. It was from Djibouti probably. It was priced at two hundred francs. She looked at it thoughtfully, then with a laugh pushed open the shop door. Even if it served no other purpose, it would make an admirable paper knife.

THAT evening as she sat beside Curtis Baron, over a Dubonnet in front of the hotel, Jario sauntered past on his way to the upper town.

" Jario," she called to him.

Without embarrassment or surprise he checked his stride and came across.

" I was watching you throw your knife last evening. You throw it hard," she said. " I was wondering if you could throw it straight."

" At ten metres," said Jario, " I could hit a ten centimes piece."

Baron laughed, an aggressive, scornful laugh.

" I've heard boasts of that kind made before," he said.

In Jario's dark cheeks the colour deepened.

" I am, as you see, young and poor," he said, " but I will wager, what I value most, my knife."

His voice was pleasant toned. Its dignity appealed to Muriel.

" You will not wager your knife," she said, " but if with this knife you can hit at ten metres a ten centimes mark, once in three shots, then you may keep the knife."

She tossed the parcel across the table to him. Eagerly he undid the string. At the sight of the embossed sheath and the carved handle, he gave a delighted gasp. His fingers fondled the leather lovingly. Then he drew clear the blade, to test its sharpness against his thumb, its pliancy against the iron table.

" It is very kind of you to make me so beautiful a present."

" You haven't won it yet," said Baron.

" There will be no difficulty about that."

He spoke with a quiet reserve. He was the most dignified person, Muriel thought, that she had ever met. His dignity contrasted oddly with his split canvas shoes, his threadbare trousers, his tattered *maillot*.

Very quietly he set about his preparations. Leaning against the wall of the hotel was a wooden board marked " Bar : Exchange." He took it and set it on a chair, held a ten centimes piece against it, and with the sharp point of the knife cut round its edge ; then took ten long strides from it, turned round, tested first the weight of the carved hilt in his palm, then suddenly and with startling vigour shot the knife. He had not boasted vainly. A millimetre's distance from the circle's centre the knife quivered, an inch of it buried in the wood. There was no look of triumph on his face, however. He had done something that for him was easy of accomplishment. He walked over to the board, jerked out the knife, wiped its point, slipped it back into its sheath, then lifted the board and set it back against the wall.

He bowed to Muriel.

" Thank you very much," he said.

She looked at him wonderingly.

It was hard to connect his easy supple grace with the simple parentage of the upper town. It seemed rather to carry, like a chance heirloom, the history of the blue washed coast along which, through the years, so many peoples, Saracen, Greek, Arabian, had made their homes. She was loath to lose sight of him so soon.

" Won't you take a drink with us ? " she asked.

He hesitated.

" Please do," she said.

At her side Curtis Baron gave an impatient snort that titillated every nerve of her love of mischief.

" Would you like a cocktail," she said, " or a Dubonnet ? " He would take a cocktail. It was the first cocktail he had tasted. It was the first time he had sat on the terrace of the hotel bar. He confessed as much, with an utter absence of self-consciousness. His inexperience contrasted delightfully, in Muriel's eyes, with a man-of-the-world manner that made Baron awkward and ill-equipped. It was as amusing a situation as she had ever contrived to stage. Sitting between the candid, handsome fisher-boy, and the enraged New Englander, she arranged that the conversation should be general, that Jario should be more often addressing his remarks to Baron than to her.

In the bar behind them a gramophone was playing "Falling in Love Again." Had Jario seen "The Blue Angel," Muriel asked. He shook his head. They only had silent films in Villefranche.

"Then you've never seen a 'talkie'?"

"Never."

"But that's absurd. You must certainly come into Nice with me and see one."

Curtis Baron gave another grunt of disapproval.

"That's very kind of you," said Jario.

"Will you come in with me to-morrow afternoon?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't."

"I heard you were never busy."

"It isn't that."

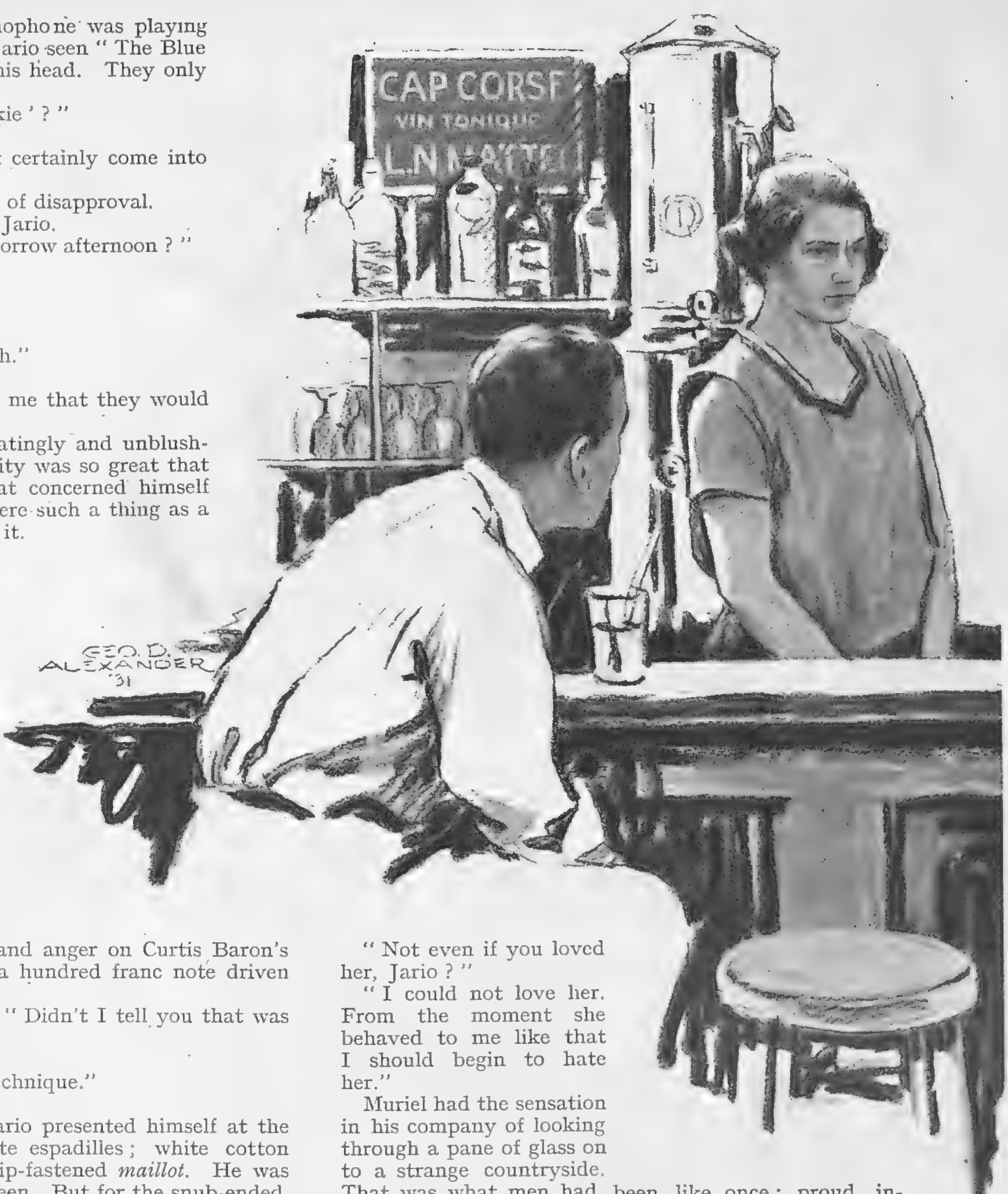
"What is it then?"

"My clothes are not good enough."

"I shouldn't mind."

"But I should. It would be at me that they would laugh, not you."

He made the admission unhesitatingly and unblushingly. His sense of personal dignity was so great that he did not feel that anything that concerned himself could be discreditable. If there were such a thing as a superiority complex, he possessed it.



"What would you need before you considered yourself fit to come into Nice with me?"

"A pair of shoes, a *maillot*, and a pair of trousers."

"How much would that cost?"

He pondered the problem.

"Ninety-seven francs."

"Then if I give you a hundred francs, will you go into Nice to-morrow morning, buy yourself some clothes, and in the afternoon come to a talkie with me?"

"That is very kind of you."

There was a sneer of jealousy and anger on Curtis Baron's face when Jario took his leave, a hundred franc note driven deep into his trouser pocket.

"What did I say," he scoffed. "Didn't I tell you that was what he was after?"

"It was I who made the offer."

"It would be. That's gigolo technique."

AT half-past two punctually Jario presented himself at the hotel. He was wearing white espadilles; white cotton trousers, a scarlet belt; and a zip-fastened *maillot*. He was sixteen years old and looked nineteen. But for the snub-ended, uncared-for fingers he could have competed with any of the similarly clad exquisites who in summer crowd the Riviera beaches from San Raphael to Mentone.

"The clothes cost ninety-three francs," he said, "the tram fare was a franc each way. I owe you five francs. If you will give me a hundred francs I will keep an account, and at the end of the day return to you what has not been spent."

From the start he made the tempo of their relations clear. It was to be he that was taking out her, not she him. He assumed the direction of the expedition. It was he who decided at the Octroi that they should take a T.N.L. tram instead of a motor coach. On the arrival at the Place Massena he led her up the right side of the Avenue de la Victoire, with the remark that the best picture was showing at the Eldorado. When the film was over he said they would have tea at Voyade's. It was an excitingly new experience to Muriel, accustomed, as are most American women, to masculine deference from her birth. This must be the way, she thought, that men treated women sixty years ago. This child was a survival.

SHE came to feel that increasingly as her acquaintance with Jario deepened into friendship. In the same way that his dark features and supple grace seemed to belong to a period other than his own, to be an echo of an earlier people, so did his attitude typify a masculine pride and possessiveness that existed no longer in post-war Europe. He had with the hot temper of the South, the grandee's sense of his own dignity. He could not bear ridicule. No one must laugh at him. He would shake his head sometimes at the films to which Muriel took him; particularly those which exemplified masculine lenience in face of feminine wilfulness. "I cannot understand how a man could behave like that," he would say. "I would never forgive the woman who made me ridiculous before my friends."

"Not even if you loved her, Jario?"

"I could not love her. From the moment she behaved to me like that I should begin to hate her."

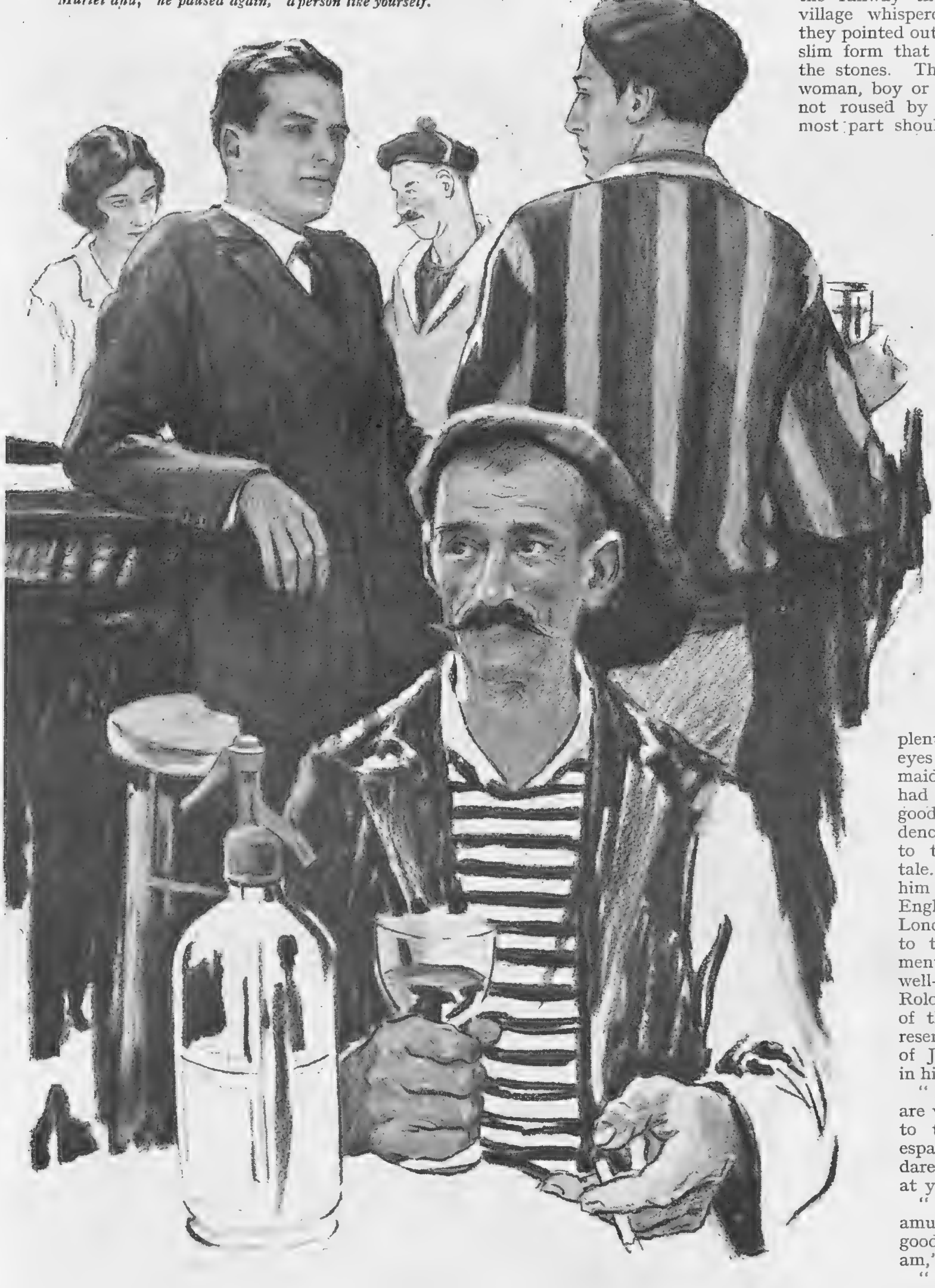
Muriel had the sensation in his company of looking through a pane of glass on to a strange countryside. That was what men had been like once: proud, intolerant, revengeful. An afternoon with Jario was a series of discoveries.

It was not for this reason only, or even in the main, however, that Muriel enjoyed those afternoons. Jario was a delightful companion. Beneath his sophistication was a childish, unspoilt inexperience. It was such fun, such a relief to be with someone who really enjoyed doing things; who was thrilled by a talkie, a motor ride; a cup of coffee in the Place Massena; who could be made happy by such simple presents as a belt, a tie, a handkerchief. She was amused in the same way that a Guardsman is amused when he takes a provincial shop-girl to the Ritz.

Through Jario, moreover, she was introduced to a new side of Villefranche life. Before, she had felt shy of walking up the narrow, climbing streets to the upper town, where every third door opened on the sight of sailors in sleeveless *maillots* and the blue and gold-uniformed Chasseur Alpins sitting at tables over their *panaches* and *menthe à l'eau*. With Jario as an escort, she felt no such shyness. Every evening, instead of listening on the hotel terrace to Curtis Baron's heavy courtship, she would sit in one of those of the town's innumerable cafés, dance with the sailors and the soldiers, and relish, for the first time, that atmosphere of open-hearted friendliness which is the privileged possession of Provençal life.

But more than anything she enjoyed the annoyance that her behaviour was causing Baron. A jealous frown would settle on his thick features as he joined her after dinner on the terrace. "I suppose you will be going up to your Sailors' bar?" he would say. "I suppose so," she would reply, and she would chuckle to herself as Jario, a few minutes later, strolled through the lamplit dusk towards her.

Quite often she would bait Baron deliberately. "Don't you think Jario looks well with the scarf I got him?" she would say.



"YOU mustn't worry for a moment," he repeated. "I know naturally that there couldn't possibly be anything but the most harmless friendship between Muriel and," he paused again, "a person like yourself."

Baron would shake his head. "You shouldn't do things like that," he'd say.

He was not the only person who disapproved of her behaviour. In the hotel, where everything is everybody's business, grey heads were shaken solemnly.

"You shouldn't really, my dear, you shouldn't," an English spinster warned her. "You're playing with fire."

Muriel chuckled to herself; playing with fire indeed! How timid these European women were. As if she wasn't capable of looking after herself.

IT was not only in the hotel that gossip played on her. Voices would hush on the steep climbing streets as Jario walked past in the glory of his new clothes, to break out the instant he was out of earshot into a buzz of comment and conjecture. On the shingle beach below the railway the young people of the village whispered eagerly together as they pointed out to one another the dark, slim form that lay sunning itself upon the stones. There was not a man or a woman, boy or girl, whose curiosity was not roused by the situation. For the most part shoulders were shrugged humorously. Foreigners were like that, they said. It was a piece of luck for Jario. He would make the most of it, they hoped.

It was not always, though, that the shoulders were shrugged good-naturedly. There were jealous whispers on the steps of the narrow streets and on the *plage*. Particularly from the thick-armed, heavy-jawed Italian, who five years back had filled, in the life of an English widow, a position very similar to that of Jario. For two years there had been smart clothes, cigarette cases, dinners in Cannes and Monte Carlo, trips down the coast to Cassis and St. Raphael, with pocket money in plenty to dangle before the eyes of the Villefranche maidens. For two years it had gone on like that. Then good living, and the tendency of peasant stock to thicken, had told their tale. Painters ceased to ask him to sit for them. The English widow returned to London. There was an end to the expensive entertainment of local ladies. The well-cut clothes wore thin. Rolo was no longer the King of the Waterside. He was resentful, in his own eclipse, of Jario's success; anxious, in his jealousy, to diminish it.

"I suppose you think you are very grand. Being taken to the pictures and given espadilles," he sneered. "I dare say I should have been at your age."

"You seemed to find it amusing when you were a good deal older than I am," Jario retorted.

"I didn't give five hours of my time to a woman in return for a *maillot*, a film and a cup of coffee. When I went out with a woman I saw that I got something tangible. But since you're satisfied with what you are getting, well that's not my affair," and with a swing of his thickened hips he swaggered along the quay.

Ruminatively Jario's eyes followed him. It was true enough what he had said. Unless he had been recompensed with love and presents Rolo had not gone with a woman twice. Naturally Rolo would feel contemptuous of one who was so easily contented. He had not thought of it that way before. He had not thought of Muriel that way. She was so much above him. She had touched his youthfulness, his generosity. He had been so proud that she had chosen him as a friend. It had never occurred to him that he could be considered as a lover. In Villefranche, however, it was in that way that things were considered. Were they all laughing at him, he wondered; the sailors who smacked him on the shoulder and said: "That's a fine scarf you're wearing"; the women who asked him which was the best film in Nice; the children who said, as he walked along the quay, "Madam Muriel is in front of the hotel." Were they all laughing at him because he was giving his whole time to a woman in return for so very little?

The suspicion haunted him. It robbed him of all the pleasure and pride that he had taken in Muriel's friendship. When she brought him from St. Tropez a wide, blue belt, with his initials engraved upon the clasp, he was afraid to wear it for fear of the comment that would be passed on it. He dreaded ridicule. He became shy of walking past the groups of sailors along the quay. They would be laughing at him behind his back. On the beach he sought out the farthest and emptiest corner. Rolo in particular he avoided. He could not bear the look of contempt in that strong, purposeful face. Whenever they met, Rolo made a point of speaking to him. His remarks were invariably jeering, invariably directed at one point. "Was the coffee good at Voyade's?" he would say, or "I saw a *maillot* that would just suit you, yesterday, in the Galeries Lafayette." He would bawl the remark noisily across the quay; a laugh would go up from the fishermen who were clustered round him. Jario would flush hotly, angrily. If only some retort were possible. When he heard that laugh go up from the noisy group, he would wish that the ground would open beneath his feet and bury him. "I can't bear it," he thought, "I can't! I can't!" It was his most vulnerable point, his personal pride, that Rolo had attacked. The barbed arrow had gone deep home.

It was on the beach, after a week's protracted persecution, that Jario's self-control gave way. They were alone, he and Rolo, at the beach's end. Rolo was making his usual fun at his expense. How many hours was he going to spend with Muriel that day? How many had they spent the day before? What had they done? They had not gone to the pictures? No! They had gone to the Fregate and eaten a chocolate ice and watched the crowds. Well, that was an exciting way of spending an afternoon.

"How did you know that was all we did?"

The retort came testily, with an unawareness of its implication.

Rolo whistled.

"So that's how it is, is it. My congratulations, my heartiest congratulations. I had no idea that you had succeeded so completely. And where, if I may ask, did you take the lady?"

"What do you mean?"

"I used to take my love birds to an hotel in the Place Gambetta. I wonder if you went to the same place?"

Jario hesitated. He realised the meaning that had been placed upon his remark. It would be easy enough to laugh the misunderstanding off, to say: "But that wasn't what I meant at all." Easy enough, that is to say, for anyone save Jario. To be laughed at was the one thing he dreaded. His pride was by so much his strongest instinct.

"It was on the left-hand side," Rolo was saying, "about half-way up."

His voice had in it a note quite other than that of the jeering mockery with which during the last few days he had tormented Jario. It was in a tone such as equals use when they compare notes with one another. Jario could not bear to let that note of mockery return.

"I went to a place in the Rue Pertinax," he said.

"It wasn't the first time?"

"Rather not."

"You must tell me everything about it."

Question after question Rolo set. Question after question Jario answered. He had to carry his bluff through, now that it had been called, and he enjoyed the successful adroitness of his replies. It was not till Rolo, with the last question set and answered, lifted himself to his feet, and stretched his arm above his head, that Jario realised the enormity of his behaviour.

"You won't tell anyone, will you?" he said anxiously.

"Of course I shan't. What do you take me for?"

But when he walked back that evening along the quay, Jario knew from the way the men, the women, the children even, looked at him that the morning's conversation was being repeated behind every door in Villefranche.

It was not only in the bars of the upper town, and by the railings where the fishermen loitered round their nets that gossip flickered. Within twenty hours rumour had run its length through the hotel. When it reached the ears of Curtis Baron a fury of apoplectic indignation crimsoned his vein-lined cheeks. That she should have rejected his advances was bad enough, but that she should have chosen in preference a wretched little gigolo like Jario! His self-control in tatters, he strode on to the hotel terrace. The sight of her, cool, composed and lovely, in a chair beneath the plane trees, goaded him beyond control.

"I hope you are proud of yourself now," he said. The tremble of anger in his voice presented a marked contrast to the throaty tenderness with which the greater part of his conversation had been addressed to her, that for the first time in his company she found herself definitely interested in what he would say next.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I suppose," he blustered, "you thought you could keep it secret; that you could go into Nice and that nobody would know; probably you could have if you hadn't chosen such scum to go with."

"I don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Baron."

"Don't you? Did you imagine you could take an ill-bred fisherman as a lover without the whole town knowing it?"

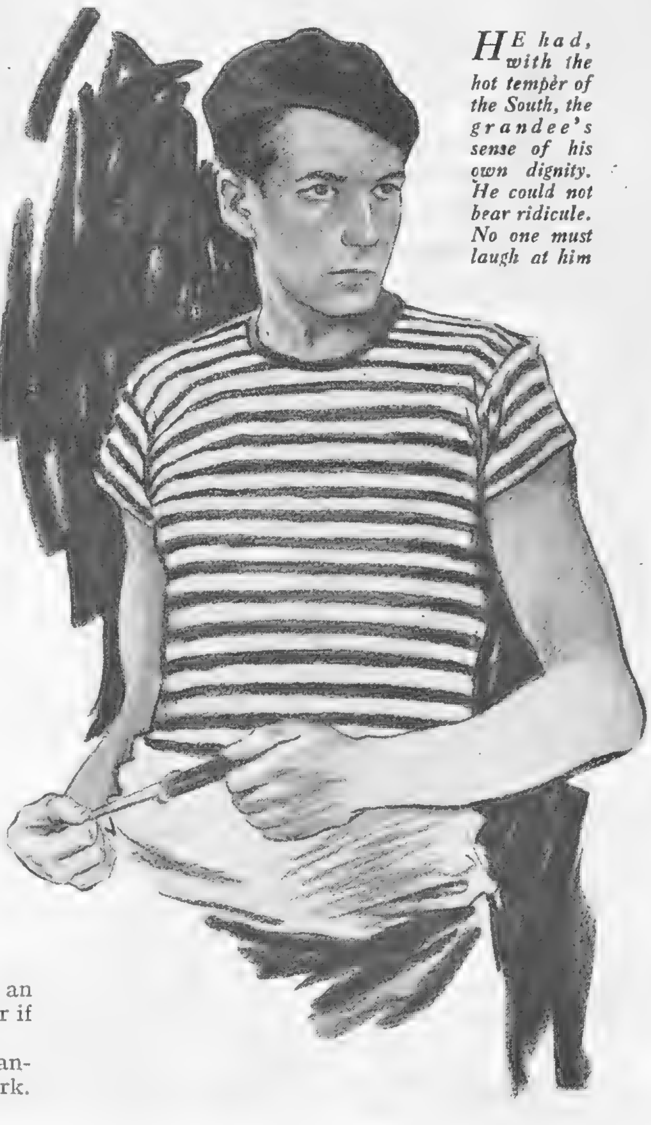
He raised his voice to such a pitch that a couple of women in the market place looked round inquisitively.

"Don't shout," she said, "everybody can hear."

"What does it matter, since everybody knows? Did you think you could trust a thing like Jario not to boast of his success? I'm disgusted. You will say I've lost my temper simply because I wanted to make love to you myself. But it is more than that. I'm horrified at you, an American woman, cheapening yourself in a place like this."

He swung round on his heel and walked away.

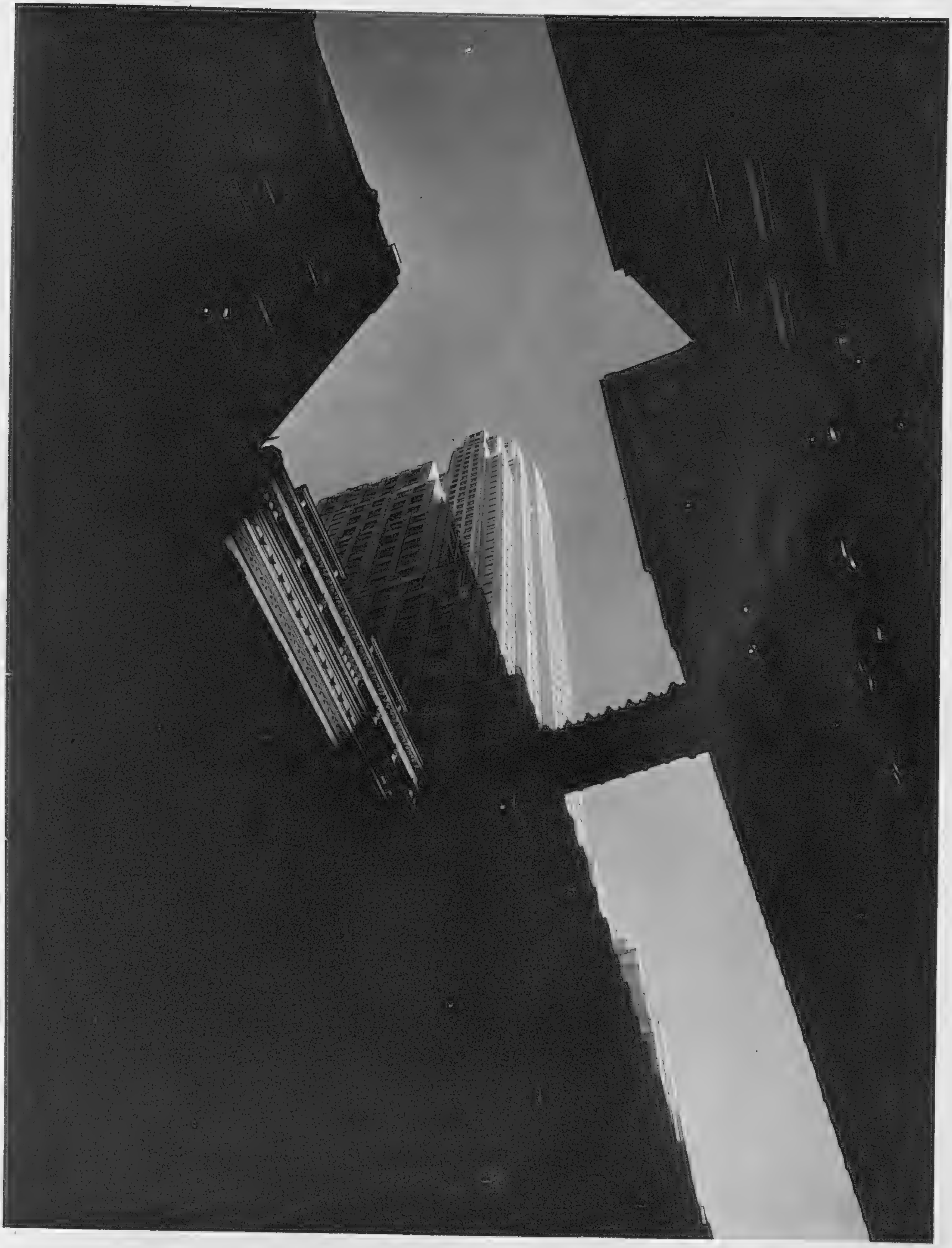
For the first time in her life Muriel Swaine had an inkling of what fear could be. She tried to tell herself that Baron's outburst was the result of a thwarted jealousy; that he had imagined things; that he was trying to put her against Jario. But there had been an atmosphere of real conviction about his onslaught. "He believes it," she thought, "whoever else in Villefranche mayn't." She tried to tell herself that his belief was built on jealousy; that though he might believe it no one else in the town would; that it would not have occurred to anyone else even to harbour such suspicions. But, in the light of his accusation, more than one incident of the last few hours, more than one glance, more than one dropped voice at her approach, more than one whisper after she had passed, assumed a new and startling meaning. "I've got to have it out with Jario," she thought. (*Continued on page 98*)



He had, with the hot temper of the South, the grandee's sense of his own dignity. He could not bear ridicule. No one must laugh at him

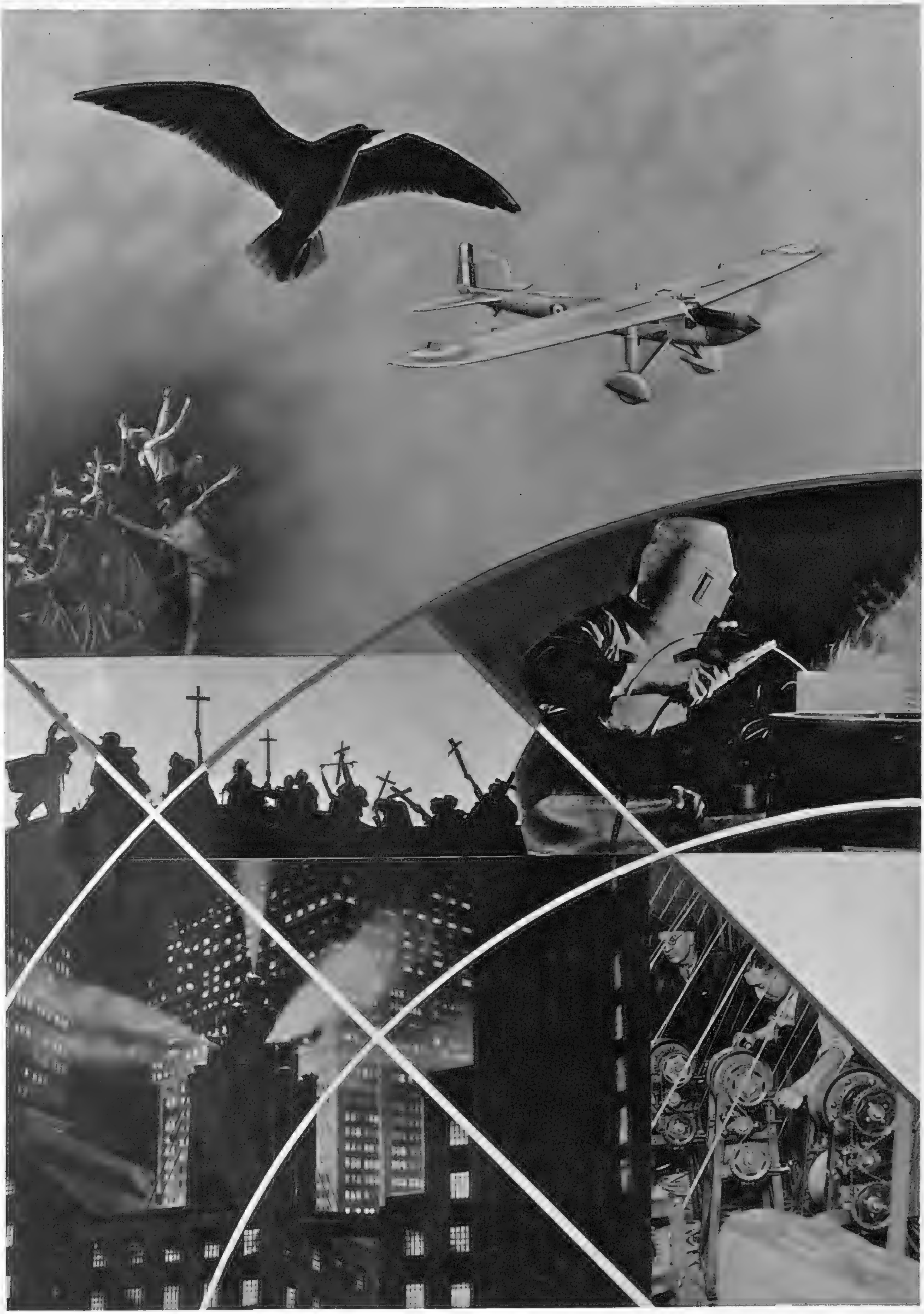
• EBB AND FLOW: THE TEMPO OF TO-DAY

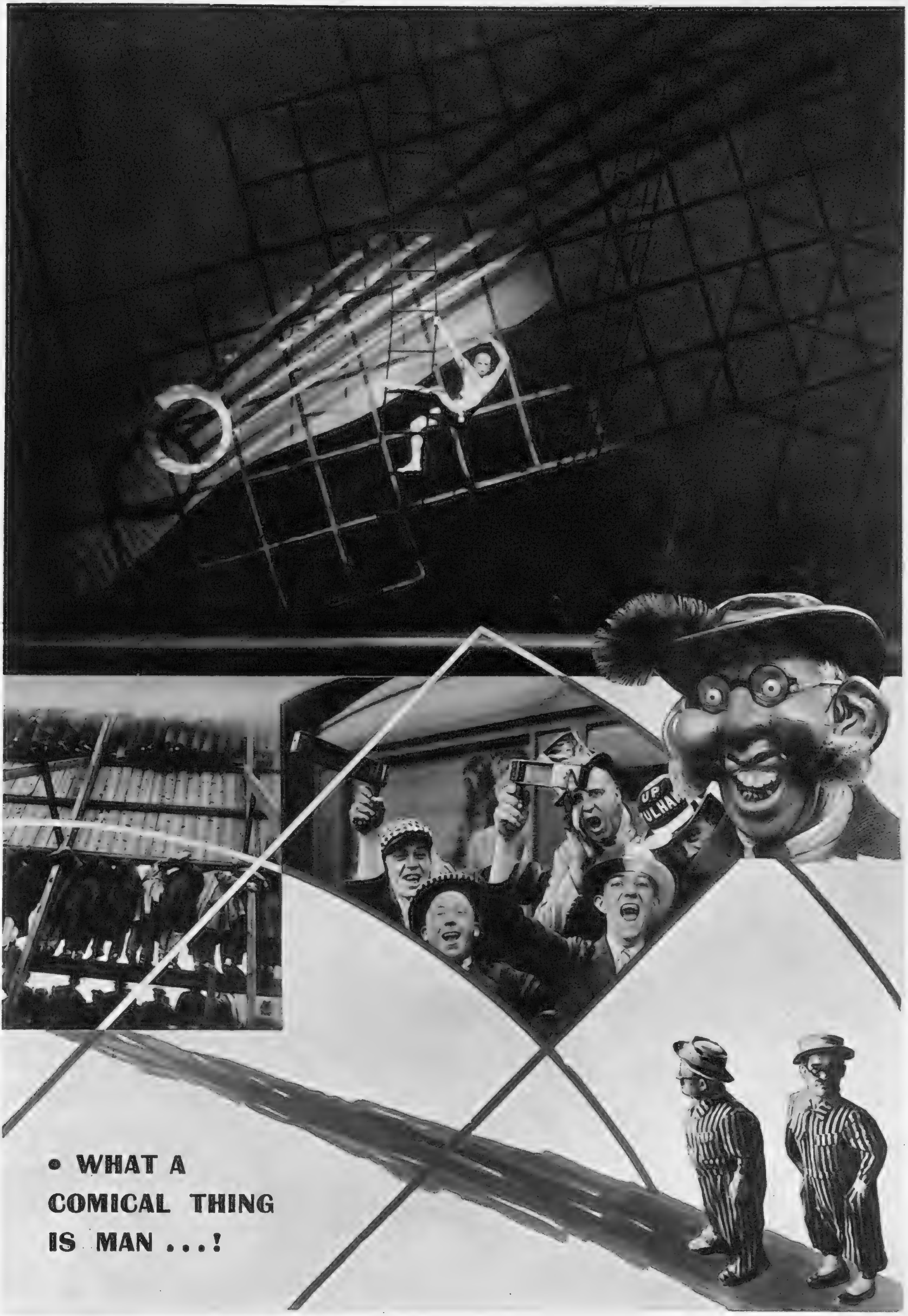
• What a Wonderful thing is Man . . .



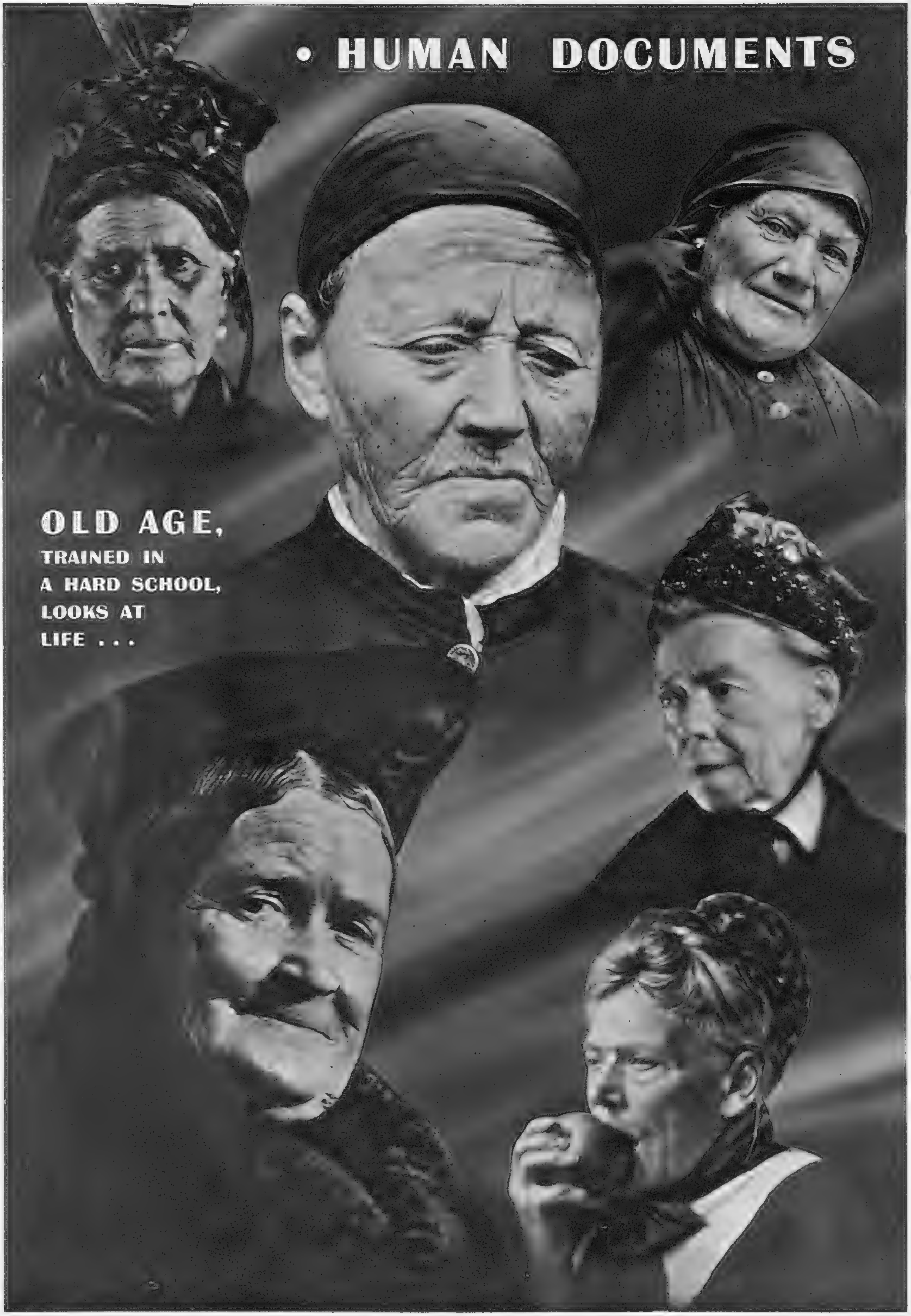
MAN'S EYE VIEW: CITIES SERVICE BUILDING, NEW YORK

• WHAT A FANTASTIC THING IS MAN!





• WHAT A
COMICAL THING
IS MAN . . . !



• HUMAN DOCUMENTS

OLD AGE,

TRAINED IN
A HARD SCHOOL,
LOOKS AT
LIFE . . .

E. O. Hoppé

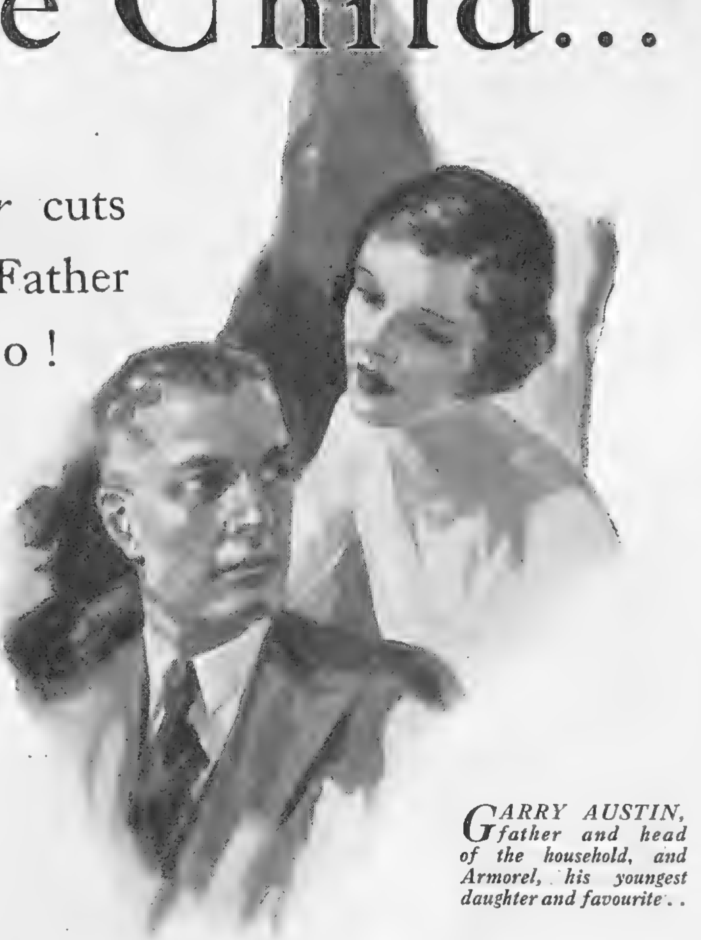
"It's a Wise Child..."

A *Family* Affair

in *which* an enlightened *Daughter* cuts the Home tie-rope *and a* Rebel Father "Sees *Life*"—and at *his* age, too!

By G. B. Stern

Illustrated by Isabel Veevers



GARRY AUSTIN, father and head of the household, and Armorel, his youngest daughter and favourite . .

THE Austins were having a row, and the whole family—except Armorel—were healthily engaged. The battle-field was the verandah between the dining-room and garden at the back of their semi-detached house, White Croft, which stood in a row of similar red-brick houses, with stucco outriggings and rococo ornamentations, in a pleasant street of the pleasant suburb of Durley Green, a little way outside London. The combatants were handsome Garnett Austin, father and head of the household; his sensible, dumpy wife, Annie; their eldest daughter, Mab, and beside her, in dogged attendance, her fiancé, Bernard Mills; the second Austin daughter, Jessie; and their son Reggie.

Armorel, the youngest, Garnett's favourite, who wrote, was upstairs in her room, keeping aloof from the dispute which she could hear through her window. She was always afraid of sympathising too passionately with her father, and not being fair to the others.

Grouped thus—some of them in tennis flannels (for it was early summer, and the Durley Green Tennis Club had just opened for the season), some in light semi-evening frocks; a Sealyham terrier pushing up a faithful nose into Reggie's lap; tennis racquets and cigarettes, brilliant patches of aubretia on the rock garden—they were not unlike a bright-coloured, free-from-care advertisement for somebody-or-other's wireless or portable gramophone. . . .

The leading theme of their dispute was in exact opposition to the good fellowship implied by this first glance. Garnett Austin, iconoclast, wanted to break up the home, break up the family, shake out his son and daughters (except Armorel) into the world; and himself, with Armorel—and, inevitably, Annie—to retire South, where, in some dashing Riviera resort, he insisted that living would be cheap and they would have enough left over for more gaiety and entertainment than they could ever hope for here, stuck down in Durley Green. The lease of White Croft was running out; it terminated the following September. Time that something was settled! Mrs. Austin, of course, wanted to renew it. She was an ardent gardener. Every tulip was dear to her. The wallflowers and the pansies in bloom had been planted and tended by her; the forget-me-not bed, object of Jessie's special tenderness, was looking lovely. And then there were some bushes which had taken years to establish themselves: laburnum, lilac, the little crab-apple, and the yellow jasmine over the porch—why, it would be a sin and a shame to abandon them for strangers to enjoy!

"Monte Carlo?" repeated Annie, disgustedly. "Whatever should I do all day long in Monte Carlo? That's what I'd like to know."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders. "Cannes, if you prefer it. Good heavens, Annie, do you never want to see the world?"

"I see plenty of the world here, thank you very much," retorted Mrs. Austin, which was strictly true; but then she and Garry had widely opposed views of what constituted the world. Garry, though he had been fond of her so long that he had almost forgotten that he had ever been in love with her, was impatient of her respectability, her lack of enterprise, and her absorption in the garden, in Mab, and in Mab's wall-papers and humdrum prospects. Mab and Bernard had fixed the date of their wedding for the first week in July, and had already secured a long lease of Cozinook, the exact counterpart of White Croft, and situated not three minutes away. "So how can you think of selling up and turning out and moving, just when Mab is settling down so near, and Bernie's been so good about it——" Annie Austin's eyes were alert with grandchildren.

"Oh, that's all right," said Bernard hastily. "It's natural for a girl to want to be near her mother . . . at first. But I can't say I see much sense in it, if you're all going to split up and go abroad the minute we're married. I thought it was all fixed up, us coming to you for every Sunday dinner, and you to have a bit of something with us every Tuesday evening——".

"Every Tuesday evening!" groaned his prospective father-in-law. "Yes, there you have it in a nutshell. *Every* Sunday dinner—*every* Tuesday evening . . . garden, tennis club . . . tennis club, garden . . ."

"Why, father," it was Jessie who put in her soft amendment, "we often have the Wilkinses in to bridge."

With a brusque movement that summed up his final opinion of the Wilkinses and their bridge, Garry swung round in his chair, and upset and broke a flower-pot on the ledge behind him. The crash seemed to relieve his feelings, but Annie almost burst into tears. "Garry, my greenhouse cyclamen! Oh——"

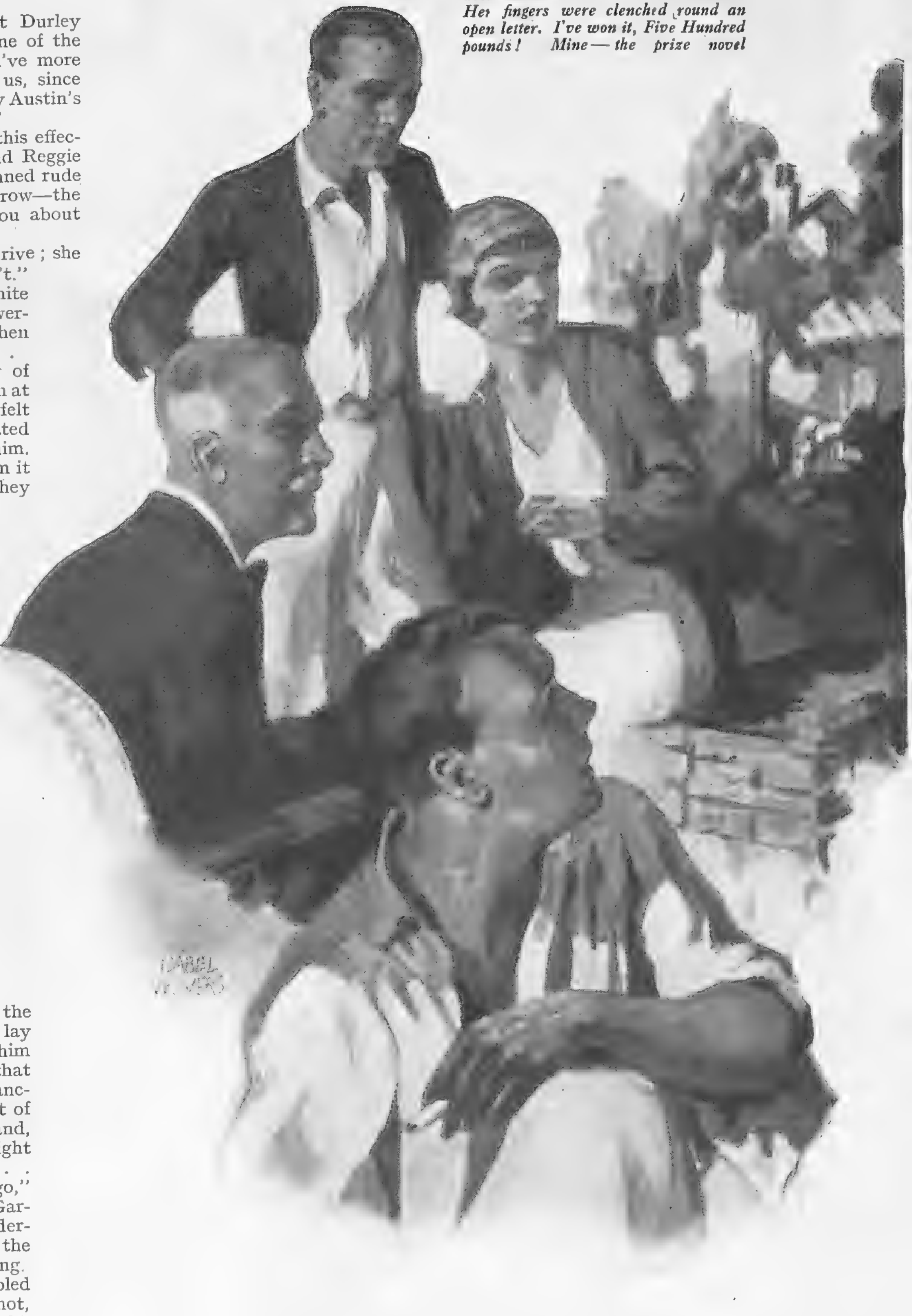
"You're all of you the same, all except Armorel. You're all of you just welded together. Good heavens, what have I done to deserve a set of children who are like burrs on their home? Can't you take risks? Can't you be modern? Do you never want adventures, any of you? No, it's nothing but family, family, family, home, home, home . . . bridge . . . the Wilkinses . . . the tennis club . . . ."

REGGIE interrupted. Reggie had been brooding on a grievance of his own. Now at last his father had given him an opening. "They're getting pretty fed up with you at the club. It isn't any fun, I can tell you, for a fellow to be asked over and over again, as I am, if his father doesn't think too much of himself for Durley Green. There's a lot of feeling about. You don't notice it, but I do."

"Feeling? What feeling? Don't talk nonsense!"

"Whenever they want you to make up a four, you always get out of it."

ARMOREL had come downstairs from her room and stood at the door which led on to the verandah. Her fingers were clenched round an open letter. I've won it, Five Hundred pounds! Mine—the prize novel



"I can't be expected to spend evening after evening serving soft balls to a lot of rabbits!"

"They aren't all rabbits at Durley Green! I grant you, you're one of the best players we have, but you've more time to practise than most of us, since you're out of business. But Garry Austin's not the same as Bunny Austin."

Bernard laughed heartily at this effective stroke of sarcastic wit; and Reggie pursued hotly: "You were damned rude this afternoon to Miss Harborow—the pretty one—when she asked you about her forehand drive."

"She hasn't got a forehand drive; she thinks she has, but she hasn't." Garry twisted up his crisp white moustache, and sought an answering smile, first from Annie, then from Jessie, then from Mab. . . .

He did not get it from any of them. Yet why should they laugh at Reggie, and not at him? Garry felt snubbed. He was not appreciated at home; they were all against him. God, to be able to get away from it all! Go somewhere where they played *tennis* and not pat-ball; dash it, he was quite up to tournament form, to judge by all he had heard from Ned Walker, who had spent February at Nice. . . . Here at White Croft his wit was wasted; he had constant cold douches of disapproval whenever he wanted to do something original or outrageous. Nobody, except Armorel, could see that he was an exceptionally dashing and fascinating type of man, and a bohemian at heart. He had a sudden flattering vision of himself, wearing a white tussore suit, tall, slim, still an excellent figure in spite of his fifty-seven years, sauntering slowly along the promenade in the sunlight, towards a yacht which lay in harbour. . . . They begged him to come aboard for supper that night. . . . There would be dancing afterwards . . . the scent of the magnolias, wafted from the land, was overpowering . . . moonlight glittered on the dark water. . . . "It was sunlight a moment ago," whispered Garry the Second, Garry's other self, who had considerably more humour than Garry the First. . . . He burst out laughing.

"Don't see the joke," grumbled Reggie. "Are we, or are we not, to take a fresh lease of this house?"

"We are," said Annie, and her mouth set into firm curves.

"We are not!" shouted Garry. "I say we are not!"

"Oh, Daddy, hush! Mrs. Cobham has just come out with the hose." Jessie looked apprehensively over the wall into the next-door garden.

"I don't care who's come out with a hose!"

"I'm not going to leave my garden!"

"I must say, Dad, I don't think it's fair of you to have let Bernard take Cozinook and sign the lease and everything, if you and Mums aren't going to stay on here. It's not fair!"

"Fair? I don't care about being fair. I'm a rebel."

"You can be a rebel from here just as well as anywhere else, I should think," from Annie.

"Social shibboleths——"

"Father, *please*! Mrs. Cobham's only pretending to water. She's listening."

"What about the club tournament? You're down to play in that."

"They can go to hell!"

"*Daddy!*"

"Father!"

"Letting them down——"

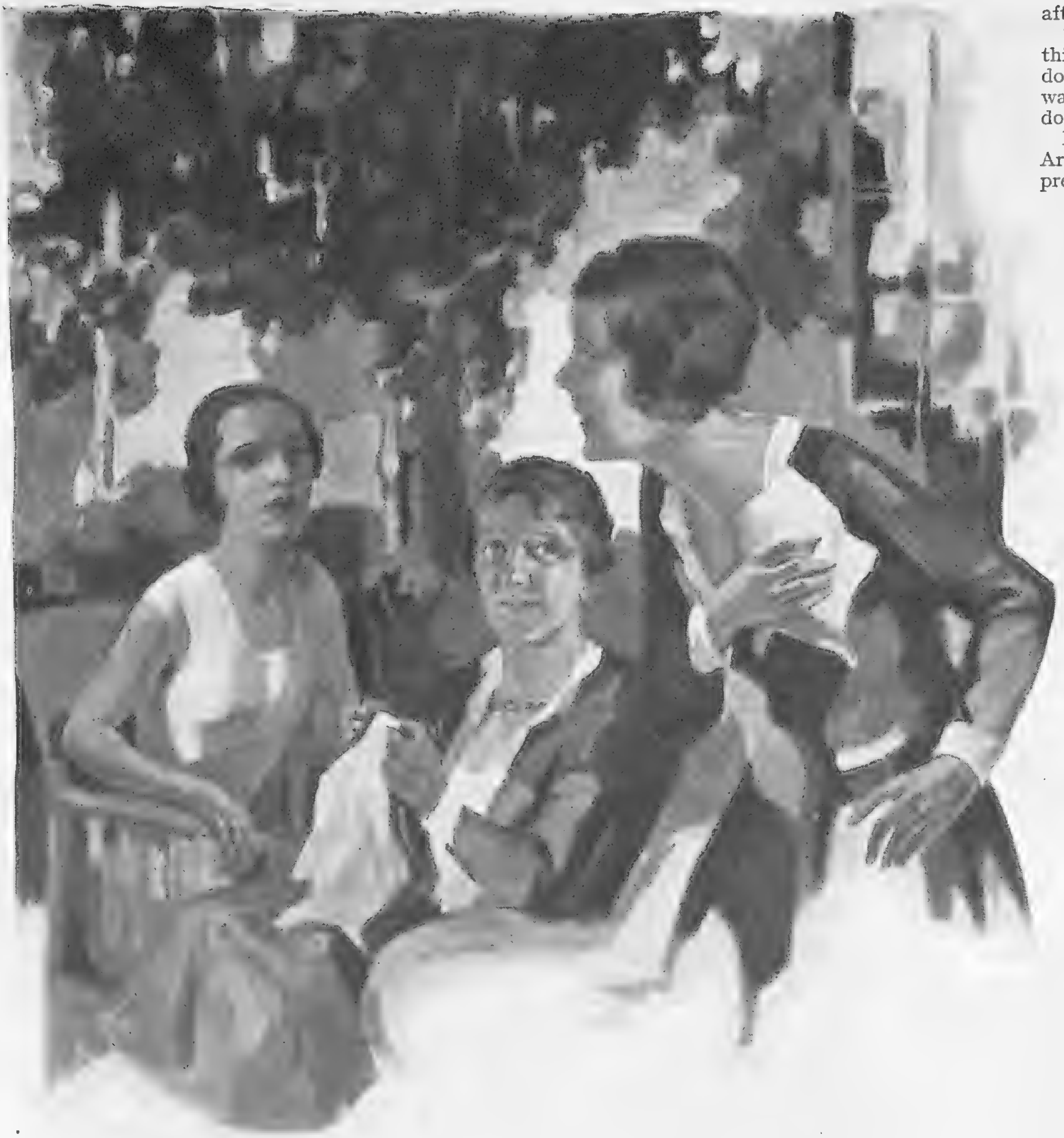
"Good God! Am I never going to be free?"

"You are free."

"I'm not. I drag about like a snail with its house on its back!" Suddenly, to their astonishment, he broke down, buried his head in his hands. Couldn't they, wouldn't they understand his longing for just one enchanted spell of dragon-fly life? Light and delicate on the wing, darting and flashing over sunlit water . . . a line of poetry streaked across his memory:

—to live my life
As others do, to live a summer life
As all the others do!

He had given his family thirty years,



toiling monotonously as a Civil Servant, till he was able to retire on his small pension four years ago. Suppose he died without ever knowing pleasure, as he envisaged pleasure? . . . "On a lease of seven, fourteen or twenty-one years . . ." Seven years at White Croft . . . Fourteen years at White Croft. . . . Must he go on to twenty-one years at White Croft? *Couldn't* they understand?

And then he heard Armorel's voice, clear and tense . . . and lifted his head.

AT the zenith of the hubbub, Armorel had come downstairs from her room, and stood at the door which led on to the verandah. Her fingers were clenched round an open letter, and her eyes were dark with controlled excitement:

"I've won it! Five hundred pounds! Mine—the prize novel. They've put it first, the judges—first of all. There must have been hundreds! *I've* won it. And we're going to leave here, Dad and I. We're going to take a villa on the Riviera for the whole season. He's always wanted it, and he's going to have it. It isn't fair that he shouldn't have it. You've all got what you want most—Mab and Reggie and Mother. Well, he can have them all, now—all the divine extravagant things. I'm taking a villa, and we're going south at once."

At once. That was where the trouble began. At first the atmosphere was warm with congratulation. And if Armorel chose to spend her prize in giving her father a holiday—that was the way they put it—well, that was very nice of Armorel, and nobody would want to interfere. Though, *of course*, the holiday could not possibly happen yet, because of Mab's wedding in six weeks' time: "Or do you expect to be back by then, darling?"

"No. We don't expect to be back by then. We shan't be back for months."

"Well, then, naturally you and Dad can't go till afterwards."

"Why not?" Straight, grey-eyed, unflinching, she faced what was bound to be the storm of storms. . . .

"Armorel, don't be silly. . . As though Dad could possibly be away for my wedding!"

"Why?"

"But, child, if you must go at once, there's no need to go so far, or to go abroad at all; or you can wait until after the wedding, or——"

"If you don't do a thing at once, you never do it. It slips away like water, and the chance doesn't come again."

Honestly, they thought, Armorel was being too preposterous. There were certain laws, and one did not even argue about them. Who was to give Mab away if not her father?

"Reggie," suggested Armorel, in her most off-hand manner; "if she's got to be given away."

"But, child, not Reggie, when her father's alive."

"Her father isn't alive," said Garry Austin. "But he's going to be!" He put his arm round his young daughter's shoulder, and they walked away together down the garden, talking of what they were going to do in the heaven to come, making plans, brilliant plans . . . And always swung back to the decision: "Let's do it at once. Don't let's wait!"

They were being quite mad, but Armorel's was a cool madness, and Garry's hot and elated and glittering. So it was Armorel who within a week had swiftly arranged the elopement, as she laughingly called it, sending wire after wire to the house agents in San Remo—for it was Italy they chose, after all, instead of France. Italy was more romantic, and the tennis was just as good. Flinging money about like golden rain, she had acquired her furnished villa for the season, a luxurious palace a little way outside the town, with a garden and stone terraces and steps leading down to the sea. The agency, furthermore, arranged for the hire of a big Isotta-Fraschini for the three months, and for an ample staff of servants. Armorel only just stopped short of a yacht: "We can see to that when we get there." In her ardour to lavish on Garry every sybaritic splendour of a dream come true, she mocked at prudence, and, on her few encounters with reason cut it dead.

As for Garry, the kingdom of his renaissance did not even hold one meeting with reason. He was mad, berserk, his senses gone away in a shimmering whirl and dance. . . . "And you should just see," whispered Jessie, with awed emphasis, to Mab, "You should *just* see the *clothes* Armorel's bought him. Herself, too, but mostly him. Mab, you should just *see* them! Beach pyjamas——"

"I don't want to see them," replied Mab frostily indifferent, "and nor does Bernard. At his age!"

"Bernard's?"

"Father's."

On the eve of their sensational departure by train de luxe—the journey well padded with velvet comfort from the moment they left the front door of White Croft—Garnett's wife, sitting up in bed in their room, appealed to him, not very hopefully, to listen to reason:

"You're hurting Mab, Garry. You're hurting the child badly. After all, she's our eldest."

Garry uncomfortably reminded himself that this was sheer sentimentality, that all mothers were sentimental, and that this last scolding was but a prelude to escape.

Annie went on remonstrating: "It's a matter of pride, with a girl like Mab. What'll her friends think? What'll Bernard's parents think? Knowing she's got a father, and he isn't even there at her wedding—the first wedding in the family."

Garry adventured on a mild joke. "Ours was the first wedding in the family, Annie—yours and mine."

"Garry, dear, *please*——"

"Well, what *is* it?" impatiently. "I won't be lectured. I'm not going to give up everything just so that Mab can have a chance to show off in the old-fashioned stuffy white-satin style, prancing up the aisle on my arm . . . morning coat, white camellia. Why can't she be married in a registry office? Lots of girls are; modern girls."

"Our girls aren't modern, thank God."

"Armorel——"

"Armorel's undutiful and wicked." It was now Mrs. Austin's turn to flare into anger. "Carrying you away like this, not thinking of her family. But still, she's young."

"And I'm not, I suppose."

ANNIE very rarely lost her temper; so she was able even now to control the hurt raging in her quiet, little soul, and to speak gently: "Garry, my dear, listen, just this once. I'm not preaching—at least, I hope I'm not—but if you do this, to me and to Mab, if you upset the children, and me through one of the children, you'll lose in the end. They're affectionate, though they don't show it much, and you'll be throwing away real human things just for the sake of this Riviera whirl. The things that really matter are peace and home and the love of one's family, though you don't think so at the moment, because you're chasing after something that looks brighter and more exciting. But Mab—it means a lot to a girl's pride on her wedding-day—especially when she comes to remember it later. And I do feel I'd like you to be there, Garry. It isn't for showing off, indeed it isn't. We're getting older and we need each other, and . . . I should miss you. I'm sorry if you think that's being sentimental, but I can't help it. It's true. Don't go to-morrow, Garry; wait a bit."

Her husband was moved. Very rarely did Annie make a speech as long as this, or express herself so eloquently. She was a reserved little creature as a rule, except when she talked about the plants in her rock-garden. Perhaps—perhaps after all, if he spoke to Armorel——. They needn't give up their wonderful plan, not give it up altogether, certainly, but might they not postpone it?

Unfortunately, the hovering angels forgot to warn Annie to remain perfectly silent, during this pause while his back was turned to her and his conscience was working out a difficult sum. . . . On the contrary, a demon prompted her, and she added, hoping to cancel any suspicion of having been too sentimental, and to brace his decision by a stringent comment: "Besides, I expect you'll only make your children ridiculous out there, jigging up and down the promenade in your new white suits."

Ridiculous. That settled it. "You needn't say any more," said Garry abruptly. "I'm going!"

And he began to undress.

Annie was furious. "I'm going!" So that was all he had to say, was it? "In that case, you needn't come back."

"I've no intention of coming back."

"It's good riddance, then." But she added, trembling: "If only I knew how we were going to live!"

"You needn't worry. I'll arrange that."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

. . . For seven, fourteen or twenty-one years. . . .

. . . Till death do us part. . . .

SIX weeks later Garry Austin woke behind several folds of mosquito-netting in his bedroom at the Villa Allegra with a strange reluctance to begin a long, stewing day. The truth was that he was feeling far from well. In his magical blue and golden dreams it had not sufficiently occurred to him that blue might mean a lack of shade and gold, interpreted as unlimited sunshine, was extremely hot. Garry was not accustomed to so much heat. He might have enjoyed it had he abandoned bravado from the very beginning and lain quietly during most of the glaring hours in a deck-chair with cushions in a cool corner of the terrace, smoking cigarettes to keep the flies and mosquitoes away. But by the time he realised that this was what he most desired to do it was already too late, and he and Armorel had been somehow enlisted as members of one of the gayest Riviera gangs who swarmed over the villa; pervaded the sea; infested the tennis club. . . . This very morning they were coming in noisy hordes to fetch the Austins for a bathe before breakfast. Garry stifled a groan. The day spread before him in an endless panorama of sweat and effort, a horrid din of shouting voices, taking for granted that he, too, was young, tireless and happy. Dangerous cars, swooping low round the dangerous curving Corniche into the Colthams' private bathing-beach. . . . Team acrobatics in the water instead of, as he had always imagined, floating lazily as it were on the softest of couches. Then breakfast—breakfast in someone else's house. Garry shuddered with distaste. More din, more shouting; plans discussed all the time: "Let's do this!" "Let's do that!"

Did they never think of peace, these people? . . . A corner of the rock-garden at White Croft thrust itself up in his mind, sparkling after rain; an English blackbird singing. . . . Annie serenely trotting about with a basket and a pair of shears. . . . "Going up to the club, Garry?" . . . "Yes, I may stroll round presently. See if there's anyone worth playing with. . . ." A pang of conscience . . . firmly he thrust it out again.

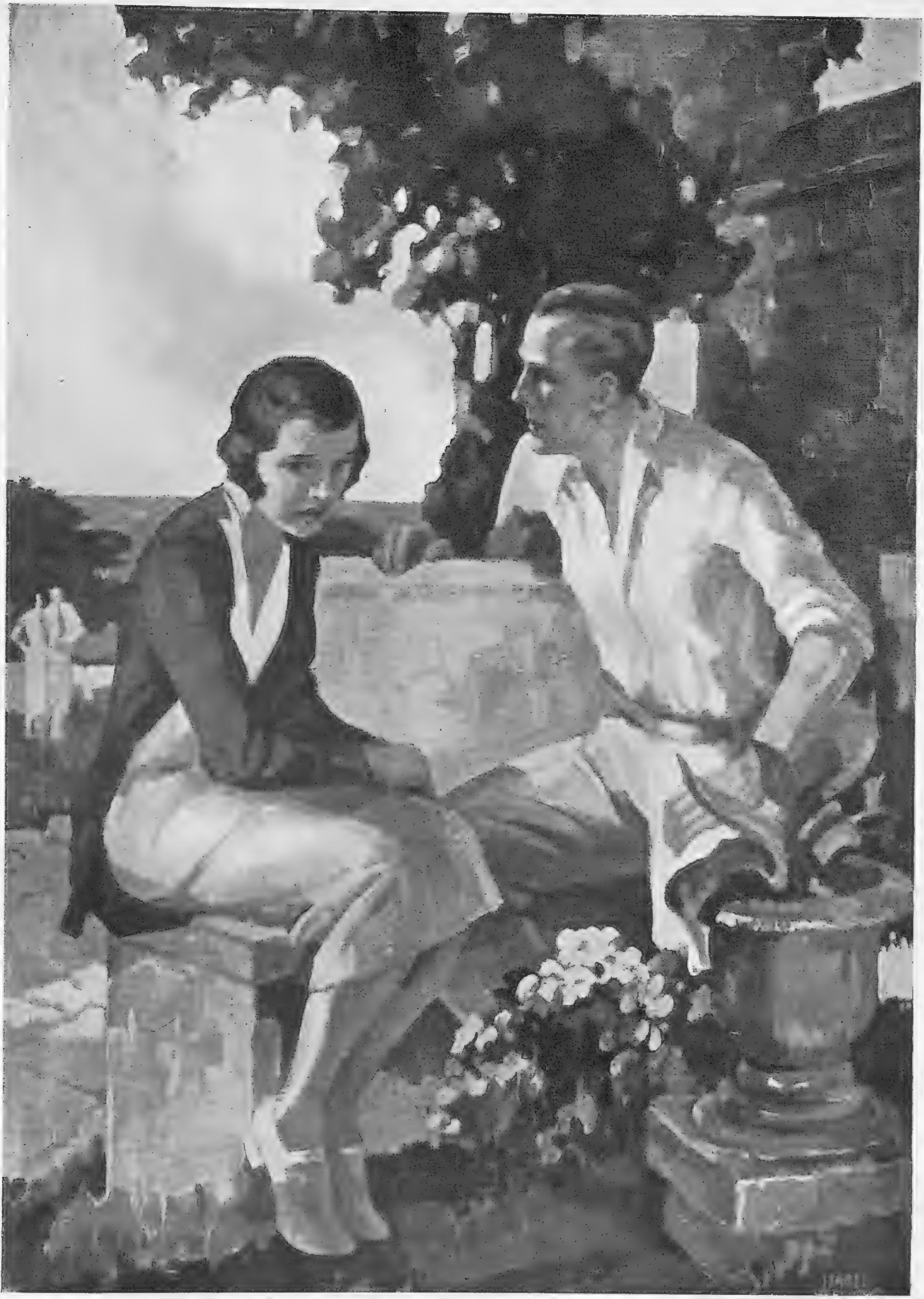
He did not stroll round to the San Goffredo Tennis Club and see if there were any worth playing with. There were, but they did not play with Garry. The tournament was in full swing and a whole constellation as stars occupied the courts. Certainly several minor members played a game as mediocre as Garry's, but in his early days out here, while he was still confident of his effects, he had decided that he would only engage himself with dashing and skilful opponents—who walked away when they saw him coming and made up their own sets and reserved the best courts beforehand and told Dick Lindsay, the young secretary, that they couldn't be expected to include that old bore. And on the one or two occasions when he did play with them they made him feel extremely inferior and uncomfortable and hot and bothered and deprecating, all sensations most unfamiliar to him.

Hoping to propitiate them he had offered himself as one of the regular umpires during the tournament, when the champions would be there. But really they were most inconsiderate and took advantage of his offer. They never let him off, hardly even gave him time enough for his meals. He hated bolting his meals, especially in a torrid climate. Of course, he was a good umpire. . . . All day long he sat, lifted high above the courts on the wooden stilts of his throne, an eminence which at first had pleased him by its temporary importance, but that soon evaporated . . . staring and staring until the white lines of the courts seemed to heave and spin in the almost white sunlight; the pivot for petty disputes for every attack of temperament on the courts. . . .

GARRY dallied with the temptation to say he was ill, not to get up at all that day, not even when the gang came screaming and hallooing under his window. No, that wouldn't do. It would upset Armorel—Armorel who had so loyally championed his dream against the family's obtuse antagonism; Armorel, who had generously squandered her prize-money on giving him the time of his life. . . . The time of his life! Garry groaned again. But Armorel must not be disappointed. Few things hurt as much as when you thought you had given a treat to someone you loved and then found that it had somersaulted before reaching its destination. Armorel would be heartbroken unless she believed her father in the seventh ring of paradise. So Garry stiffened his features for their day's parade of enjoyment . . . then twisted them into a wry but gallant smile, as he thought he heard the approaching shouts of the early morning revellers.

At least Nedra would be with them—pretty little Nedra Coltham. How did she contrive to be so seductively imperious when she was always, by her own telling: "without a blessed sou"? Garry was amazed at first by the frank way in which she looted his pockets. Not easy to explain to Armorel in which direction money was flowing—not exactly his money either, that was what made the whole affair so uncomfortable. His own money went to White Croft and Mab's wedding; payments of conscience; and Armorel, insisting that she was godmother for the whole of these three months' enchantment, kept him well supplied. Yes, but surely she had not bargained for Nedra's predatory little fists? Pretty Nedra; vital, desperate little Nedra;

(*Continued on page* 106)



"THANK God," said Dick Lindsay to Armorel "that you were knocked out in the first round and that I've managed to escape from duty—now we can talk. I adore you. You're looking worried. What is it?"

Behind the Silver

An impression of the workers inside a film studio whose labours put the faces and figures of the stars before us

By Margaret Chute

The story department of the Paramount Studios, where material for thousands of motion pictures is stored. Vivian Moses, with his assistant, Irene Francis

Where the gowns worn by stars are created. Adrian sketching an evening gown for Joan Crawford to wear in "Girls Together"

Miss Gladys Percey, head of the literary and research department at the Paramount Studios

A COMFORTABLE stall; cigar glowing, cigarette well alight. A title on the silver-grey screen, some figures, then a famous face seen in an enormous close-up. Perfect in every detail. Make-up that is flawless; a coiffure that is exactly correct; a costume that is so smart it ceases to be in fashion, but is always ahead of it. Beauty, charm, personality, provided for our entertainment by the wise-headed moguls of the Film World, whose genius picks and develops potential stars. And after they have done the all-important "picking," what of the labour that goes on behind the scenes in the studios in order that we may sit in our comfortable stall, admiring the men and women our favour has turned into stars?

Having seen studio work from every angle I am convinced that what goes on unseen by an audience is far more interesting than the plays we enjoy. The army of un-named workers earning large and small salaries in the studios outnumbers the players by more than twenty to one. We hear of them so seldom; we know practically nothing of the various departments they control, or in which they sweat and strive.

But they are there, in their thousands, and without them that close-up which causes the gasped—"Oh, but she IS lovely!"—could never have been born.

On the pay-roll of the two biggest studios in Hollywood, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Paramount, there are over five thousand names in all. And that does not take any players into account. Day by day, clocks are punched or names checked off in ledgers of thousands of people engaged as scenario writers, research workers, electricians, carpenters, engineers, sound experts, cutters, scene designers, painters, costumiers, wardrobe hands, hair-dressers, manicurists, make-up staff, wig-makers, set-dressers, directors, cameramen, still-men, publicity men, supervisors, librarians.

Unless every department in one of these vast studios—cities, inside low walls or enclosed by a simple fence—carried out its allotted task in the best and most efficient manner, films would not be produced as smoothly and satisfactorily as they are now. By "satisfactorily" I mean on the technical and production side; I am not talking about acting or stories chosen, which have nothing to do with the manner in which the *making* of a film is swept along to its destined end.

HOLLYWOOD'S studios are scattered, very carelessly, at odd and unexpected spots along the palm-bordered avenues and boulevards of that wide-flung town. There is over ten miles of bungalow-dotted land between Paramount, on Melrose Avenue in Hollywood, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in Culver City. In between comes United Artists, on Santa Monica Boulevard, and then the attractive Hal Roach Studio (where those delightful clowns, Laurel and Hardy, manufacture laughs by the yard) followed closely by the Pathé Studio, a few yards farther along the same wide Boulevard.

To the North, across Cahuenga Pass, is First National and Warner Brothers, with Universal as its next door neighbour. Both these huge studios nestle at the foot of the hills that divide the valley containing Los Angeles and Hollywood from the famous San Fernando Valley, where the best walnuts in the world are grown—to say nothing of the manufacture of millions of feet of film, yearly. Beyond these miniature cities is the new Mack Sennett Studio, in a suburb known as Studio City, and still further out—36 miles or so nearer San Francisco—is the vast Lasky Ranch where so many exterior scenes for Paramount and other pictures are made.

SCREEN

Taking a shot for the United Artists' picture "The Garden of Eden." Lewis Milestone (with megaphone) is directing Corinne Griffith and Charles Ray

Right: Mrs. Fraser, head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wardrobe department, puts the stamp of approval on the stars' gowns

Below: Cutting and editing a film. Josef von Sternberg, a Paramount director, in the cutting room with his cutter, Miss Lewis

Right: Maude Bowman, librarian to the research library at First National

Below: Gwen Lee looking through a costume book, with Natalie Bucknell, in charge of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer research department

The total number of workers—excluding actors and actresses—employed in these and the many smaller studios must come close on twenty thousand. To put one face on the screen at least thirty people are working directly behind the camera or on the set. Behind them, in rows of office buildings, another hundred or so are employed on one film alone.

When I went on a location trip once, with a unit belonging to Paramount, to watch some scenes being made for a film in which Gary Cooper starred with Sylvia Sidney, I counted eighty-six members of staff and crew all doing some indispensable job of work, in order that the scenes showing one or both of these players might reach the screens of the world.

IN one studio there is a staff of gardeners numbering thirty, with a head gardener, at a big salary; their job is to grow almost all the flowers required for use on the sets, also plants and shrubs and palms. They may be asked to plant a young orchard, inside half an hour; and they can always do it. I have heard a director, rehearsing a scene, give a sudden shout for "half a dozen young trees, to grow along the edge of this street; looks too bare as it is!" Within half an hour the half-dozen trees are growing gaily—not artificial but *real* ones, deeply planted in holes dug with a special machine that makes short work of the necessary space required for the safe housing of a tree-root.

Driving through Hollywood's streets it is disconcerting to come upon a large chunk of ocean liner, five decks high, complete with three funnels, bridge, lifeboats, and so forth, cheerfully parked on dry land. Paramount has such a liner—or rather, the shell of one—close to the Studio Main Entrance.

It was built for a film belonging to the dear dead silent days. It has been used again and again, after rechristening ceremonies, for all sorts and conditions of films. Last time I saw it fulfilling its destined purpose was during the filming of the second Moran and Mack picture, in which the celebrated Two Black Crows went to France with the army.

On that occasion streams of black-faced soldiers were marching up a gangway to the upper decks of the "liner" while a band played and people cheered on the (*Continued on page 102*).

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

An *Adventure* in Matrimony *and* a matter *of* Temperament summed *up in* the word

Airedale

An American Story of Divorce in Reno

By Charles J. McGuirk

IF she had lived in ancient Rome, the admiring conscript fathers, the predatory young men of pleasure and the envious courtesans would have called Patricia Dwan, "Univiræ." But she was living in ultra-modern Reno for the necessary three months, so to the transitory divorce colony she was known as an "Airedale."

The terms are synonymous. Univiræ, literally translated, means "to one man," and an airedale dog, mistakenly or otherwise, is credited as being, above all other dogs, capable of a deep, abiding and unswerving loyalty to only one master. He is pre-eminently a one-man dog.

Hence, when a sophisticate speaks of "an Airedale," he means a one-man woman and applies it just as infrequently as it is deserved to that rare—oh, so rare—woman who has taken all the priceless jewels of her affections from the casket of her heart and showered them upon one man—for better or for worse; for ever and for ever.

Obviously, Patricia's choice of a recipient for her emotional jewels had been for worse, else she wouldn't have been in Reno seeking a divorce. But, just as obviously, they had been bestowed for ever, at least as far as men in Reno were concerned.

By the time she had served two of her three-months' residence in "the biggest little town in the world," Patricia had refused seven proposals of marriage from as many eligible husbands, tarrying in their flight from one wife to another, and three times as many proposals that included everything but matrimony.

Her attraction for men was remarkable, in view of her competition, of which, I am sure, she was unaware. At the time of her residence there, Reno was literally inundated by a wave of beautiful and bored wives seeking what Judge George A. Bartlett has termed, "the cure for marital ills."

Shortly after noon, which is breakfast time in the world's divorce capital, Virginia Avenue resembled the line of march in a beauty pageant. Yet, as a slightly huffed beauty remarked one day in the dining room of the Riverside Hotel, "that Dwan woman shows she doesn't want men and they flock around her just to be chased away, while we ambush them and they never light. There's no sense to it."

There didn't seem to be. Patricia, compared with most of them, was as a dove to a bird of paradise. She was not homely, but she was not beautiful. She was a quiet blond lady on the youthful edge of her thirties, with blue eyes, even white teeth which showed to advantage when she smiled, and a shapely body which could be athletic on occasion, but which was normally the slightly voluptuous collection of curves that is associated with successful wives.

Her conversation was not brilliant nor seductive. Indeed, it was largely confined to her eyes, which were mirrors that reflected the mood of the person who happened to be talking to her. These seem to have made up the sum of her attractions.

That, at least, was the theory arrived at by Clay Sanborn, connoisseur of women, on the moonlit night that Pat, with smiling lips and cold, furious eyes, informed him that she was one of the many millions of her sex who objected to being mauled by a man, even though he had, like Clay, given her a charming dinner and a pleasant evening at Lawton Springs.

The theory was born in the brief, shocked silence with which he received this information.

"I see that now," he admitted finally. "But, believe it or not, it's the first time it has ever been called to my attention. What is it, Pat? Something the matter with me? Am I getting too old or something?"

The set smile leaped from his lips to thaw the ice from her glance. She believed him implicitly. He was about her own age and was in Reno for the second time to divorce his third wife. He was immensely wealthy, handsome, and as gallant as the fabled Don Juan, with a reputation possibly a little murkier.

"I think," she told him, "that women have spoiled you terrible, because it is always women who make your kind of man. It's a shame, too, because, while they have given you passing pleasure, they have robbed you of the ideal of our sex your mother must have given you. They have ruined a very wonderful husband for somebody."

Her hand went out impulsively and closed over the one of his that lay on the steering wheel of his racing roadster. "I like you, Clay," she admitted. "A lot. Even though I've heard—and believe—some of the terrible stories they tell about you. But I don't love you. I never could. I'm one of those mythical women you read about but never see. I've loved one man. And I'll never, never get over it."

He sat there without moving, looking moodily at the hand lying on his, then at the piquant face that had taken on the wistfulness of the moonlight.

"An Airedale," he pronounced.

What, she asked him, did that mean?

"A one-man woman. A widow with a live ghost." He thought that over. "Well," he continued, and wistfulness had touched his voice, "maybe it's better to have loved and lost than to have misplaced the capacity somewhere in a parade."

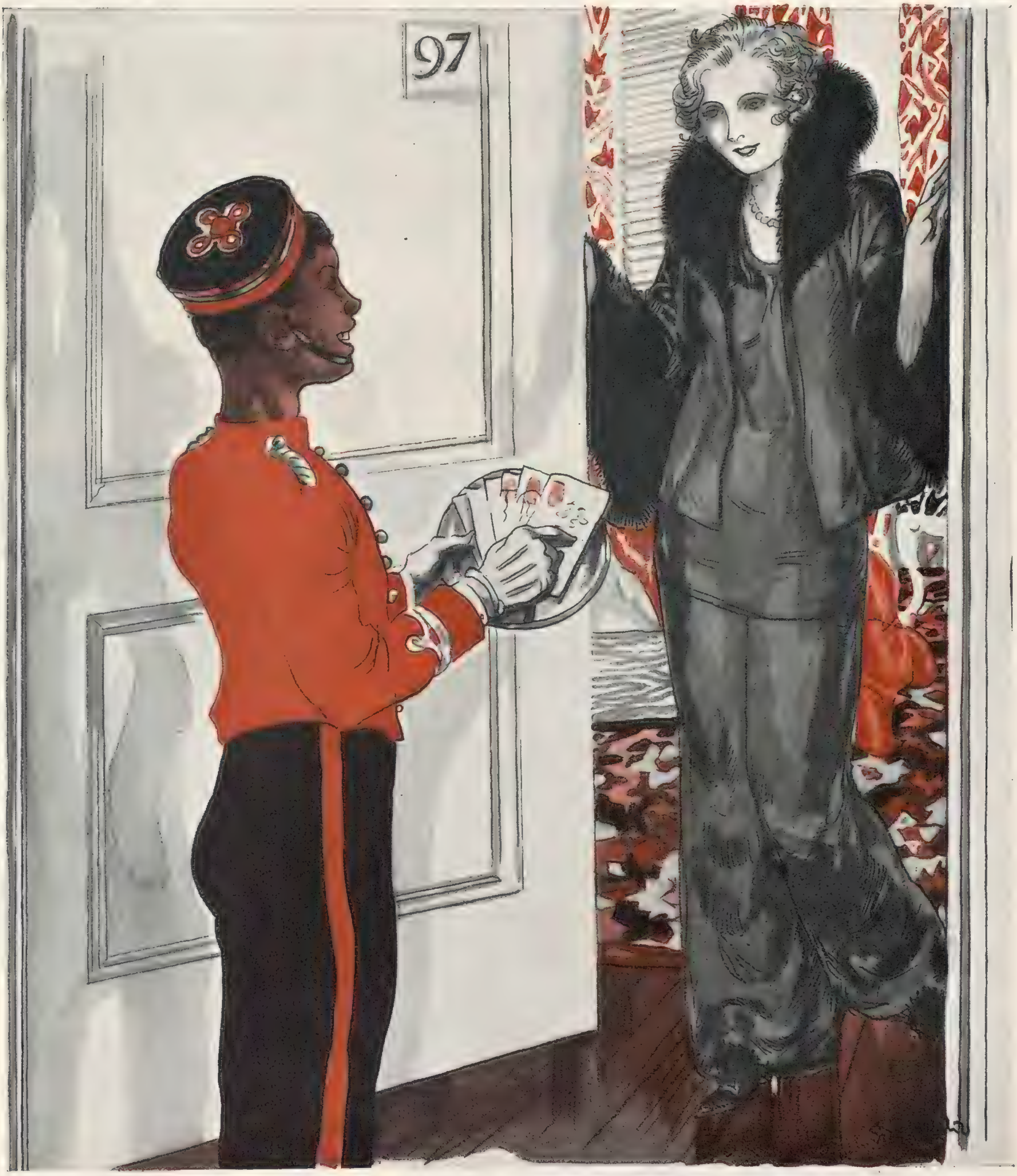
He grinned suddenly. "I've got your number, Pat. You look like a wife and you're a wonderful listener. And there's no confidante in the world for a man like a listening wife, whether it's his own or somebody else's. From now on, I'm tame as far as you're concerned. I'll respect the ashes. Is it a bet?"

"It's a bet," agreed Pat, smiling through a mist that was not moonlight, and they sealed the bargain with a handclasp.

MAKING ready for bed that night, she stood at the window of her apartment bedroom and looked out over Reno sleeping all in silver under the moon.

Across the street the trees of Wingfield Park etched their shadows on the broad, white-gravelled walks, and the empty benches looked like ugly, discarded old women sprawled with arms outstretched. Her eyes travelled eastward along Virginia Avenue and rested upon the Washoe County courthouse. "The Women's Exchange," they called it in Reno, because so many women had divorced one husband to marry another there. Standing there, touched with silver, the courthouse seemed a brooding palace in a lovely dream, but it really was a charnel-house of affections that had passed. It was the mausoleum of the dead happinesses of divorced women. And her happiness, too, would be buried there within the month.

She was, she realised, growing bitter again. She unclenched her hands and felt the stigmata of her nails in her palms. To her ears came the chuckling chortle of the Truckee river and by stepping closer to the side of the window and pressing her forehead against the pane she could



SHE took five letters from the obviously reverent bellboy and thanked him with a smile that sent him back on his heels and lit up the rest of his day see the jewels of spray as the turbulent little stream emerged from under the Bridge of Sighs.

Her eyes followed the river southward and swept over the skyline of the sleeping little city. It was beautiful in the moonlight. She realised suddenly that Reno had become endurable, a thing she wouldn't have believed possible two months ago.

Her first impression of the town had come to her through a cold drizzle of rain as she alighted from the Overland Limited at 11 o'clock at night after her three-day journey. As she walked into the waiting room she was jostled by a boisterous crowd of divorce colonists who were speeding a brand new divorcee on her way to San Francisco.

The new divorcee was full of emotion and about half full of wine. She had laughed hysterically, and wept bitter tears and then insisted on kissing every man in the station, a plan from which she was dissuaded only by main force.

Patricia sighed and turned away from the window. Life had improved since that tragic night and the two miserable weeks immediately following it. She had since come to realise that those first two weeks are the worst part of the "Reno Experience."

During their passage she believed herself outcast and *déclassée*. She was the discarded woman, scorned by every married woman and the prey of every man. And the fact that it was through no fault of her own made not the slightest difference.

So she remained self-imprisoned and unutterably miserable. She had her meals served in her rooms, though she braved the lobby twice a day as she hurried out on brisk, furtive walks, in the cool, crystal air. These walks, somehow, picked her up and made her feel better.

Finally, driven by sheer loneliness, she had crept out and shyly accepted the easy camaraderie of other women in like case who had come to think of divorce merely as an unpleasant experience.

She started to undress slowly in the darkness. She wondered what Leonard was doing at that moment. Hurrying to the office. Or, perhaps, already there. What time was it? There was three hours' difference between New York and Reno. She read the illuminated dial of her travelling clock. 4.30. He wasn't even stirring.

Drowsiness assailed her even as she slipped between the covers. Leonard, like a lot of other men, had been a wonderful lover but an unsatisfactory husband. No, it wasn't he that had been unsatisfactory. It had been she. He had told her so.

It was her fault. It was any woman's fault who couldn't hold her man. Or was it? She honestly blamed Leonard's mother. She believed she had ruined him as marital material years before she, Patricia, had known him. Years before he had even grown up.

Mrs. Dwan, mother of the handsome man with the thick black hair, the soft brown eyes and the petulant mouth, was "the other woman" in her case. When this thought had first come to Patricia, she had smiled ruefully at it. It had seemed so ridiculous. Now, she was firmly convinced it was so. His mother and the great business his father had left him were the two things that had broken up their marriage.

Patricia turned over on her side to watch the moon paling in the sky. It left the earth in darkness save for the hard, winking brightness of the electric street lights. Memories of her married life came tumbling through her mind.

Her courtship. Leonard had been a delightful wooer. Her marriage. He had made a handsome groom. Her honeymoon. During it he had revealed a strain of whimsical tenderness toward her which had not left him in nearly five years of their married life. The end of that union had been as sudden as a flash of lightning from a swiftly darkened sky. It still bewildered her.

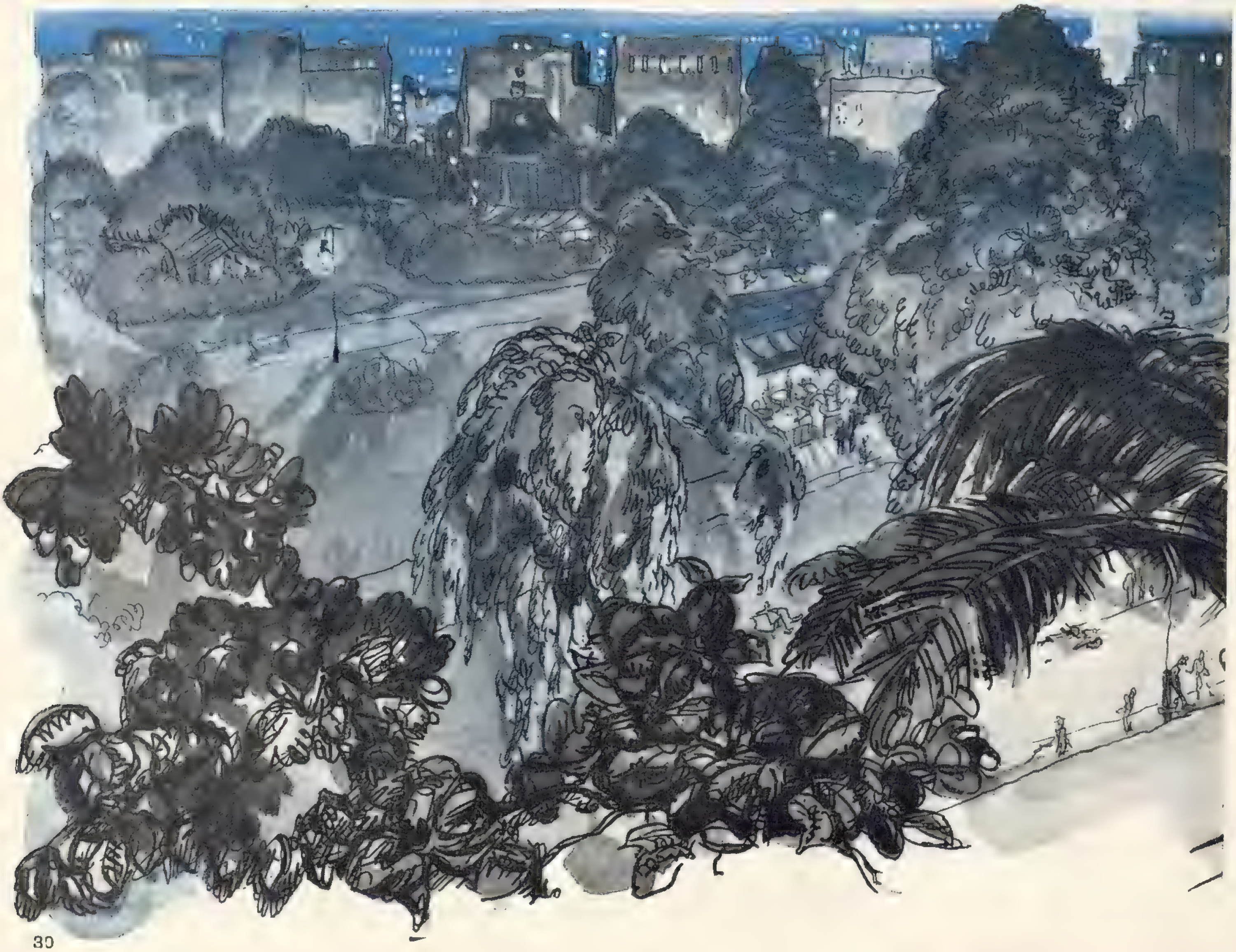
Looking back, she could see she had not given him all the attention a wife should give a husband. Especially a husband who, all his life, had been spoiled by his mother.

They had quarrelled that night over some little thing like the way he had played a bridge hand. She was coldly—and maybe cuttingly—pointing out the error of his persistent over-bidding. And he had stopped her.

"Look here, Pat. Let's quit all this." His light tone had been charged with menace.

"All this? All this what?"

"All this being married. I can see you're fed up with it. So am I. Have been for months. It's not the fault of either of us. You've been a wonderful wife. There is no other woman



in my life. There is no woman at all. I want to quit. I suspect you do, too. I know you will when you realise I don't love you any more. Go to Reno. Get your divorce. I'll settle any amount on you you wish. Only, I want it over."

She had tried twice to speak before the words finally came. She could still hear her low, hard voice coming through dry lips.

"Of course, I . . . Just as you say. I think—I . . . We've always agreed to divorce each other if either——"

"Thanks. That's settled. Perfectly friendly and all that sort of thing. Modern. What's the use of being unpleasant? Well, Old Darling, I'll see you before you go——"

Pride had sent her hurtling to Reno for "a really modern, friendly divorce." She would not try to hold any man, not even Leonard, against his will.

She wondered if he was taking good care of himself. He was such a child about his health. She had cautioned him in her last weekly letter to him about carrying his topcoat to the office, even on pleasant days—fall weather was so changeable and treacherous—and to be sure he got at least two good nights of sleep a week.

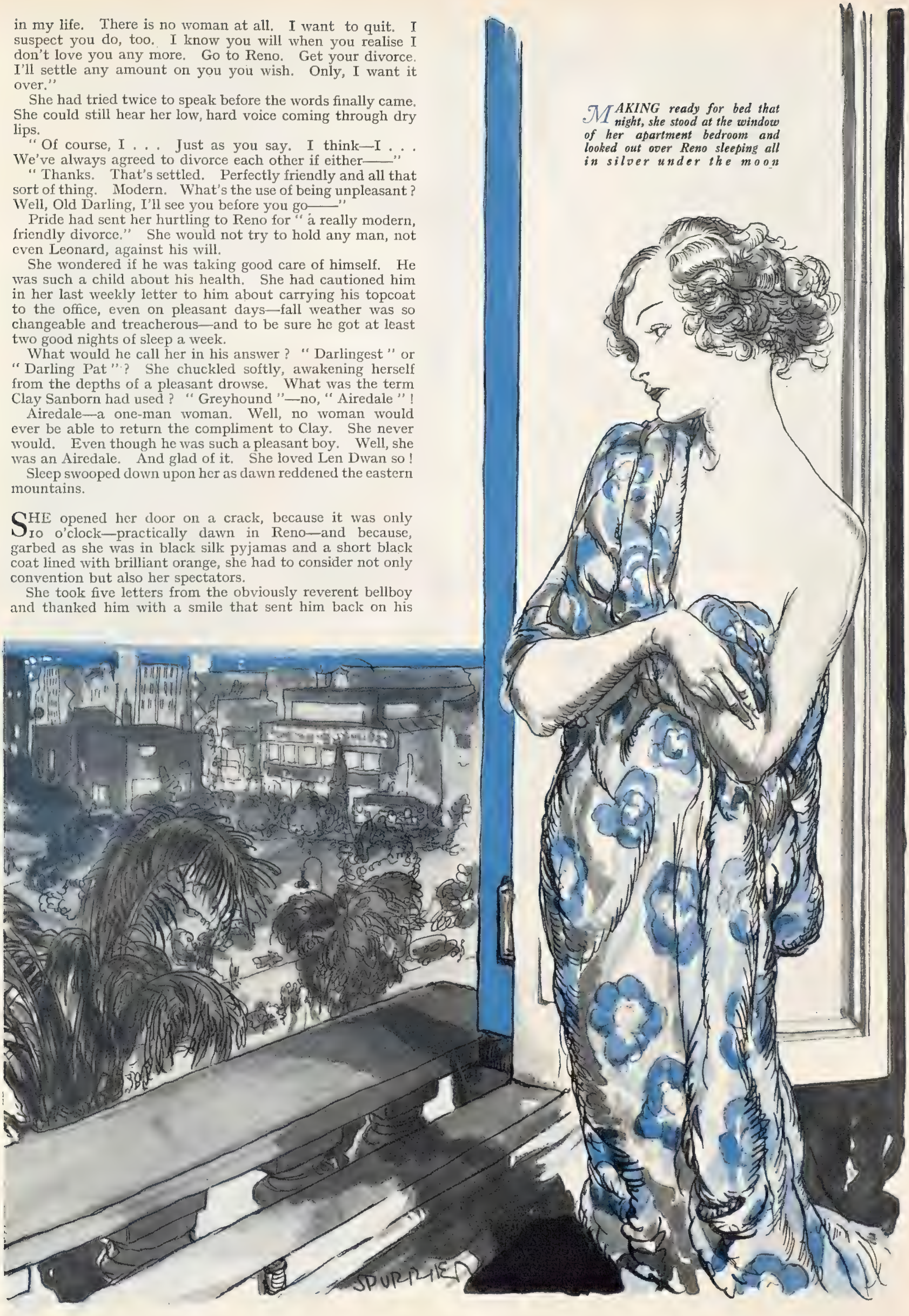
What would he call her in his answer? "Darlingest" or "Darling Pat"? She chuckled softly, awakening herself from the depths of a pleasant drowse. What was the term Clay Sanborn had used? "Greyhound"—no, "Airedale"!

Airedale—a one-man woman. Well, no woman would ever be able to return the compliment to Clay. She never would. Even though he was such a pleasant boy. Well, she was an Airedale. And glad of it. She loved Len Dwan so!

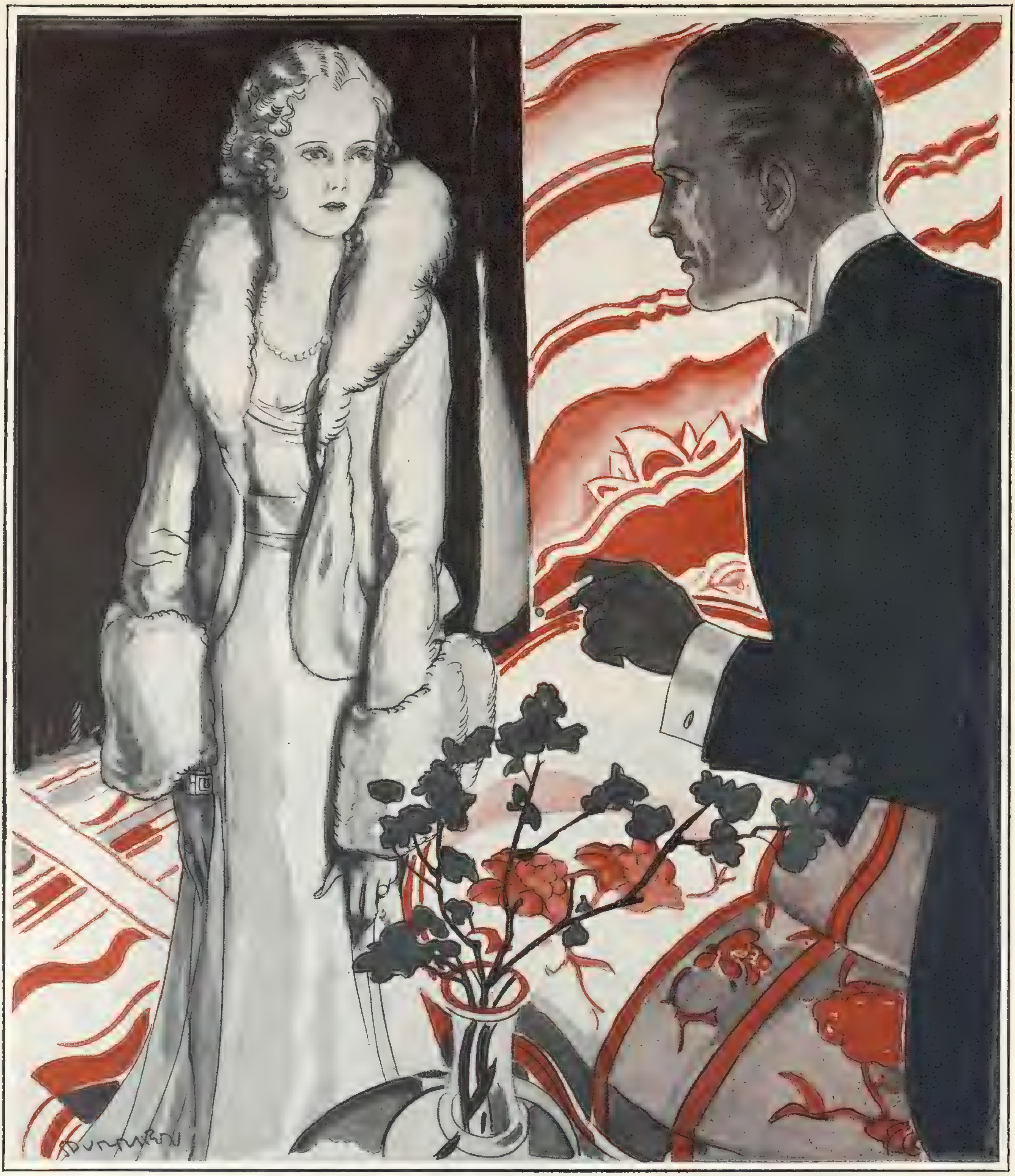
Sleep swooped down upon her as dawn reddened the eastern mountains.

SHE opened her door on a crack, because it was only 10 o'clock—practically dawn in Reno—and because, garbed as she was in black silk pyjamas and a short black coat lined with brilliant orange, she had to consider not only convention but also her spectators.

She took five letters from the obviously reverent bellboy and thanked him with a smile that sent him back on his



MAKING ready for bed that night, she stood at the window of her apartment bedroom and looked out over Reno sleeping all in silver under the moon



heels and lit up the rest of his day. When she had closed the door on his dazzled eyes she dropped into a chair and shuffled the letters swiftly, with the air of a gambler searching for a favourite ace.

Three were local bills. A fourth, from Mamaroneck, had been penned hurriedly in a scrawling hand by Margaret Leland and would contain items of current scandals set forth with a candour which comes only with a lifelong friendship. The last, a long, thin envelope, was Len's. And there her search ended.

She tossed the others on the table and began to play with it as a cat does with a newly captured mouse. She turned it on end. She held it to the light and her clear eyes crinkled at the corners as she tried to calculate how many pages it contained. She scrutinised earnestly the hand in which it was addressed. She pressed it suddenly against her cheek. And finally she opened it very carefully with a paper knife.

PATRICIA had received seven proposals of marriage from as many eligible husbands, and three times as many proposals that included anything but matrimony

There was a single sheet of paper inside.

" My Dear Pat : "

He was angry. She could tell by this stilted opening. What had she done? She cringed ridiculously, as she always did before his anger. Then she read on:

" I resent very much your silly interest in my health and habits. I'm not a child. I had enjoyed pretty fair health for twenty-five years before I met you, and twenty-seven before we were married.

" It's nice to have a woman anxious about you if you happen to love her. But I decidedly am not in love with you. I don't love you, Pat, at all. I can't imagine why you don't realise it. You

seem to think your being in Reno is just a game and that you and I will be reconciled. Well, we won't. Ever.

"I'm surprised at your lack of pride. I never thought you'd try to hold any man against his will. In my case it is useless. I'm through. As proof of it I must tell you that this is the last you will hear from me except in the way of business. And I must ask you not to annoy me any more.

"LEONARD."

The single scrawled sheet fluttered down on the black silk pyjama trousers and Patricia went very, very cold all over. She sat there staring fixedly in front of her and seeing nothing, while bits of thoughts tried vainly to find placement. She sat there a long, long time . . .

What a brutal, nasty letter! was the first thought which finally made the grade. Not like Leonard. Not like him at all. Almost as if someone else had written it in his hand. Some woman. If she didn't know him so well, she'd think a woman had dictated it, or at least suggested it to him. But that, of course, was absurd.

However, the fact remained that he very definitely did not care for her any more. He was frank enough about that. What was his phrase? "And I must ask you not to annoy me any more." She wouldn't!

Her anger mounted, at first slowly, until suddenly it was seething. She'd show him the kind of pride she had. She'd never write him, nor talk to him, nor even think of him again, even if he became the last man on earth. Some old Jewish gentleman away back in the beginning of all things certainly had the right idea when he wrote, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

As the first objective in the not exactly unpleasant task of forgetting him altogether, she picked up Margaret Leland's letter. Margaret was always a sure antidote for troubles. She was so original in her viewpoint and spicy in her comments on life and people. But Pat read it uninterestedly until a sentence leaped at her.

"I wonder if you know, Darling, why you are in Reno. I'm sure you don't, because all your life you've been such a blind, trusting little donkey. So I'll tell you the reason. It's a pussy cat. And it's name—I know you'd be the last person in the world to guess it—is Eleanor Dryden.

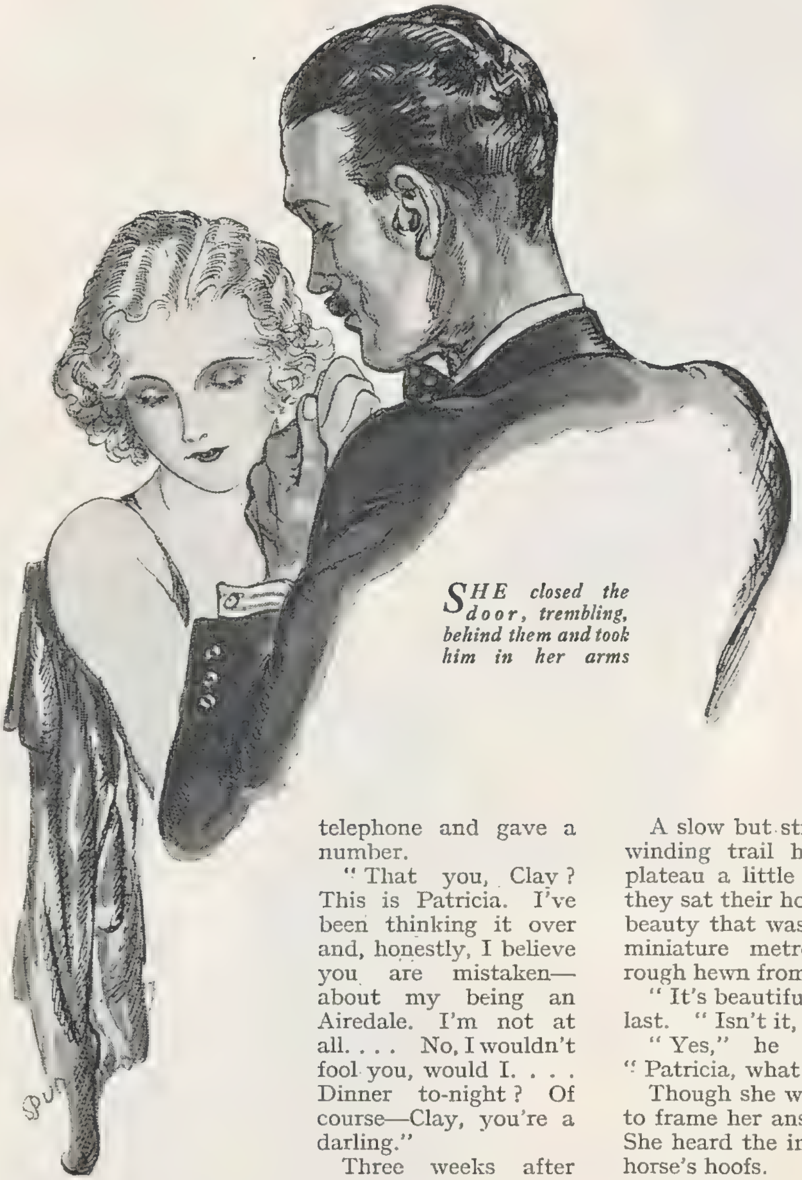
"Yes. Li'l Eleanor, your own very, very best friend! Why is it that when most husbands and wives learn that their particular marital bark has gone on the rocks they also find out sooner or later that it was pushed there by the 'best friend' of one of them?

"The square little sportswoman told me all about it. It has been going on for some time. She said she has known for years that you've never understood Leonard. She does, of course. And I sez to myself, sez I, 'Well you ought to, Old Sweet, Leonard or any other man, becuz you've certainly had enough practice.'"

It was as if Patricia's poor bruised love for an unloving husband had suddenly been killed by a final brutal blow. She wasn't a bit angry nor hurt about it any more. Only cold. Maybe that cold feeling was hate—or contempt. Very hastily, with tightly pressed lips she wrote a telegram to Mr. Leonard Dwan in New York.

"Thanks for information. Sorry. Will never do it again. Honest. Pat."

When it was sent, she stepped to the telephone and gave a number.



SHE closed the door, trembling, behind them and took him in her arms

"That you, Clay? This is Patricia. I've been thinking it over and, honestly, I believe you are mistaken—about my being an Airedale. I'm not at all. . . . No, I wouldn't fool you, would I. . . . Dinner to-night? Of course—Clay, you're a darling."

Three weeks after Patricia received and reacted to her two momentous letters, she was the chief conversational topic among Reno's divorce colony. They talked of her according to their kind and class.

She had changed abruptly from a bewildered and discarded wife to a charming woman who was "seen about a lot" with one man. And the divorce colony, very humanly, was curious about two things: whether she really no longer loved her husband and whether she would marry Clay Sanborn.

Patricia, herself, was not sure about marrying Sanborn, but she was positive she no longer loved Leonard Dwan. She regarded him with a total absence of feeling even when he thrust himself again upon her.

His first thrust came less than a week after his request that she cease annoying him. It was in the form of a bulky letter. Her feeling on receipt of it was her first proof that her love had died. She had returned it without comment.

Four days after that he telephoned her from New York.

"Pat," he pleaded, "I've made a terrible mistake. I'm sorry."

"I am, too, Leonard," she told him. "But it's too late now."

"I'll never give you up. Pat, dear ——"

She hung up on him and the next morning she was awakened by a night letter in which he informed her that he loved her and would fight with every means in his power her attempt to divorce him. Her answer to that was to bring his telegram and her two momentous letters to George Eastern, her attorney. He looked them over.

"I don't think," he said, "you have a single cause for worry. He himself has given you sufficient grounds in his letter to you."

That settled one phase of her problem. Of the other she was not so sure. Clay Sanborn's courtship was constant, assiduous and unobtrusive, as became a master wooer.

Three days before the date set for her hearing—which would surely result in the granting of her plea—Sanborn asked for his answer.

A slow but strenuous ride up the long winding trail had brought them to a plateau a little before sundown. There they sat their horses and gazed up at the beauty that was God's and down at the miniature metropolis which man had rough hewn from the wilderness.

"It's beautiful!" she breathed at long last. "Isn't it, Clay?"

"Yes," he said after a pause. "Patricia, what is it to be?"

Though she waited a long time, trying to frame her answer, he remained silent. She heard the impatient stamping of his horse's hoofs.

"I don't know, Clay," she admitted. "Truly, I don't. You believe me, don't you?"

"Yes," he said again. "Is it because you still love Dwan?"

"No." Her reply was instant. "I guess it's because—I don't love any man."

"I'm not asking you to love me," he insisted. "I'm only asking you to marry me."

She laughed. "I can't see the point of asking for marriage without love."

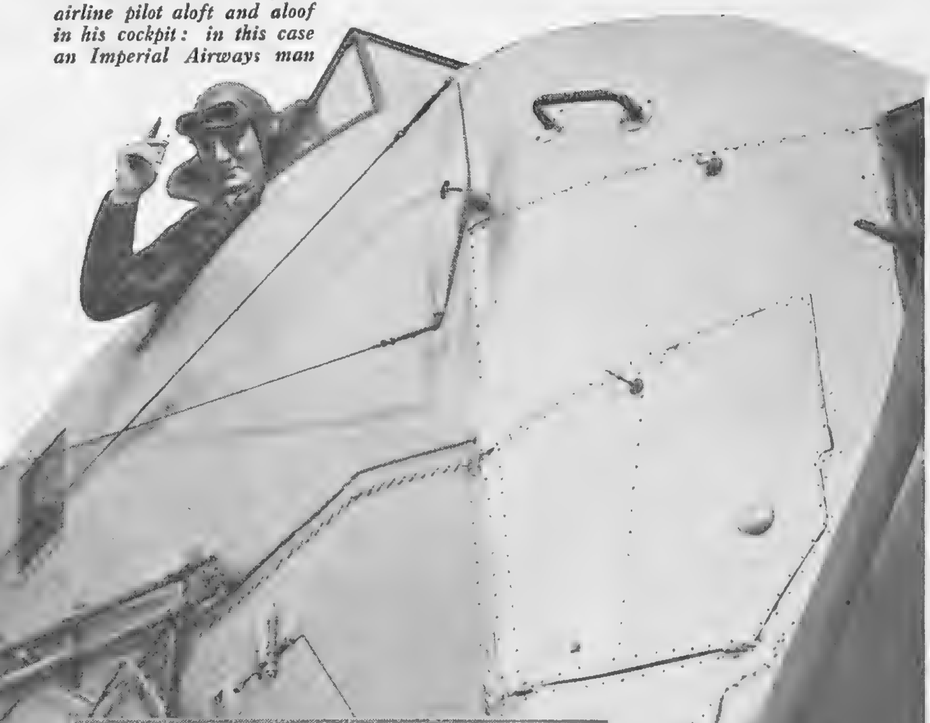
"I know this," he said. "When a woman first loves, she loves a man. After that she loves love. I want you to find love with me. I know you will. Pat, you love me, don't you? Look at me."

She obeyed, to find his gaze upon her. His love was in (*Continued on page* 102)

The Anonymous

Above:
HIS plane hurtling to a flaming finish . . . the test pilot floats down to safety in a parachute

Below:
HERE is the "anonymous superman" of to-day and to-morrow! The regular airline pilot aloft and aloof in his cockpit: in this case an Imperial Airways man



DOUBLE-CHECKED and completely foolproof is every safety step on Imperial Airways . . . here is the "Imperial" Droshky man taking over his machine O.K.

A GREY gusty evening; the Airport has lost its romance to become damp and uninviting. Muffled to the eyes in strange varieties of waterproofing, woollen and leather, the Pilot and his colleague emerge from shelter and walk rapidly to their waiting 'plane. A bad night, but certainly not a dangerous night for flying; just, in fact, a perfectly *beastly* night!

The multi-engined Fokker is brilliantly lit, and five or six passengers are comfortably settled in the cabin; the two airmen pass forward into their cockpit; aloft and aloof they sit, uncouth silhouettes against the fretful sky. A signal flash from the control tower releases the liner, and as the three engines haul their freight up and away the lights of Croydon Airport slant, slip behind—and the liner heads for Holland with the night mails.

The more blasé among the passengers settle to some three hours' quiet read; the pilots to three hours of the utmost vigilance as the machine gains height and heads straight over the North Sea. Merely another liner off, with the regularity and safety of an express train, but with thrice the speed and piloted not by stuntists, but by two hard bitten experts in the daily employ of Her Dutch Majesty's Air Company!

THE ragged fringes of the "English climate" stream behind and below us as we rise to a calm twilit world, the motionless figures in the cockpit are lit up—and prosaic relief provided by the rhythmic move of the Chief Pilot's jaws as he chews gum! Pin-pointed lights and flat dark islands . . . the Dutch coast—Rotterdam; a night landing; further take-off, more lights and chequered fields, and then the blaze of Amsterdam and Schiphol, the Clapham Junction of the air.

The Fokker disgorges her passengers; two pilots climb stiffly out; one is Geysendorffer, the senior pilot of the line, who is glad to be home for, perhaps, one night in four, here in Amsterdam. For the rest of the time, the Northern capitals—Paris, special charter work with American millionaires or the routine piloting of the famous Batavia Mail . . . which he was the first to take out, with English Mrs. Maurice Hewlett as the first woman passenger!

Geysendorffer has a *million* kilometres of safety behind him, amazing adventures and a high level of achievement . . . and the aspect of a sedate business man! It is flying behind "Men Like These" that the ordinary passenger steps right into to-morrow and meets the aristocracy of the future, the anonymous supermen of the air, selected, trained, tested and vetted to the nth degree. They indignantly repudiate "that dastardly sob-stuff" (as one pilot growled crossly, when cornered to make him talk!), but they are making an epic film, of which even the sample "stills" thrill the ordinary passenger!

You may have flown to Paris behind G. I. Thomson, of our own Imperial Airways—prosaic enough flight. But

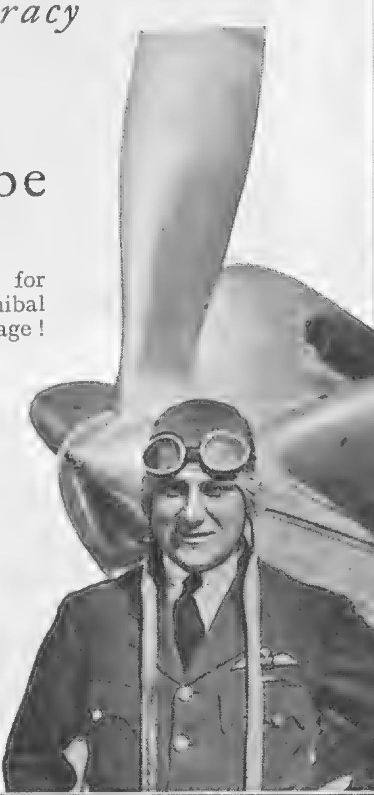
Super-Men of the Air

ONLY when they crash—and that so very rarely—do we hear their names, these cool Pilots of the great Air Lines of Europe . . . Behind the Scenes with the Men who are making Travel of the Future safe for Democracy

By

Joan Woollcombe

ABOVE you see Owen Cathcart-Jones, once pilot to Glen Kidston and, before that, one of the aerial taximen of National Flying Services Ltd. He was the professional pilot on Kidston's record-breaking flight to the Cape



Left:
FLIGHT-LIEUT. SCHOFIELD, the chief test pilot of Aircraft Construction, who tells his experiences of testing high-speed machines

Thomson was once posted as missing for several days in the recesses of a cannibal haunted jungle, *with* his Handley-Page! Working on charter for a certain mining concern in New Guinea, a torrential storm forced him into the side of a mountain deep in jungle. He had been carrying gold and made half a thousand successful trips before he had his enforced rest. However, he is still preserved for useful, if distinctly duller, work.

THE Deutsche Luft Hansa pilot, Kahlow (who has also left the million kilometre mark well behind), is one of the stars of the German team to whom it fell to be the first "enemy" pilot to land officially in Britain after the war, in 1923. And the manner of the rapprochement was typical of a "happy landing."

Kahlow and his mechanic Zysmeyer (who bore a certain resemblance to a famous comedian) flew right into a bank of fog over our coasts and were forced to premature landing near Lympne. They touched "ex-enemy soil" at Alington Farm, where, Kahlow says gratefully, "they gave me a good reception." Zysmeyer, however, was immediately dubbed Charlie Chaplin and taken to all hearts!

Kahlow is only yet 37, and has flown, in commercial work only, a distance equal to 40 times round the globe; his war record bristles with decorations.

HERE is Hans Baur, the German civil pilot who has been 100 times across the Alps

THESE days, says one pilot, it is one's business to make records, not to have adventures. All the same, the pioneers (pilots and passengers) had adventures some ten years ago. There is the epic of Lieutenant Shaw at the inception of the now prosaic London-Paris service, before the days of Imperial Airways and super safety. The service started on a Monday; the following Thursday the weather was unspeakable, and the London to Paris flight was cancelled; but Lieutenant Shaw, in Paris, seeing a lull in the storm, nipped into the air. Harry

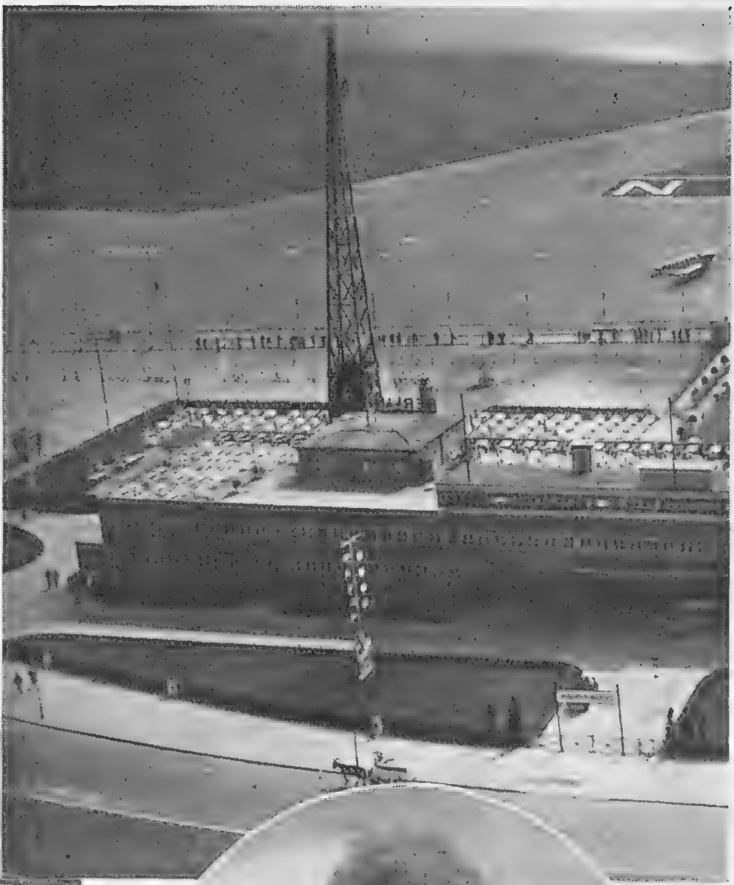
Harper, with expert touch, tells this story best! The facts are that Shaw battled his way in a rising gale to the French coast; the storm crashed to fury there and the wind recorded 100 m.p.h.—on went Shaw . . . *it was safer to go on than to land.* To the anxious watchers this side came the news that he had crossed the coast and was battling every inch of his way to London. His 'plane (a 'plane of 1919—12 years back!) was whipped by the howling gale into sudden dives and spins . . . Every time, getting more exhausted, Shaw brought her back to stability and held her to her course, and finally, to the amazement of the watchers at Hounslow, the Paris-London mail came sliding through the driving murk, and landed.

They helped the pilot from his cockpit and, with some considerable anxiety, opened up the cabin which contained two passengers. *Two thoroughly happy travellers descended!* They had honestly thought Shaw was treating them to a few acrobatics thrown in with the fare . . . of such material were pioneer passengers made in those days.

ROMANCE is not dead; will nobody make a real film of the life of Smirnoff, of the Dutch Lines? Ex-Cossack, ex-Russian aviator, he escaped (but on his two feet!) via Siberia during the Revolution and landed up here—became a R.A.F. pilot—after the war served commercially in Belgium and then transferred his attentions to the Royal Dutch Lines, and offered his affections to a charming Dutchwoman who is now his wife. Fly behind Smirnoff to learn how staid the adventurous mind can be!

Van Dyk—another Netherlands star—took a special vacation to cross the Atlantic with Kingsford Smith; he then is said to have upset the tidy-minded schedule-makers of the K.L.M. by taking the Dutch-Batavia mail to India *in three and a half days under time.* He still rides the tropic skyways with the mails, and *there is now two days off that schedule.*

FLUGKAPITÄN BRAUER, who has done some 350,000 kilometres of night flying, is very laconic; pilots consider that the public should take the matter much more simply, since instruments have brought it to such a pitch of perfection—and safety. However, picture Brauer taking his 'plane "Hestia" from Berlin to Konigsberg with the nightly mail, the first night passenger service in the world. The Junkers machine, with 960 h.p., carries Brauer, his trusted mechanic, Etzold, and his wireless man, Wichers. The Tempelhof aerodrome is pitchy dark, it is 11 p.m.—the aero "schupo" flashes his green starting light and "Hestia" taxis into the night. Red Neon lights warn her. Red-green-white shines for the start. Then Brauer takes off up wind, and takes her up above the million lights of Berlin. A rising moon shines on the Oder as the plane purrs above, and three Neon points stab the dark at landing places on the way. The night passes, and "Hestia" drones on, above the Polish Corridor and down to Danzig just as the first streaks of dawn show over the Baltic. After Danzig, through a fog (milk-soup, says Brauer contemptuously and flies



OVER a million kilometres has Geysendorffer accomplished, the Dutch Air Line pilot between London and Amsterdam, London and Malmo on the famous Swedish Air Express, and Amsterdam and the East Indies

O. P. JONES, of Imperial Airways, has 7,500 hours to his credit and has twice piloted the Prince of Wales from London to Paris

HERR KAHLOW, suitably wreathed after covering half a million kilometres in commercial traffic. Since then he has safely achieved the millionth kilometre

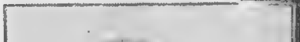
MR. DUDLEY TRAVERS, of Imperial Airways—a typical Croydon figure and a vision of awe still to the ordinary traveller

BERLIN, the embryo "Clearing House of the Future"

Right:

HERE is Jean Lalhue, the Basque, star of the French Air Union

HERE is Captain Max Findlay, just appointed Examiner of Instructors—the superman who deals with novices in mid-air at Hanworth



HERR FELMY who, before his civil job, fought a duel in the War which now he wants to "liquidate" by meeting his ex-opponent!

above it), until the three searchlights of Konigsberg stab the grey of early dawn and the green light signals Brauer down. East Prussian soil at last; and the Junker disgorges her passengers —five humans, 250 chickens, four rabbits (" *tame* ones," says Brauer, gently) and some mails; and the lot re-sorted for Reval, Helsingfors, Moscow.

FLY behind Robert Bajac (Air Union chief pilot) to Paris, and you have France's superman among commercial pilots, with 7,000 hours' safe flying to his credit—an extremely debonair person!

But hard-bitten efficient Lalhue is definitely a subject for the romantic writer: a Basque, he was one of Guynemer's Squadron of Aces in the war, and a pioneer pilot on the hazardous Paris-Warsaw-Constantinople route in the early days. Out went Lalhue, nearly every day, off into the blue, with no weather reports, no wireless direction, and the additional bright prospect of imprisonment and confiscation of his machine were he caught flying over Germany and forced to land; a thing then forbidden!

Does our own Englishman, O. P. Jones, remember, among his 7,500 hours, a couple spent above a pall of fog between London and France; earth traffic was still, paralysed; Channel boats hooting below; with Jones flew a young-man-in-a-hurry, who was duly safely landed, greatly impressed; and it is only really good piloting that impresses " H.R.H." —does Jones also remember taking about *one thousand pounds from Scots in Glasgow* in two days' joy-riding at 10s. 6d. a head! But perhaps among the 30,000 passengers he has carried in safety, imperturbably, these are merged.

Chief among the supermen are the test pilots; their names are only household words among the initiated; but the flying men and their passengers know what they owe them.

It is their business to have adventures, often quite horrible adventures. Let Flight-Lieut. Schofield (the Chief Test Pilot to General Aircraft, now trying out their rather revolutionary methods of weight-saving construction) tell, almost as he told me, his experiences: "The most trying moment?—Almost the first instance that comes to my mind is a test on one of the high speed machines prior to the Schneider Contest (at Venice in '27), it was due to crossed controls I crashed into the Lagoon soon after taking off, *and went straight to the bottom* . . . I was saved," he added, " by the fuselage breaking right through the cockpit, and *I was shot out by water pressure* and rescued by a picket boat.

" On a recent first flight —after a normal take-off in a new type—I was shocked, when throttling down slightly, to find the nose fall almost vertically, and it needed a struggle to pull her level again. The landing (after that!) was an unforgettable experience; *it was carried out at full speed flying almost on to the ground* with hardly any assistance from the elevators . . . then closing the throttles." He added a reasonable technical explanation of the elevator failure, which (with death breathing down his neck the while) he had been able to discover in his new machine.

He owns that spinning tests are the most trying—and among the most necessary, since only practical flight proves the facts of that case.

But, he adds (after a bright note on a test man who spun 1,300 feet while trying to come out), confidence is more than half the battle and very few test pilots would change their lots.

Nor, I believe would those other heroes, Instructors—though meeting that star of instructors, Max Findlay (recently appointed Examiner of Instructors themselves) after a weary morning of " a little more right rudder, now; no, keep right left wing down . . . " *one wonders . . .*

WE do not hear of so many deaths of these death-darers, and chiefly because the pilot has now his life-buoy of the air, the 'chute. To get the idea, just project yourself in mind many thousands of feet above earth; it is a nasty moment when, of the machine that bears you, the centre-plane collapses . . . there is, distinctly, that sinking feeling, until you feel the reassuring tug of your Irvin-chute harness *after you have jumped* . . . Captain Wright Campbell stepped off (or, technically, " bailed out ") at 6,000 (*Continued on page 114*)

A Modern Odyssey in

"WIND-JAMMING"

SHAW DESMOND leads the chanties on his harmonica on the fo'c'sle head

HOW the crew keep fit in the doldrums. One of the youngsters on the flying trapeze launching out from the ship

RACING—Shooting—Golf—Cricket—Fishing—Ski-ing—I have done most of them.

But what is bringing down a "rocketer" or getting that last slash past the covers to make your fifty, to driving an 18-foot harpoon into a monster that is criss-crossing under your feet at what looks like a mile a minute, as you cling like a cormorant to a bowsprit shroud that is lifting and falling thirty feet in a hell of a sea?

What is your Lilliput play of a 20-lb. salmon, with a lying flatterer of a gillie by your side to help you over the tighter corners, to playing a "man-eater" with seven rows of teeth who, *after* you have landed him, can take your leg or a capstan bar and grind 'em to splinters?

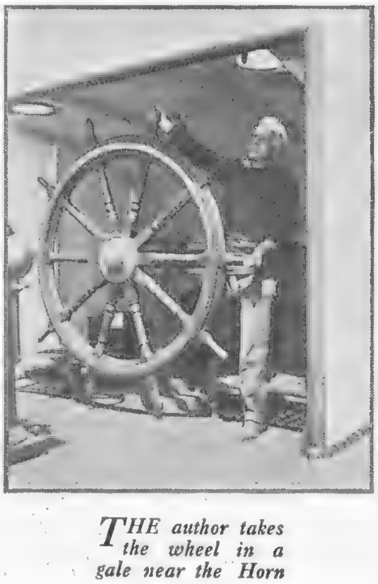
Or fighting a ten-foot albatross on the fatal triangle in a swell running like houses, and . . . but wait a bit!

And, if it comes to that, those of you who take and give a k.o. to the jaw in the 18-foot ring—how would you like to get a k.o. from a 4,000-ton four-masted barque on to that same jaw? But, again, wait a bit. . . .

NOW listen to me.

If you want real sport with a fair chance of kissing yourself good-bye in the process, then "sign on" on the first Cape Horner you can find—and they take a bit of finding—and, committing your carcase to the vasty deep for five or six months, go "Cape-Horning." The king of sports—but certainly not the sport of kings.

Then take your choice of albatross fishing—dolphin striking—"buckomating" (once a fatal pastime) — "squalling" (when you go over on your beam ends, and lose your masts, your head, and all further interest in life)—"greybeard" dodging (a sport you won't have to look for—it'll come to you)—"pooping" (that is, taking a thousand tons of green water over your stern and waking up on the other side of hell)—"catch 'em as they fly" (or flying-fish netting by night)—and going out on the jib-boom in a real sea—and betting fifty-fifty on returning—and... But read on.



THE author takes the wheel in a gale near the Horn

TO go "Cape-Horning" you must first prepare your body and your mind—if you've got one.

If you go on your ship untrained, you have a fair chance of being eaten up with scurvy, born of "salt horse," tinned stuff, and a strictly rationed allowance of water. (We had the same water for five months.)

What the sea leaves of you, the crew—if they be a Finnish crew with a finished way of fighting and a creed which may be summed up in the words "We always fight to a finish!" (excuse the pun!)—will manage.

My little lot were a specially quiet crew, our captain said. But if ever I want to lead a forlorn hope anywhere and against anything I would choose my "crew of poets," as I called them in that first article of mine.

I wanted sport—and I got it.

So, trained to a hair, not only in the prevention of attentions from "Finland's Saviours" (as I have said before they call their 10-in. stickers), but in man-handling, I challenged

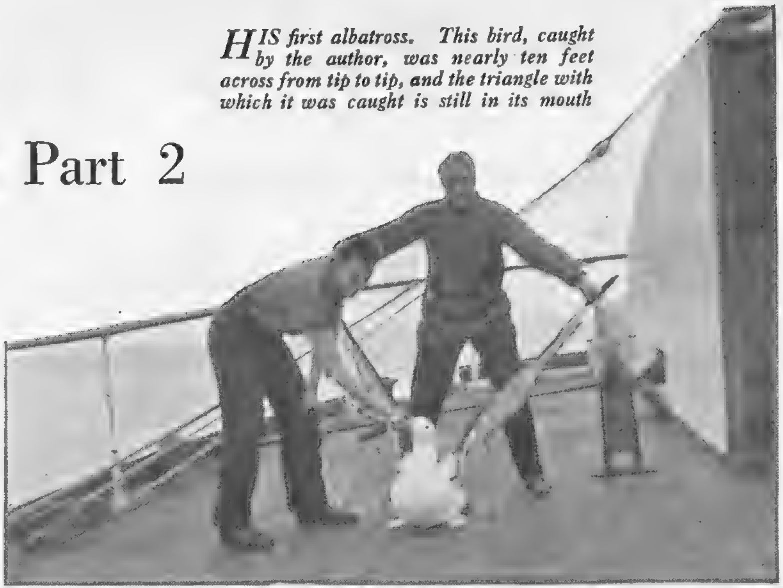
Three Complete Chapters

THE HORN: Part 2

"Cape-Horning" as the King of Sports

By

SHAW DESMOND



HIS first albatross. This bird, caught by the author, was nearly ten feet across from tip to tip, and the triangle with which it was caught is still in its mouth

anybody on board my ship to wrestle almost at once after going aboard. As I did so, I trembled in my trousers. There is an art in concealing that tremble.

Our *jiu-jutsu* falls are heavy affairs, and the day that Finn who was the second mate and the most powerful man on the ship, sprang on my back to hold my poor arms helpless in an octopus-grip placed me in a quandary—as it might have placed my friend in a burial shroud with a broken neck.

The "stop" to such attack is hooking back either foot, tangling the ankle of the man on your back, flinging your feet into the air, and falling back on him either to give him concussion or to break his neck.

I did not want to do this to the man I liked nearly best on the ship. Nor did I want to drive his head through our rotten 33-year-old decks, which already I had found let in plenty of rain into our bunks—"just to make it harder."

So I hooked the foot, dragged a little forward, and when he felt the twisty-pressure and began to loosen his grip, I did not carry the operation further.

But the "sport"? you ask.

The sport lay in the fact that about half a score of those young devils, my shipmates, were maliciously watching and, though they didn't exactly hate me, hoping for my discomfiture.

And here is another little "number."

The scene is the deckhouse which has replaced the older foc's'le. The *dramatis personæ* a push of long-haired, blue-eyed Swedish-Finns. The victim—*myself.*

I am giving a lecture, duly and properly convened, in the gentle art of man-killing by the third or esoteric department of *jiu-jutsu*—called *atemiwaza.*

I, who do not profess more than elementary expertness, have shown my dear young friends (1) how to kill a gent. with whom you may have a difference by a thrust and twist with the finger-points at the base of the throat; (2) how to strike a hefty little knock-knock behind the ear to induce unconsciousness; and (3) that break-neck lock which I have tested in its earlier stages upon my own neck a score of times when practising with my Japanese friends.

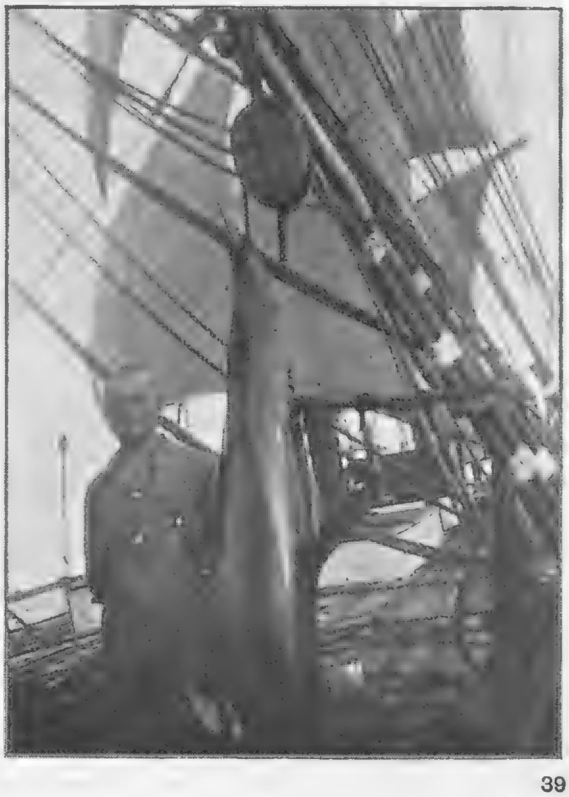
Enters the villain of the piece, "The Wild Boy." The Wild Boy has the skin of a girl and blue-devil eyes; but he is a formidable fist fighter, with a special knife-technique which would make the passionate Spanish lady I watched the other day near the Alhambra (Spain, not Leicester Square) look like a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon. Wild Boy has had a drop of *schnapps*—our popular drink, and supposed to be inaccessible save by the captain. He has had several drops. He steps up to me with his little stickler, does a sort of *danse à ventre* and appears to take it personally that I believe knife-thrusts can be stopped by the wily Japanese.

If you want "sport," with the chance of a kill at the end, just meet my young friend in the smoky deckhouse, with his pals staring down delightedly from their bunks to see what may be seen.

(*Continued on page* 110)

Right:
ONE of the crew fishing for dolphin from the bowsprit

Above:
OUT on the jib-boom looking for a shark to harpoon

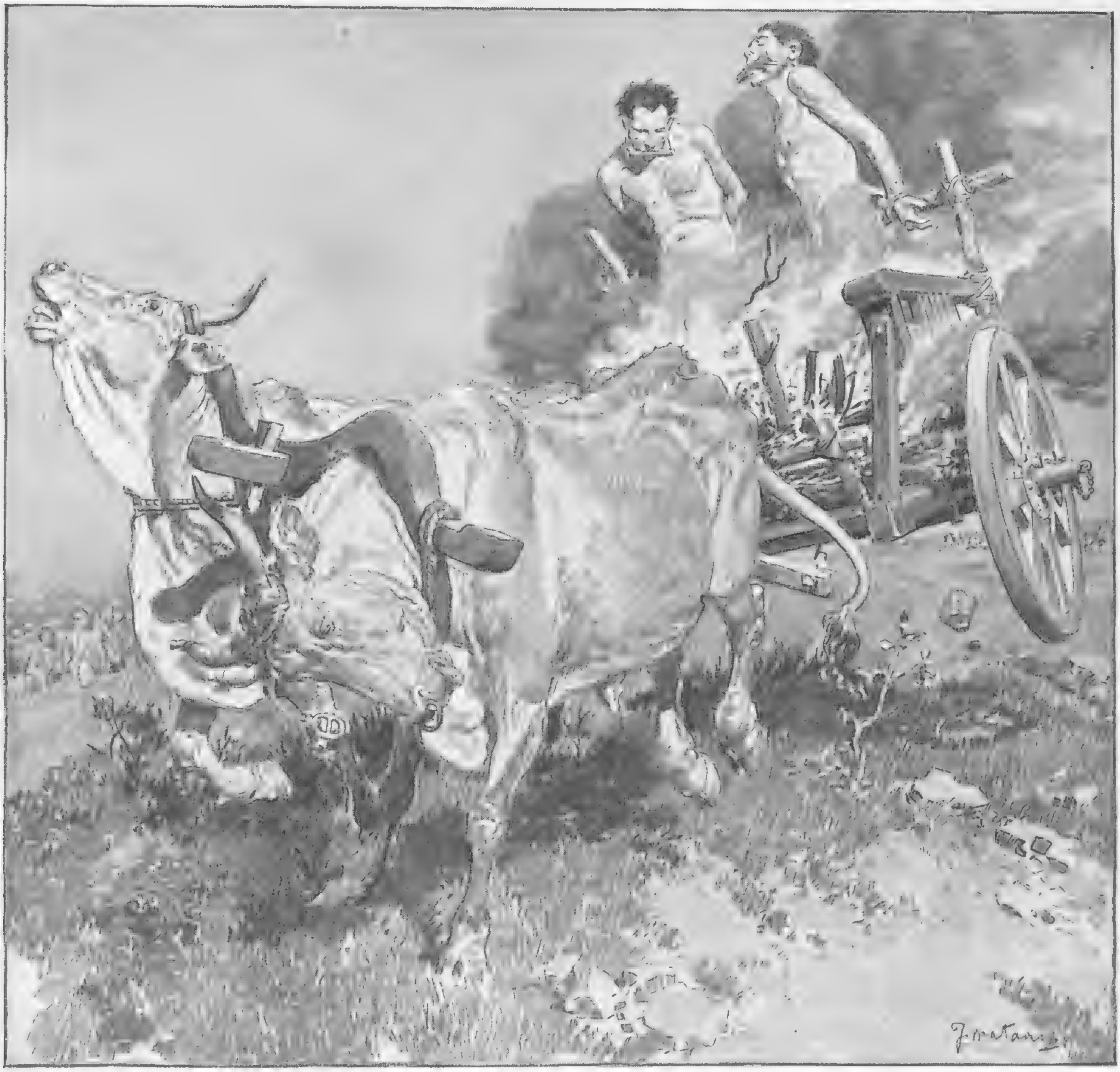


Right:
"SPRINGER" harpooned and hoisted, with the man who harpooned him standing alongside

Queer Tales of Long Ago:

Grim, Curious and Romantic Facets of Adventurous Days and Legend's lavish Lore

Collected, Painted and Described
by
F. MATANIA, R.I.



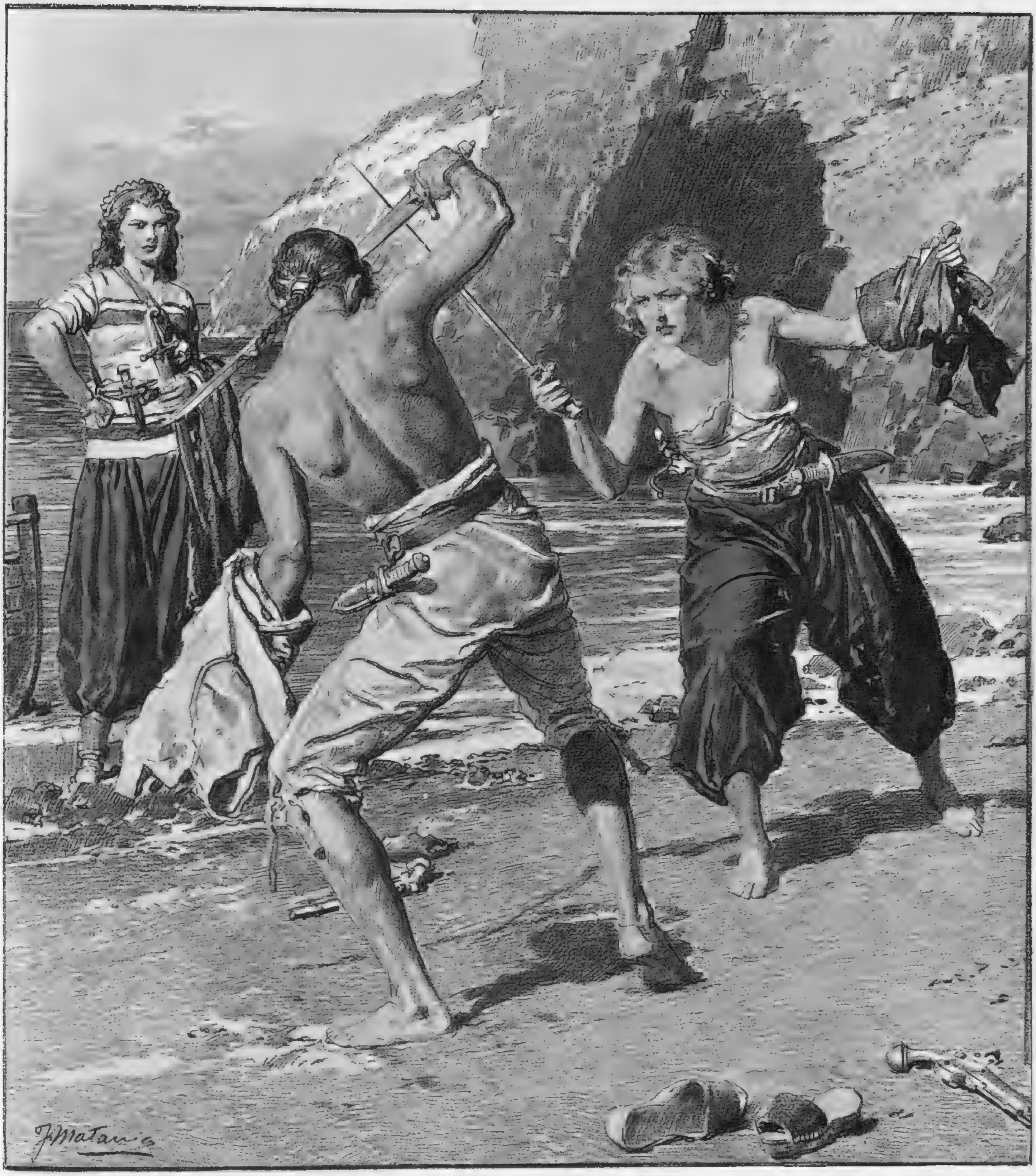
No. 4: In the Name of Justice: the Scythian penalty for discredited diviners of the King's enemies

How Death came to those who named the Guilty but were held, on appeal, to have been in the wrong

FOR centuries the nations of the earth have committed untold crimes and cruelties in the sacred name of Justice. Our illustration depicts a gruesome form of punishment inflicted by that warlike tribe the Scythians, who inhabited that part of Asia now known as Turkestan several hundreds of years before the birth of Christ. This nomad race had their kings and laws, and woe betide any member of the tribe who broke them or attempted to introduce new customs. One of their beliefs was of an extraordinary nature. Whenever their king was sick it was considered an unnatural event and a sure sign that some member of the tribe had conspired against him. Diviners were then set to find the culprit, but should any doubts arise from their verdict, the accused could appeal to a special court of other diviners. If the verdict of this court was against the accused, he was immediately beheaded, but if in his favour a terrible penalty was inflicted on the diviners who first accused him. They were stripped and tied on to an ox-cart with their hands bound behind their backs and their feet fastened together. Wood and bracken were then piled on and set alight, and with cries and blows the oxen were started on a mad stampede. As the animals felt the heat of the fire, the speed of the cart, with its cargo of gagged and bound victims, became terrific. Sometimes the fire would burn through the shaft and free the oxen, but usually they shared the fate of the diviners whose judgment had been condemned.

Continuing the new Historical Series of "Curiosities"—Strange Customs, Romantic Stories, Queer People, all eloquent of the human touch—which began last month with (1) The Smile of Mona Lisa, (2) The Babylonian Law of Matrimony, and (3) Nero by Night

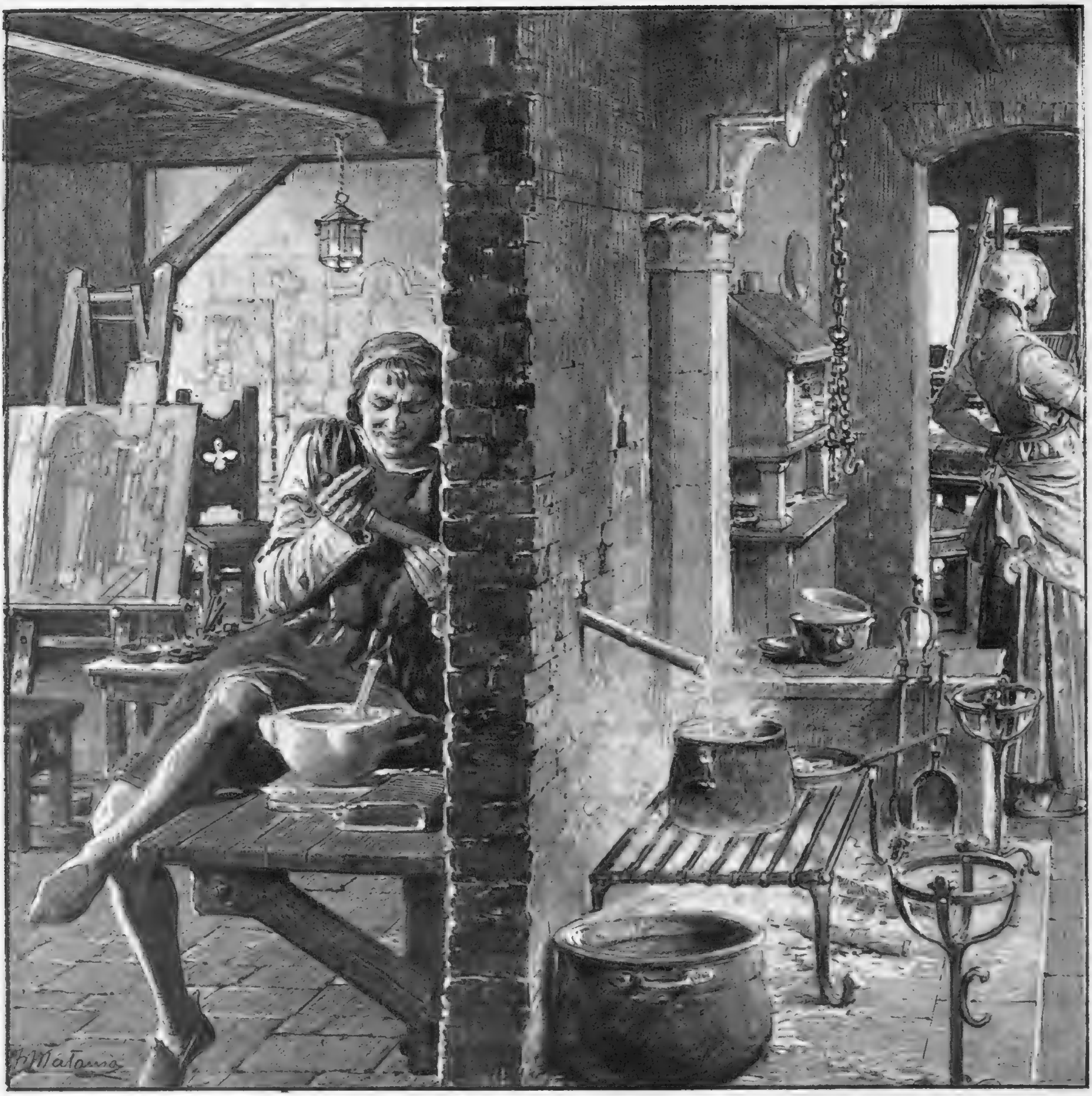
No. 5. The Story of Mary Read, Soldier, Pirate, Wife and Lover



No. 5. A woman who lived—and fought—as a Man and a Pirate

The Duel Scene from the adventurous career of Mary Read

MARY READ, born in the early eighteenth century, was adopted by a foster-mother (who had lost her son) *as a boy*—to obtain an allowance from the dead child's grandmother. Abandoned at thirteen and accustomed to male attire, she joined a regiment in Flanders as a cadet. No one knew her real sex except a sergeant whom she married, only to become a penniless widow. After joining a ship bound for the West Indies which was captured by pirates, she served with Captain Wood Rogers, the buccaneer, taking part in numerous fights. On one of the captured ships, a British vessel, was a young aristocrat with whom Mary Read fell in love. One day he quarrelled with a member of the pirate crew and decided to fight a duel. Picking a quarrel with her shipmate, Mary Read deputised for her lover and, fighting skilfully, killed her opponent



No. 6. Why Buonamico Buffalmacco Spoilt His Neighbour's Dinner

A Salty Episode in the gay but penniless life of an artist-painter who enlivened Florence in the Fourteenth Century and inspired Boccaccio to immortalize his wit

AN extremely amusing person was Buonamico Buffalmacco, an artist-painter of the fourteenth century—always penniless: invariably gay.

He came to settle in Florence and took part of a house for the purpose of making his studio. The other part was inhabited by a married couple who worked at home on some enormous looms. The strange thing was that soon after midnight the woman would get up and start her work, making unbearable noises all the night long.

Poor Buffalmacco, after a day of activity, would have enjoyed a night's sleep with the greatest relish, but that was impossible. An ordinary person would have made some complaint, but Buffalmacco had another method, which avoided any discussion and quarrel with his neighbours and achieved his object more successfully.

He made a careful examination of the partition wall and found one or two holes in the brickwork which happened to be exactly opposite the spot where the woman cooked the food. That gave him an inspiration.

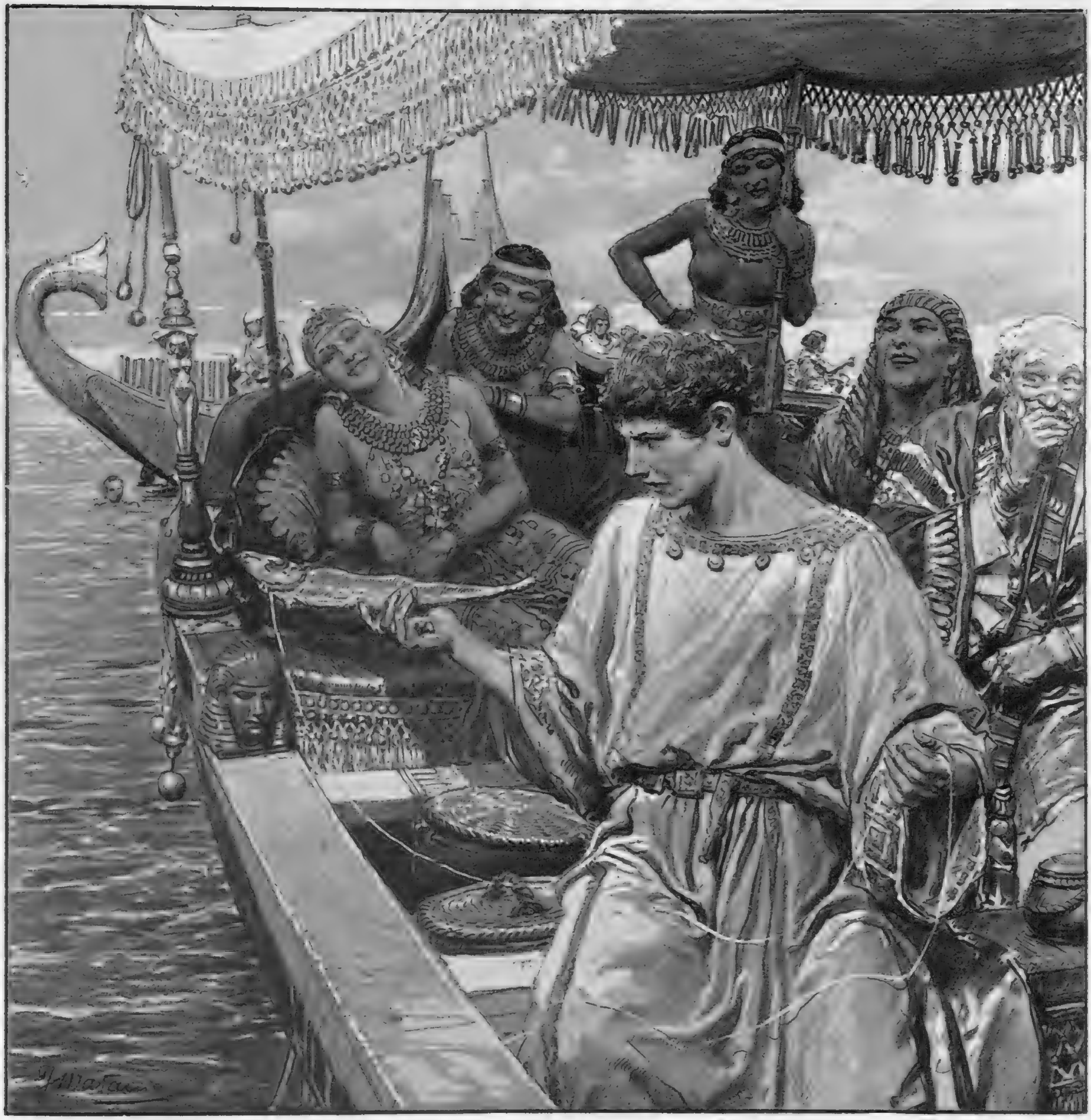
He provided himself with a thick hollow cane, and every day, when the woman wasn't looking, he poured through this tube a large quantity of salt into the various pots boiling on the fire.

Needless to say, the scenes which occurred at dinner time between the husband and wife became violent in the extreme. The climax was reached when, from words, the husband resorted to blows, and the piercing screams of the woman compelled the neighbours to interfere.

This was the moment that Buffalmacco had been waiting for.

Taking the husband aside, he told him that he could not expect anything different from a woman who spent her nights working. He guaranteed that if she got enough sleep the food would be palatable in future.

Buffalmacco's advice was acted upon, and the next meal occasioned tears of joy and repentance on the part of the husband.



No. 7. By "Hook" or by Crook: Antony and Cleopatra's Courtship

The lighter side of Love-making by the Nile: how the shrewd and fascinating Cleopatra, having a sense of humour, cooked a fish which cooked Antony's goose as a Fisherman

THE love-story of Antony and Cleopatra started as a gorgeous idyll and ended in a tragedy which stirred the world and brought the Roman army and fleet to the shores of Egypt. At first all was gaiety and happiness. Gifts and compliments were exchanged, each outmatching the other to an extent which reached the unbelievable. Cleopatra must have possessed every form of fascination that could be found in a single human being.

Marc Antony, in spite of being the greatest general of the Roman Empire, was at heart a big boy and at times almost infantile. Amongst his little weaknesses was his keenness for fishing, notwithstanding his shortcomings as an angler. Once, with his beloved present, he put up such a poor show that he determined to redeem himself the next day by crook as well as by hook. So he resorted to trickery. It was arranged that one of his servants, having procured some live fish, should dive from another boat every time his master made a cast and hook one on to the line.

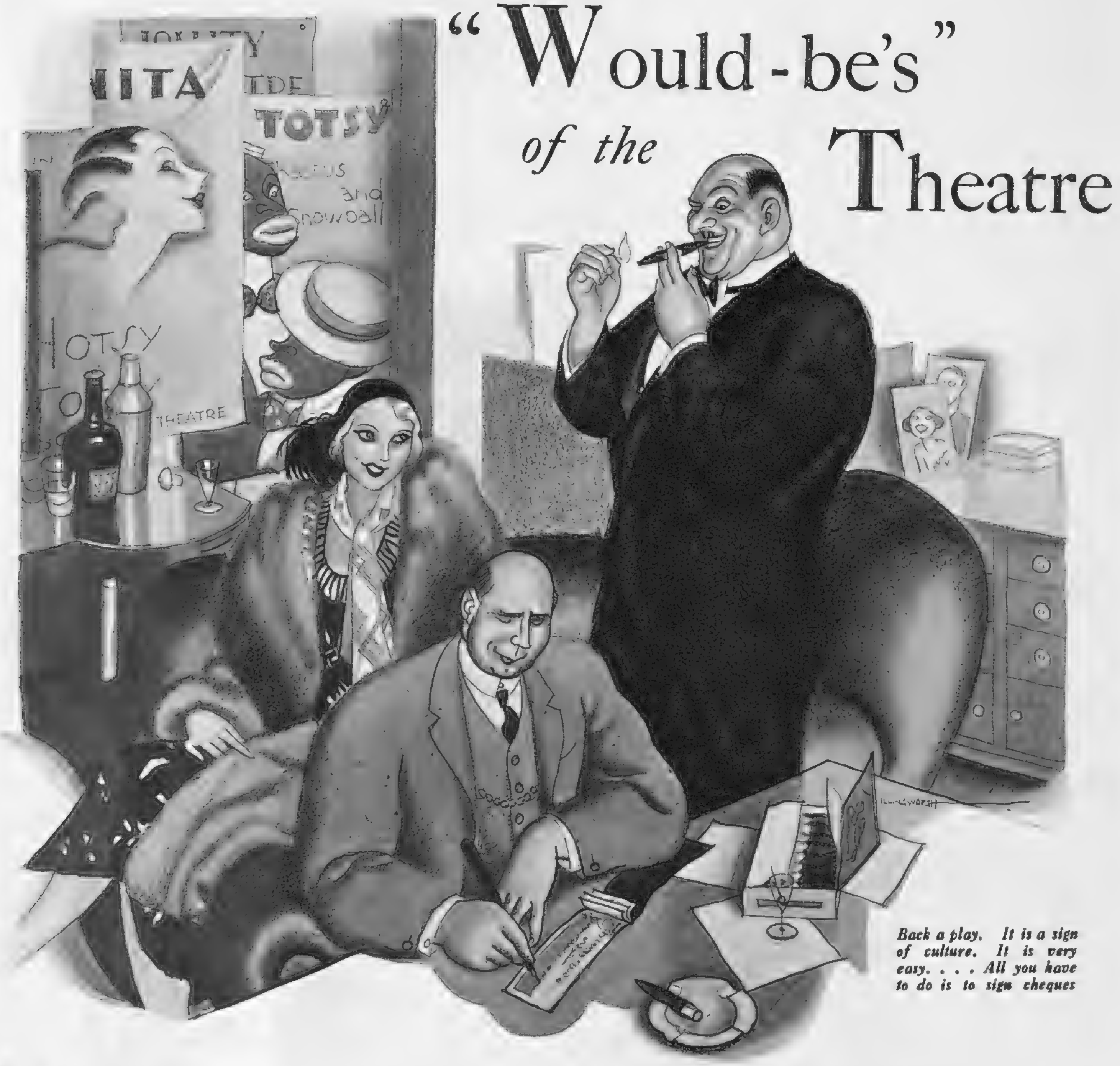
Naturally, Antony met with such astonishing success that Cleopatra insisted on another fishing party for the following day. Her lover agreed with enthusiasm, little dreaming what was going to befall him.

The glittering royal barges and the boats of the servants took up their positions, and the sport began. But suddenly the triumphant angler received a shock. He could hardly believe his eyes, for he had pulled up a fish which was already cooked!

There was a moment of suspense, and then general laughter. Cleopatra had seen the swimming shadow under the water the previous day, and had arranged that one of her divers should reach the line first.

Marc Antony took the joke in good part, and Cleopatra, having recovered from her merriment, said: "Leave the catching of fish to us Egyptians and be content with your kind of fishing. Kingdoms, kings, queens, and provinces; is that not enough?"

Open Letters to the "Would-be's" of the Theatre



Back a play. It is a sign of culture. It is very easy. . . . All you have to do is to sign cheques

DEAR NEWLY-RICH,—You will be wanting to back a play soon. I can see it in your eye.

I saw you pass a stage door the other night. . . .

Well, if you cannot afford to join the Royal Yacht Squadron, become a member of the Jockey Club, endow a season at Covent Garden, or get famous enough to be asked to supper by Charlie Chaplin, back a play.

It is a sign of culture. It is very easy. All you have to do is to sign cheques.

You need not worry about your nationality. Choose a British bank, though. It is nearer the manager. I remember a young Norwegian who spent quite a lot of money in backing the shows of a revue producer, well-to-do for a time, and who even had the dressing-room of the leading lady decorated in most expensive black, until his father stopped his allowance and called him back to Norway.

I remember a Greek, too, who backed several London shows. Nasty people said he made his fortune by making india-rubber islands, which he pulled about the Mediterranean, with imitation lighthouses on; so that ships should get wrecked. But that I do not believe.

I only know of him that one very famous producer sent his favourite actress down to the temporary millionaire's hotel to lure him into backing his new show.

The backer asked her if she had a friend. When the leading lady brought down her friend, the millionaire liked her so much better that he backed a play for her instead. It only cost him £30,000. As it was a bad show, it was worth it.

Then there was a young Dutchman who became a London backer, and one day had the supreme delight of seeing his name on the posters at the Gaiety. How much this cost him was never disclosed in the Bankruptcy Court here, because he was of alien birth and soon went home again. But, anyway, the show was a dreadful fiasco, and he had to take all the blame.

Do not worry about choosing a manager. The manager chooses you. There is always a nice lot waiting to be picked.

You need not come to London to be a backer. Theatrical managers will sometimes go to the extreme length of visiting you in your local haunts.

You do not have to come to London, unless you want to see your show, and I warn you that you will sometimes be much happier if you do not see it. Paying the bill is the important part, and this you should remember.

Continuing *a* New Series *in which* aspiring Managers, B*ackers*, Authors *and* other Hopefuls *are* offered *a* Guide *to* Knowledge *of the* Stage, seasoned *with* Truth *and* a grain *or* two *of* Chaff

By Hannen Swaffer

I know one theatre manager who, having no money, except a shilling—some managers are often like that—went into a shop where they had " fruit machines," as they call them. His luck was in, that night. He won his fare to Manchester—and there he found a backer.

I saw the backer when he came to London, and I saw him just before he went home again. On the second occasion, he showed me all the bills, which he had not seen the first time. He was £18,000 " in the red," as the Americans call it. Still, as his wife had played the lead, I do not see why he should grumble.

When I saw his wife on the stage I thought he ought to have paid much more.

Do not let it deter you from being a backer, merely because you have not got a wife who wants to be thought a star. Other people have daughters with similar ambitions ; indeed, there is a wide selection.

Just choose one, and put the money up. The audience will do the rest.

When you are a backer, you must not ask to see the accounts. That is no business of yours. You merely want a fountain pen. Often, the manager will lend you a cheque, for, if he has a bank at all, it might happen that he uses the same bank. Even if he did not do so before, he will be doing so while you are with him.

The first thing you have to do is to put down four weeks' rent. That is important. Even if the chorus does not get paid, and even if the scene painters are left complaining, you must start by seeing that the landlord gets his rent down in advance.

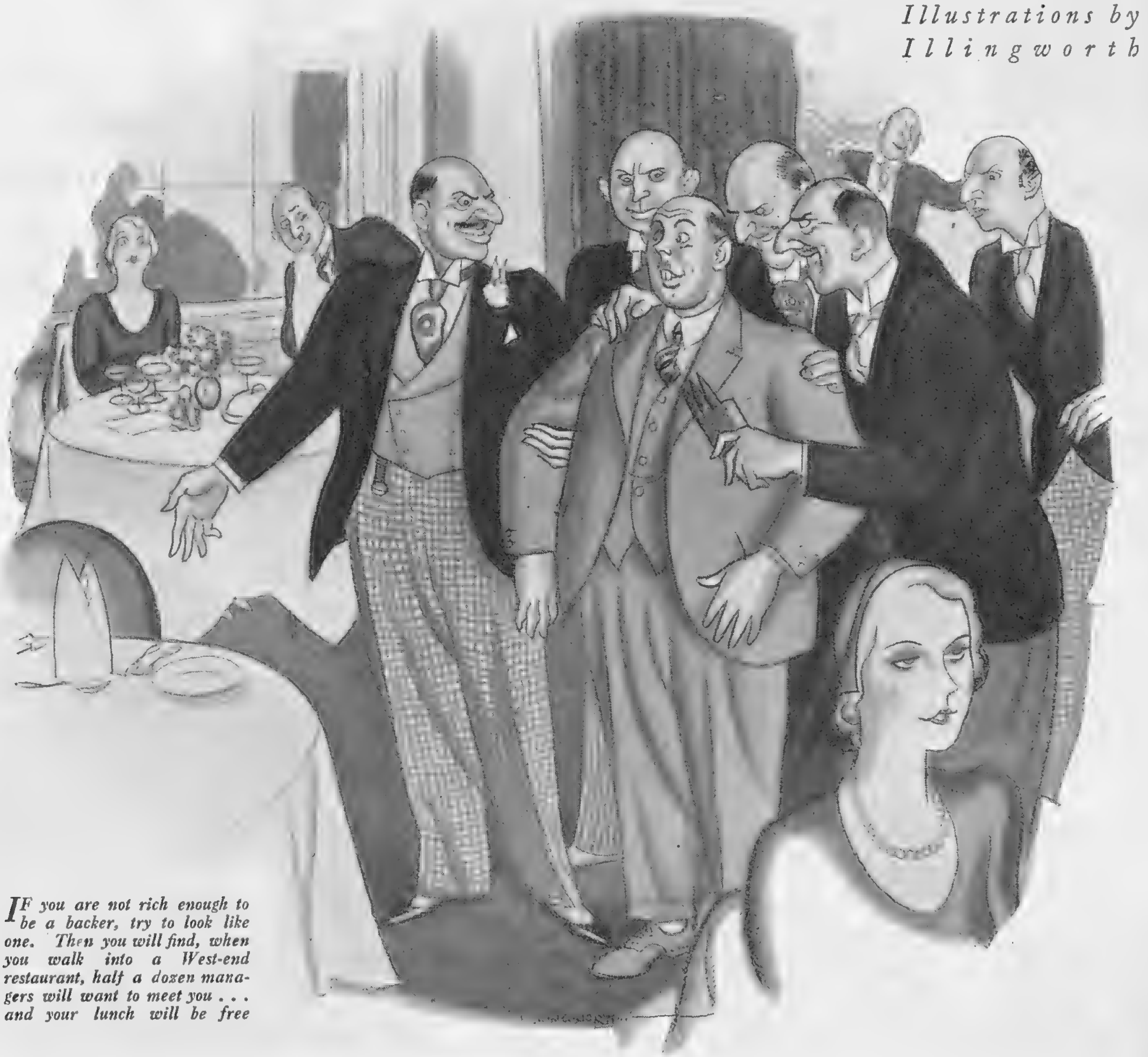
All actors know this. In fact, often while they are complaining that they have not drawn their salaries, they console themselves by thinking " It's so nice to think that the landlord will not have to suffer."

No, I cannot tell you how much it will cost you to be a backer. You will be told first of all, perhaps, that it only wants £2,000. Then, towards the end of the rehearsals, this sum will go up a bit. It may even rise to £20,000, but a little thing like a nought worries nobody with a love for Art.

Do not ask to see the bills. That is a matter between the manager and the people who made the costumes and the scenery. Don't you believe those stories of a rake-off. Why, often, the people who have done the work do not get any rake-off at all.

Do not worry about making a profit. You are doing this for love of Art, remember. You (*Continued on page* 94)

Illustrations by Illingworth



If you are not rich enough to be a backer, try to look like one. Then you will find, when you walk into a West-end restaurant, half a dozen managers will want to meet you . . . and your lunch will be free

Left: *LILIAN HARVEY and Henry Garat as the lovers in the French musical comedy romance "Her Highness Commands"*

By Sydney Tremayne

Exit *the* Comic T*ramp*

Princes *usurp* the place *of* Paupers *in* the Comic R*oles*

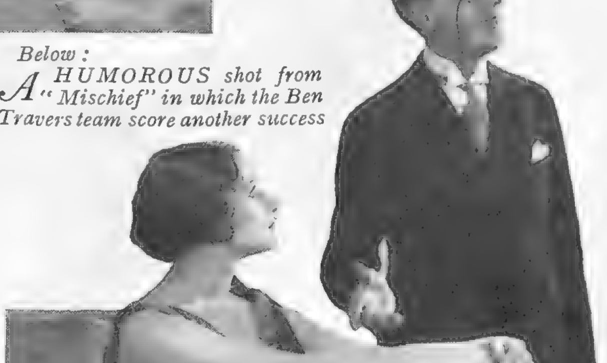
Left: *HENRY GARAT and Lilian Harvey in "Congress Dances," Erik Charrel's great success produced by U.F.A. and which had a première showing at the Tivoli*

EXIT the comic tramp, enter the comic king ! So many of the recent films have "guyed" grandeur, pomp and ceremony that one cannot help feeling that there is an underlying significance. In the past the lives of the Great invariably supplied the themes for the great tragedies, but to-day the serious and tragic stories are about the poverty-stricken, the labourers, the "under dog." To be poor and downtrodden and to aspire to better things is "no joke" any longer. Pomp and pretentiousness, titles and trumpery are the straws with which bricks for the edifice of humour are made.

It is interesting that humour should follow the sociological tendencies of the times—or does it perhaps lead ? It is hardly an original thought that what is merely given impetus by opprobrium and attack can sometimes be killed by ridicule, but it may here have a fresh application : a screen comedian might do more than a hoarse-voiced agitator to show up the great impostures. Disrespect is one of the corner-stones of progress.

Lubitsch started it with "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo," but his delightful, decorative and musically synchronised satire, albeit about princesses and their consorts, was aimed more directly at Hollywood's versions of regal and aristocratic splendours than at the realities. But in Europe producers and directors have gone further. Erik Charrel's great success, "Congress Dances," makes excellent fun of the historical events and personages in Vienna at the time when Napoleon was still a menace to Europe. The romantic Tsar Alexander himself and all the self-important European statesmen, including the subtle Metternich, the ceremonial and intrigue, are all made glorious "Aunt Sallies." In "Her Highness Commands," made in Germany by the U.F.A. and given at the Rialto in London in French, the director, Hanns Schwarz, goes even further in ridiculing palaces, princesses, military promotions and diplomats—but then his protagonists are anonymous. During the same week that all the newspapers gave several columns to eulogies of "Congress Dances" and at least a few kind words to "Her Highness Commands" there were three-line announcements that Charles Chaplin—who made rags and tatters and poverty, in pantomime, the funniest things in the world—had left London without any sort of send-off.

IT is not uninteresting to trace the growth of this change of mind—or heart. Kipling lost for ever his chance of being Poet Laureate of England because he referred to the Queen as "the Widow of Windsor." About a quarter of a century later Mr.



Below: *A HUMOROUS shot from "Mischief" in which the Ben Travers team score another success*

—Enter the Comic King!

Lytton Strachey, unrebuked, added greatly to his fame with his illuminating, witty and much more disrespectful treatment of Queen Victoria. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Anthony Hope, quite unconsciously, helped to raise the voice and the head of the public in the presence of royalty when he popularised and humanised courts and courtships in his Ruritanian romances. And then, of course, there is the Rumanian royal family... Nobody could possibly take seriously Queen Marie, her publicity campaigns, travels in America, the rumours that she was "going on the films"; King Carol and his marriages, abdications and re-installations and, last of all, his attitude towards Prince Nicolas when he followed his elder brother's example.

Lilian Harvey, the English girl whom the Germans have turned into a star, as Marie Christine in "Her Highness Commands," a witty and romantic story in French, produced by U.F.A., and directed by Hanns Schwarz

This particular court has already been quite amusingly satirised in a film curiously titled "Marriage in Hollywood" (it ends with one). In it the Skildkrauts, father and son, appeared as a comic king and a feckless crown prince who ran away (with the crown jewels) to pursue his amorous fancy in Vienna. (Rudolf Skildkraut has since died, and Joseph has recently made a very successful appearance in the unusually good English film "Carnival.") I forget who played the part of the Queen in "Marriage in Hollywood," but it was a frank and recognisable portrait, in the satiric vein—heart-shaped head-dresses, draperies and all.

Ralph Lynn and Winifred Shotter, the lovers and laughter-makers in "Mischief"

"Congress Dances" was hailed as something super in satirical musical comedy. Lubitsch and René Clair had invented a new technique in the frankly fantastic application of movement and music impressionistically used. The song of the Princess (Jeannette MacDonald) from the train window in "Monte Carlo," and the dancing procession of the creditors in "Le Million," epitomised this method. It has been said that the Germans are the most brilliant of plagiarists. They take an idea, magnify it and apply to it all their technical expertise. This is what Charrel did in "Congress Dances." The scene in which Metternich carries his motion unanimously in Congress because all the delegates have crept away to the ballroom, except one who sleeps, and the rows of chairs around the table swing gently and acquiescently back and forth in imitation of nodding heads as empty as themselves, was a perfect piece of pictorial satire with, like all good humour, an underlying realism and, who shall say, the suggestion of a movement of the fingers towards the nose in the direction of the League of Nations.

The chief fault I have to find with "Congress Dances" is the mis-casting of Conrad Veidt, that great character actor (will anyone who saw it ever forget his performance as "The Man Who Laughs"?) as Metternich, who was surely a little dried-up *intrigueur*. Veidt looks like Lewis Waller used to do in his more ebullient roles and, given Lil Dagover (—Pavlova, Clara Bowed), as an opposite number, seems as great a *flaneur* as the Emperor Alexander is made to be. Lilian Harvey, the English girl whom the Germans have turned into a star, has the critics "going and coming" and the public in a queue. If she does not get any more winsome she may retain her heavenly ascendancy. She looks, at moments, like Garbo, has the slim figure that made "June" famous, and the lightness and airiness, mental and pedal, of a born soubrette.

Lilian Harvey is even more charming in "Her Highness Commands," but the critics passed this picture over with a few words—"Those who understand

(*Continued on page* 114)

NEW WINE in OLD BOTTLES

AN attempt to show that the infusion of some new spirit into an old home is not entirely a question of expenditure

By WINIFRED LEWIS

ONE might despair of the possibilities of a Victorian work-table and a perfectly ordinary stool unless there were proof, as here, that a severe background and a little ingenuity in grouping could achieve so much

"ALL this information about furnishing and decorating may be very well," a friend complained to me recently; "but almost everything is written for the woman with a new home, or for the one who is about to have a new home! Nobody ever bothers about women like me, whose homes are neither antique nor modern, but just *passé*, and who haven't the money or the inclination to replace them."

One is bound to admit the tendency, though, as I pointed out to her, modern standards of decoration are not incompatible with furniture of this particular kind, and the fact that she is alarmed by the costliness of the methods she reads about is because she has not seriously thought of adapting them to her particular needs or, which is more to the point, to her pocket.

It *is* possible to infuse a more modern atmosphere into out-of-date rooms at very little cost by a few careful additions, and—if you can steel yourself to it—some very discreet subtractions, so, if your home is of twenty years ago, begin like this:

Take careful stock of the room which is to be rejuvenated and ask yourself, quite frankly, if it contains any furniture which is superfluous. That is to say, neither useful nor specially ornamental according to the standards of to-day, then eliminate it! Try to forget your fondness for it and the fact that "the room won't look the same without it," because that is precisely the effect you are aiming at.

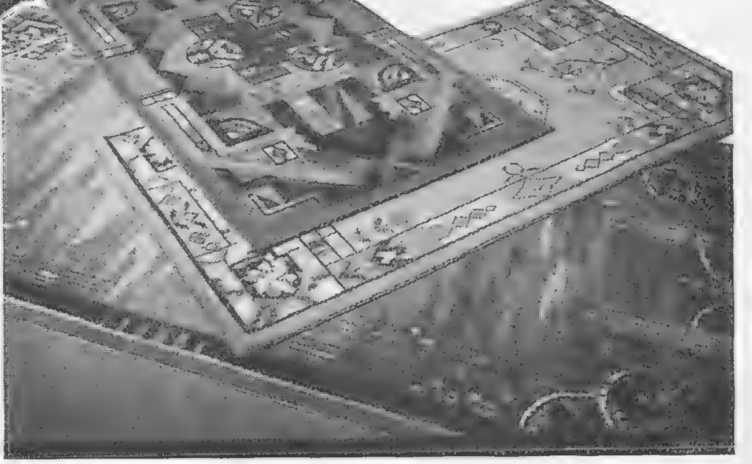
Next, decide upon a newer and fresher background for your furniture, and either call in the decorators or, better still, get to work yourself. My own choice in decorating a room of this type would almost certainly be for plain walls. Furniture of fifteen or twenty years ago needs a severe background to counteract its own rather fussy tendency, and in any case, you will probably have a figured carpet or rugs, in which case the walls must be plain to avoid confusion of designs.

Pale walls with ceiling of a lighter shade will give your room just the freshness it requires and, if carefully blended with the main colour of the carpet and any hangings that are to remain, will increase its apparent size. Light paintwork is infinitely preferable to dark, giving as it does a certain delicacy to the background and enlivening the rather ponderous character of the furniture. Don't be afraid of light paint because of the work you imagine it will involve; my own experience is that paint of sufficiently good quality, if properly and regularly attended to, is very little trouble. Simply dust it every day and wash it occasionally with a scrupulously clean cloth wrung out in warm water to which a little turpentine has been added. Do *not* use soap, which merely destroys the gloss.

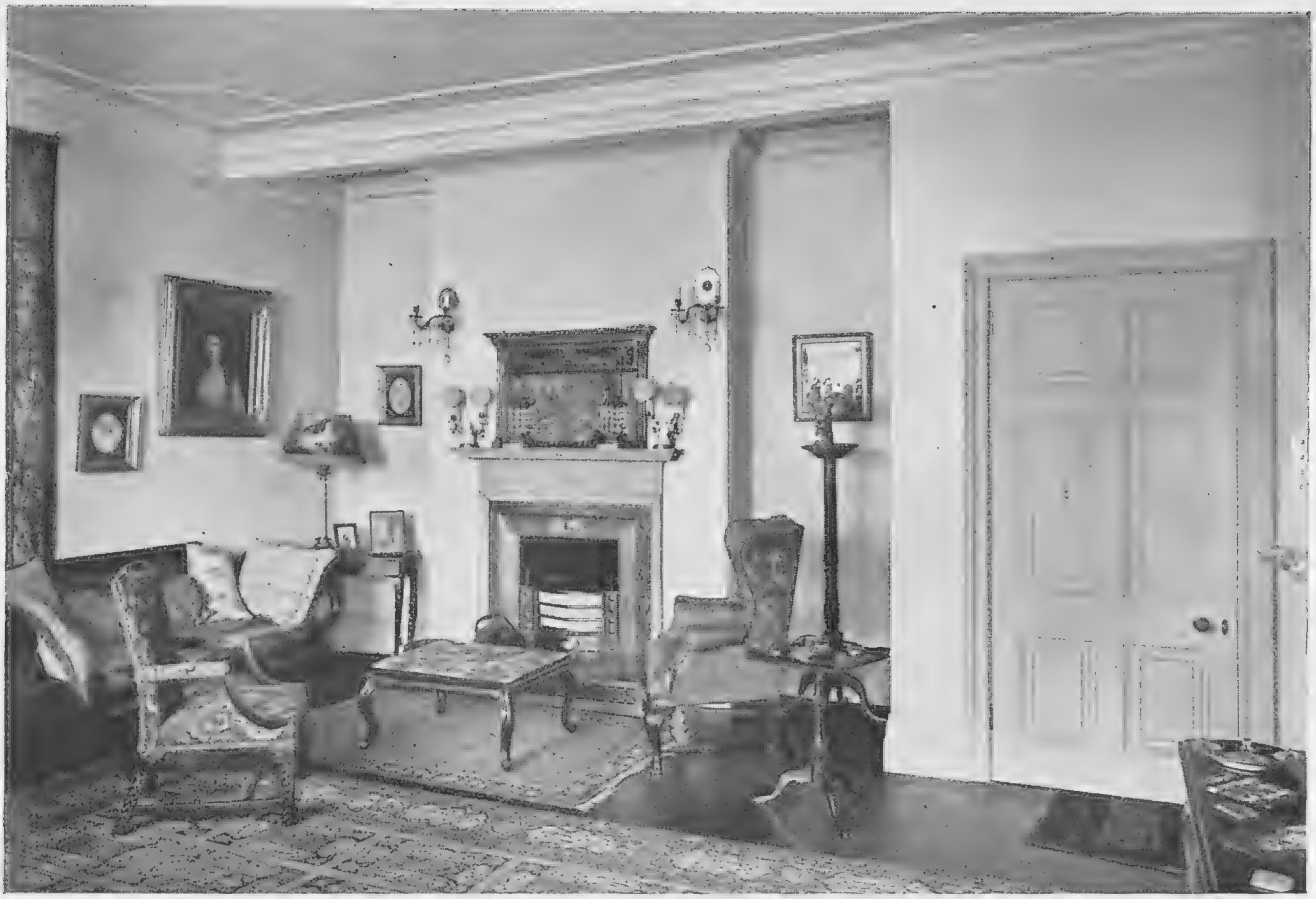
And now, having arranged a background that is fresh and new, turn your attention to the furniture itself.

Assuming it to be a sitting room that is to be treated, there will perhaps be one of the familiar couches with scroll back, and chairs with carved framework upholstered in plush or leather. It is possible, of course, to have loose covers fitted over the framework of this type of furniture, but, personally, I am all against it, because the result is always a very obvious camouflage, and for that reason undesirable. An attractive modern fabric—not futuristic—chosen to blend with the walls and the colouring of the carpet should be fitted in place of the old upholstery. Choose a plain repp or, for economy, a cotton taffeta, unless you are fortunate enough to find a cretonne that really "goes" with your carpet. It is quite a simple matter to fit the new covering oneself by removing the old and using it as a pattern. Investigation generally shows that the old covering has been tacked in place with tiny nails, and a braid or galon used to finish the edges.

For the rest, simply modernise the windows of your room with curtains of a more "tailored" variety. Redressing the windows need not be an extravagance, since there are many charming and inexpensive materials of silk or cotton to choose from. I have seen a window delightfully furnished with curtains of natural crash costing approximately one and eleven per yard, braided at the edges with blue, and used with screening curtains of coarse blue net.



FAR from being incongruous, modern rugs are useful as a foil to older furniture. The two larger of these British Axminster rugs from Hamptons cost 19/11 and the smaller one 10/9



Architects: Easton and Robertson

It is doubtful if modern furnishing schemes have improved upon the grave elegance of this room where Victorian furniture is displayed with concessions to the modern taste for simplicity. Plain walls effectually counteract the more excessive tendency of ornate candle sconces and tapestry-covered chairs while there is restraint, too, in the dark, polished floor boards and the dim colouring of the Persian rugs. A room to admire and to imitate

A NEW ROOM . . . with TRADITIONS

The window was an exceptionally large one, and might have cost two or three pounds to furnish with more conventional fabric. The actual cost was ten shillings!

THE next step is to take an inventory of pictures, and decide, ruthlessly, which of them are indispensable and which incongruous with the new scheme. When you have decided, remove the offending ones; it may be a wrench, but now you have embarked upon this experiment you must go through with it. With the pictures that are to remain—let it be as few as possible—try a little rejuvenation; a fresh mount, perhaps, or a modern framing will meet the situation quite adequately.

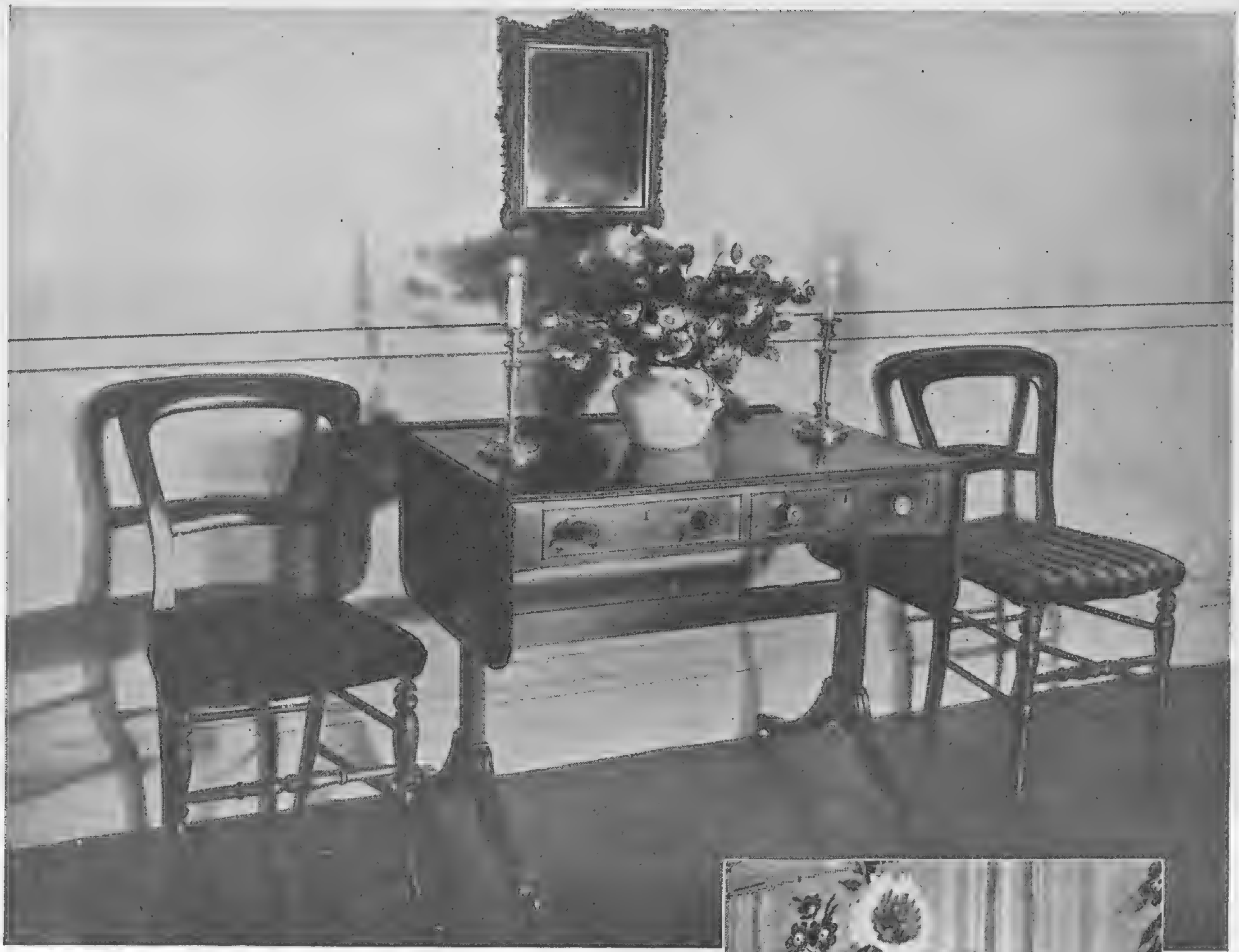
And then, ornaments. Unless they are valuable or particularly beautiful, dispose of most of them, leaving just one or two. These will assume a much greater dignity for being isolated. If you decide, courageously, that none are really worthy of the new scheme, substitute a few pieces of modern coloured glass or pottery. This will cost very little, though giving at the same time an "atmosphere" as well as an invaluable means of linking up predominating colours.

Generally speaking, rooms of twenty years ago were nondescript in the matter of colouring, and it is this tendency which you must take firm steps to counteract if you would infuse some fresh spirit into your home. Moreover, though your furniture may not be beautiful, and you have decided that nothing short of a miracle will ever make it so, remember that proper distribution can be surprisingly effective. Indifferent furniture that is grouped intelligently is often more effective than really beautiful pieces that are carelessly displayed. Some of the accompanying pictures illustrate the advantages of display and show that as much can be done by an understanding of balance and proportion in furnishing a room as by expensive decoration and equipment of the costliest.

Overcrowding is the error into which one is most likely to fall in attempting to modernise the out-of-date home. A natural reluctance to dispose of familiar things is mainly responsible, especially of the little knick-knacks which give such an unmistakable stamp of the past.

Has it occurred to you, for instance, how hopelessly dated a room can be by a few photographs—far more so than by an old print? Actually, of course, photographs should never be displayed at all except in one's private sitting room or study. In the first place, they seldom have any artistic quality of importance, and, though one is inclined to overlook the fact, their interest is actually confined to the few. In brief, a portrait of some relative in the garb of fifteen, or even ten, years ago may be dear to you and priceless beyond rubies, but as a decorative adjunct to your sitting room walls I submit that it is worthless.

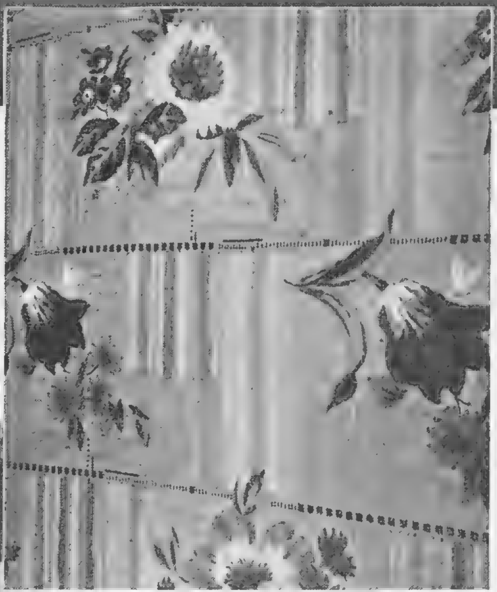
An illustration of what can be achieved with an old coloured print and a pair of porcelain figures, which in a crowded setting might have been merely fusty, is shown on page 51, where a mantelshelf is illustrated. The lovely mellow colouring of the picture is seen to its best advantage against a plain cream wallpaper, and the two French porcelain figures, whose costumes blend admirably with the spirit of the picture, acquire an entirely new poise by being left to themselves. The balance of this group is completed by the shallow bowl of flowers, whose colouring has been carefully selected to blend rather than to supplement the other tones.

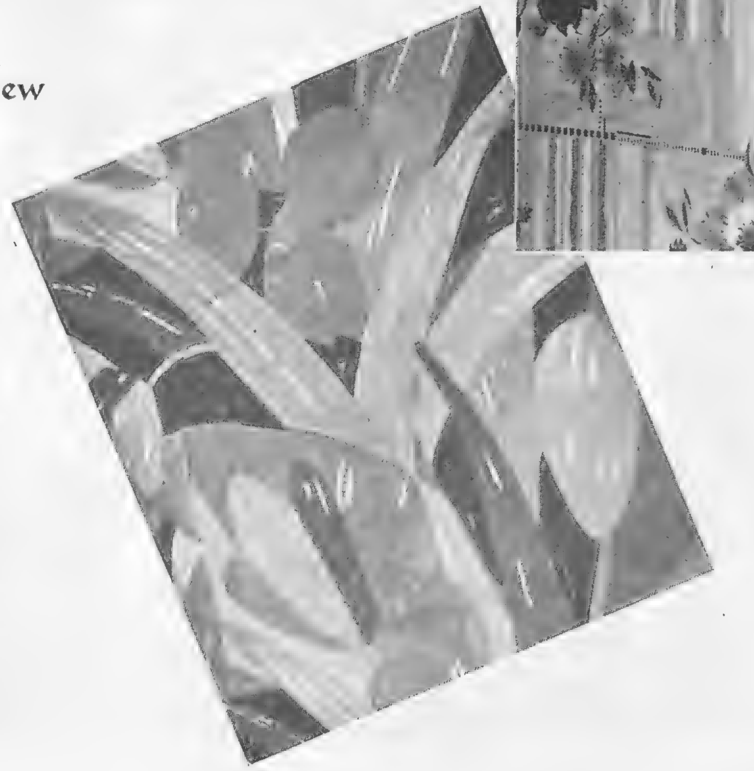


Helen Macgregor

MODERNITY . . .
IN MODERATION

Illustrating some New Treatment for Old Homes





Above:
IT would be difficult to detect any features of remarkable interest in the actual furniture shown in this group, yet the general effect is undeniably charming. Grace and proportion have been studied in the arrangement and there is not a single feature out of tune. Height is cleverly given to the group by the simple gilt-framed mirror and by the candlesticks which cast their slender reflections in the polished table top. The vivid colouring of the flowers in their plain pottery bowl is accentuated against the delicacy of a cream background.

SPECIAL care should be exercised in choosing new fabrics to blend with older furniture. The cretonne shown above seems specially suitable in having, though modern, a tendency to primness in its design. That on the left is definitely more modern in feeling but would be eminently suitable in a room where carpet and other fabrics were not too bold in colouring. Both are Tootal abrics and cost 2/11 a yard

A DISCARDED wine cooler, pitifully ornate as such, reappears in this splendid receptacle for flowers. Madonna lilies and white daisies suggest an appropriate centrepiece for a dining-table clothed in snowy damask

SIMPLY a mahogany pedestal, divest of the inevitable plant, a tall vase of flowers and a windsor chair, but what a charming hall corner. To those interested, this chair can be bought for 32/6, and the pedestal for 25/-

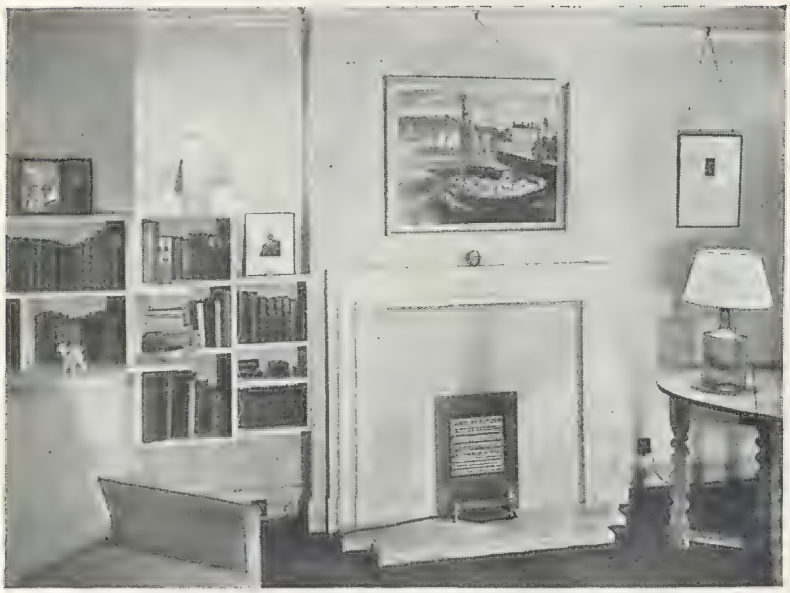
YESTERDAY'S MANNER . . .

And not to be despised to-day

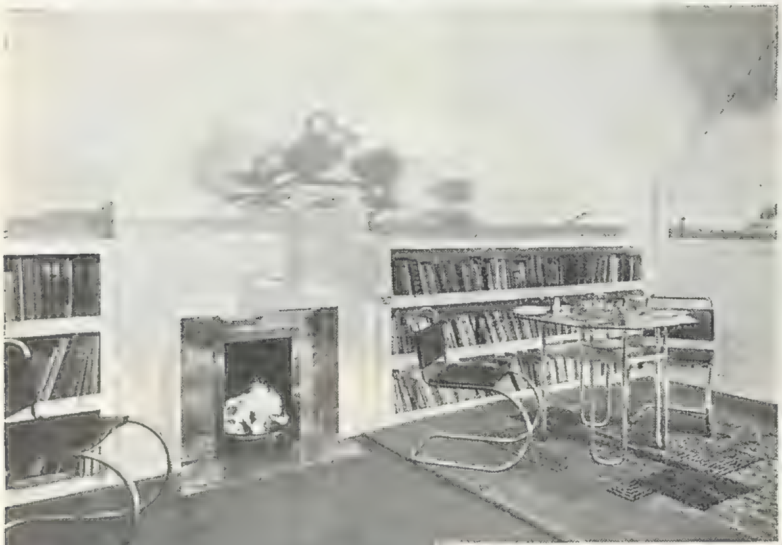
A DELIGHTFUL colour print has been made the pièce de résistance of this mantel arrangement. Framed in gilt, the picture is displayed to perfect advantage against a plain background, while the quaint porcelain figures have an importance, far beyond their intrinsic worth, in their solemn isolation. A shallow bowl of flowers lends a finish to this very delicate scheme. Furniture and ornaments on these pages by G. Austin and Sons

Helen Macgregor

Books as Decoration



AN ingenious but simple arrangement of shelves for books and accessories has been built on one side of the fire in the sitting room of Miss Reitlinger's flat



SOLID and absolutely plain white bookshelves are built on either side of the boxed-in mantelpiece in a modern flat decorated by Curtis Moffat

THE arrangement of books and book-shelves undoubtedly presents a serious problem when one is furnishing and decorating a room, but this, however, is a problem that modern decorators have solved with marked success.

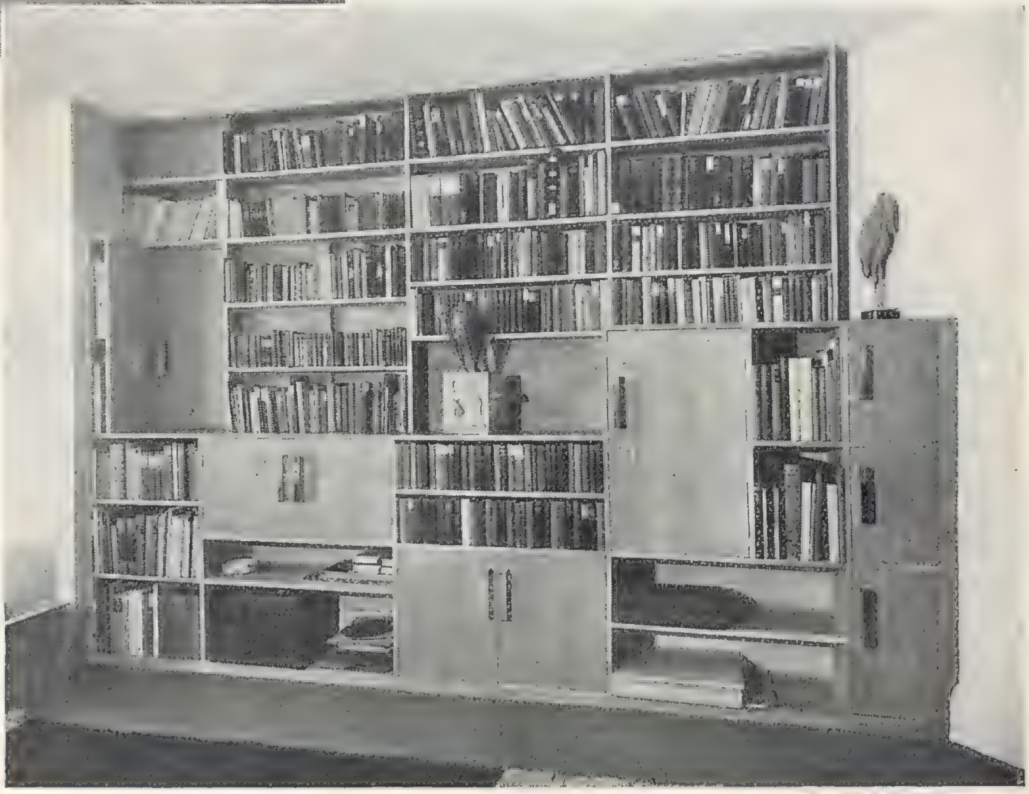
In the past too little thought was given to the arrangement of book-shelves and they were put up against the walls without any sense of design. Yet if the shelves are arranged with symmetry and in a definite pattern they can be made to look extremely decorative, as the photograph at the bottom of this page proves. This living room has walls and ceiling distempered a light buff, and the walls have been left completely bare except for one wall which is entirely devoted to books. The shelves are made of natural unvarnished oak, and design has been given to the whole wall by breaking up the lines of the book-shelves with differently shaped cupboards which, with their square chromium-plated handles, form an effective contrast and background to the bright colours of the book bindings and covers. Incidentally these cupboards can be used for magazines and all those paper covered books which one does not wish to throw away but which look untidy and so soon get dirty.

Books are an ideal means of decorating an awkward corner in a room. Such corners frequently occur round the fireplace in a room or are caused by conversions and by building-in book-shelves on either side of the mantelpiece, or in the recess left by a closed-up door you often add to the decorative effect of the whole room and moreover provide yourself at a minimum cost with more space for books.

Books can play an important part in the decoration of a period room. Nothing looks finer against lovely old pine or oak panelling than a series of shelves set flush into the walls and filled with books, gleaming with elaborately tooled gilt and calf bindings. If you possess only modern books you can always buy several sets of finely bound old books for a few shillings in a second-hand bookshop, for there is no denying that old books—especially those with eighteenth century bindings—look best in a panelled room.

MODERN furniture relies considerably on books for its effect, and many of the new combination tables and writing desks have specially built-in shelves for books. There is a delightful new combination table lamp and book-case which looks extremely attractive on a polished

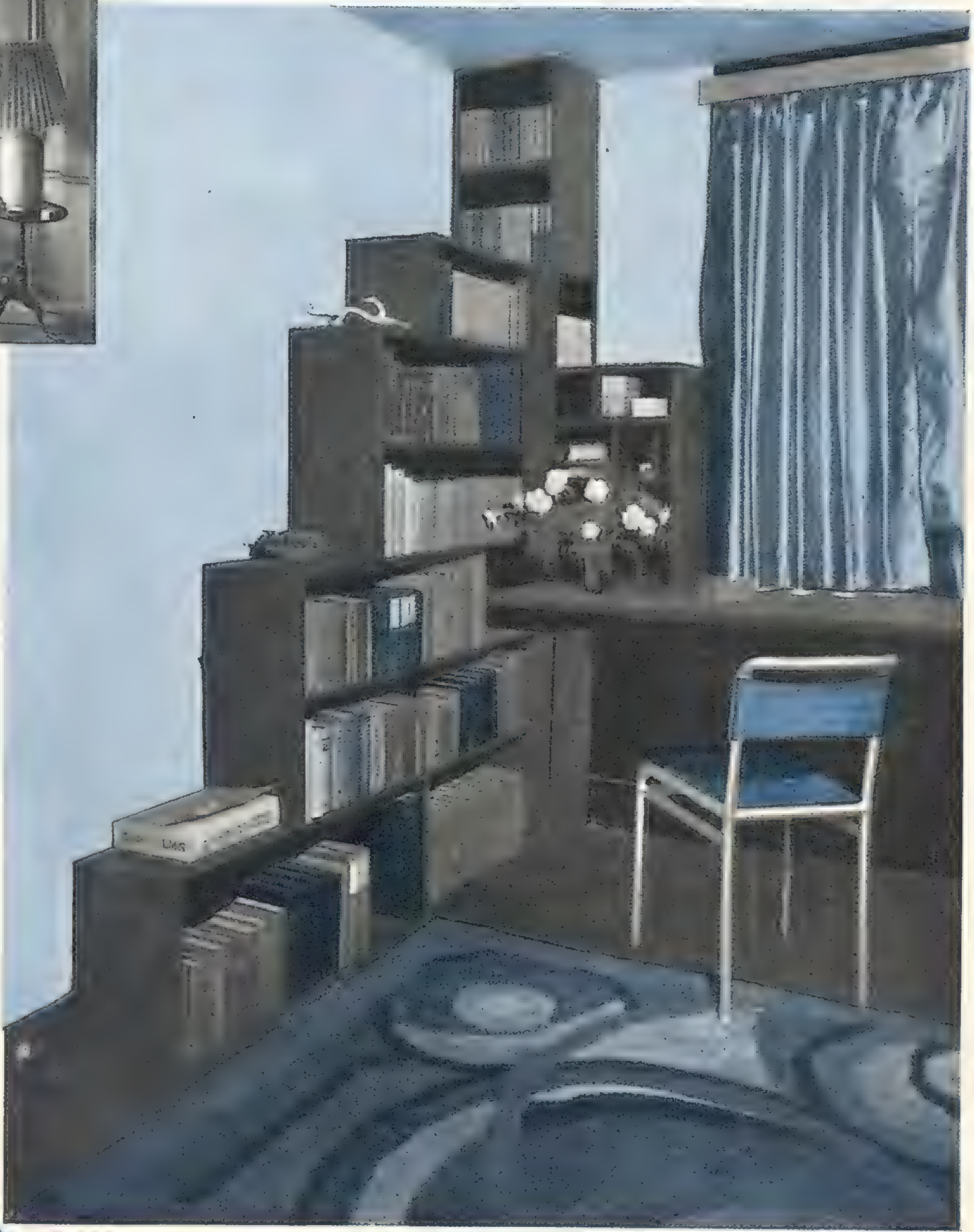
A MORE effective decoration for a wall than this well-planned series of shelves and cupboards would be hard to find. Note the shelves for albums, papers, etc. Designed by John Duncan Miller



YOUR books should be a decorative asset to your room as well as pleasant food for your mind

By Derek Patmore

THIS panelled drawing-room has a series of shallow recesses into which beautifully bound books are let flush into the wall



AN unusual scheme, which is particularly suitable for a small room, consists of a steps and stairs arrangement of bookshelves and a desk built-in beneath the window

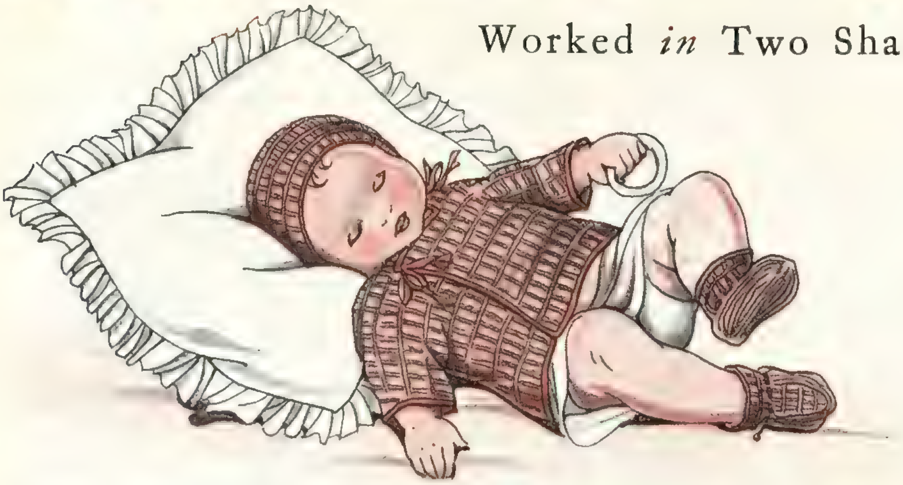
table. Then there are the low combination table book-cases which have the legs converted in shelves for books and are so useful in a living room since they can also be used for tea, as well as for newspapers, smoking accessories, etc.

A great many readers will undoubtedly think to themselves that this talk about built-in book-shelves is all very nice but it costs money! This is true up to a point, but there is a new method of building-up book-cases and cupboards which is exceptionally cheap and most satisfactory. This is the new steel shelving, which can be obtained in a series of colours ranging from grey-green, maroon and grey to white. It is made in a series of standardised units suitable to an infinite number of combinations, and in this way you can add to your book-shelves whenever you acquire more books. When the steel is painted it looks just as effective as painted wood and is more durable and can bear a far greater weight. It is put together very much like the toy Meccano and is startlingly inexpensive—for instance, a bookcase six feet high, two feet wide and fifteen inches deep costs only just over two pounds, and it can be bought in all sizes and widths, and made to fit any space.

Another idea for the utilisation of books as decoration comes from America and is in the form of a skyscraper. This treatment looks immensely effective and consists of a series of shelves built up against the wall in steps and stairs—reminiscent of the "zoning" laws of skyscrapers. This is an attractive variation to the monotonous square-shaped bookcase and is excellent in a small room with a low ceiling. It is an idea which any local carpenter could carry out and, made in stained or painted deal wood, it need not be expensive. A more expensive but attractive, and from the books' point of view, very hygienic type of book-shelf is that which is made of plate-glass.

A Going-Out Set *for* Baby: Bonnet, Coat *and* Bootees

Worked *in* Two Shades of B*abysmile* Wool



THIS charming little pram set is worked in simple crochet stitches and consists of a coat, bonnet and bootees

THE BONNET.

With the pink wool make 72 ch.

1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch.

2 ch. for 1st tr., 1 tr. on each tr.

Work 9 more rows of tr.

Next row.—25 tr., * miss 1 tr., 4 tr. Repeat from * 3 more times, then work tr. to end of row.

Next row.—2 ch. for 1st tr., 1 tr. on each tr.

Next row.—7 tr., * miss 1 tr., 6 tr. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next row.—2 ch. for 1st tr., 1 tr. on each tr.

Next row.—7 tr., * miss 1 tr., 6 tr. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next row.—2 ch. for 1st tr., 1 tr. on each tr.

Next row.—5 tr., * miss 1 tr., 5 tr. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next row.—2 ch. for 1st tr., 1 tr. on each tr.

Next row.—4 tr., * miss 1 tr., 4 tr. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next row.—3 tr., * miss 1 tr., 3 tr. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next row.—2 tr., * miss 1 tr., 2 tr. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next row.—1 tr., * miss 1 tr., 1 tr. Repeat from * to end of row. Break off.

With the blue wool work d.c. all round—1 d.c. into each tr. stitch at the front of the bonnet, and into the sides of the stitches of the other part.

Sew up about an inch at the back. Turn up the front corners, and sew satin ribbon to tie, with little loops as a finish.

MATINEE COAT.

The work is commenced at the back. With the pink wool make 53 ch.

1st row.—1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. on each tr.

For the next 7 inches work rows of 1 tr. on each tr., always making 3 ch. for 1st tr.

Next row.—Another row of tr., then make 15 ch. for sleeve.

Next row.—1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. on each tr., 15 ch. for other sleeve. (Work another short row of tr. here afterwards to make it match other side.)

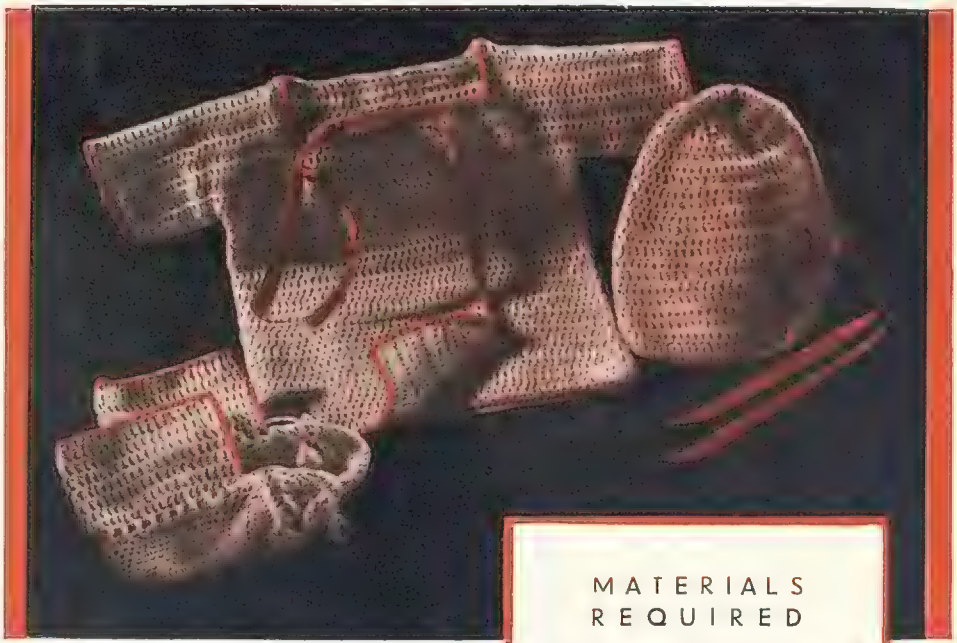
Next row.—1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. on each tr.

Next 7 rows.—1 tr. on each tr.

Next row.—3 ch. for 1st tr., 26 tr., 3 ch., turn, leaving remainder unworked.

Next row.—3 ch. for 1st tr., 26 tr.

Work 4 more rows like the last.



Next row.—3 ch. for first tr., 26 tr., 30 ch. Turn.

Next row.—Miss 1 ch., slipstitch along 27 ch., miss 2 ch. and the 1st tr., 26 tr.

Next 3 rows.—3 ch. for 1st tr., 52 tr.

Next row.—3 ch. for 1st tr., 37 tr.

Repeat last row until this piece is the same length as the back. Break off wool.

Join on at the other shoulder and work the other sleeve and front to correspond with the first side.

Sew up the side and underarm seams with a flat herringbone stitch. Press the garment on the wrong side with a warm iron over a damp cloth.

Work d.c. in blue round the neck down both fronts, and round the bottom, and also round the edges of the sleeves.

The fronts overlap, so add short ribbons to tie, one on the corner of a lap-over front, and the other in the corner of the neck. A press stud fastener can be added the other side if desired.

BOOTEES.

With the pink wool make 42 ch. Join into a round with a slipstitch.

1st round.—1 tr. into each of the ch. Join with a sl. st.

2nd round.—2 ch. for 1st tr., 1 tr. on tr. Join with a sl. st.

3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th rounds.—The same as the 2nd round.

Now work the instep. Sl. st. into each of the next 14 tr., work 2 ch., then 9 tr., 2 ch. Turn.

9th row.—10 tr., 2 ch., turn.

Repeat last row 5 times more. Fasten off.

1 d.c. into top of stitch over the join at beginning of 7th round, 13 d.c. on next 13 tr. working over sl. st., 15 d.c., 10 d.c. across toe, 15 d.c. along other side of instep, 14 d.c. on next 14 tr., join with sl. st.

Next 2 rounds.—68 d.c., join with sl. st.

4th round.—28 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 10 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 28 d.c., join with sl. st.

5th round.—28 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 8 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 28 d.c., join with sl. st.

MATERIALS REQUIRED

3 ounces of pink Babysmile 3-ply wool, and 1 ounce of blue, 2 yards of double-sided satin ribbon—pink one side and blue the other—and a No. 10 bone crochet hook

6th round.—28 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 6 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 28 d.c., join with sl. st.

7th round.—28 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 4 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 28 d.c., join with sl. st.

8th round.—1 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 56 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c., join with sl. st.

9th round.—27 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 2 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 27 d.c., join with sl. st.

10th round.—1 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 25 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 25 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c., join with sl. st.

11th round.—1 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 23 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 24 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c., join with sl. st. Fasten off. Sew up centre of sole with herringbone stitch on the wrong side.

Work row of blue d.c. round top. Thread plait of 3 blue threads round ankle with bobbles of blue made by making 5 ch., sl. st. to form a ring, work 5 d.c. into the ring, then 1 d.c. on each d.c. Break off, leaving an end; thread this into a needle and sew the length of ch. into the bobble.

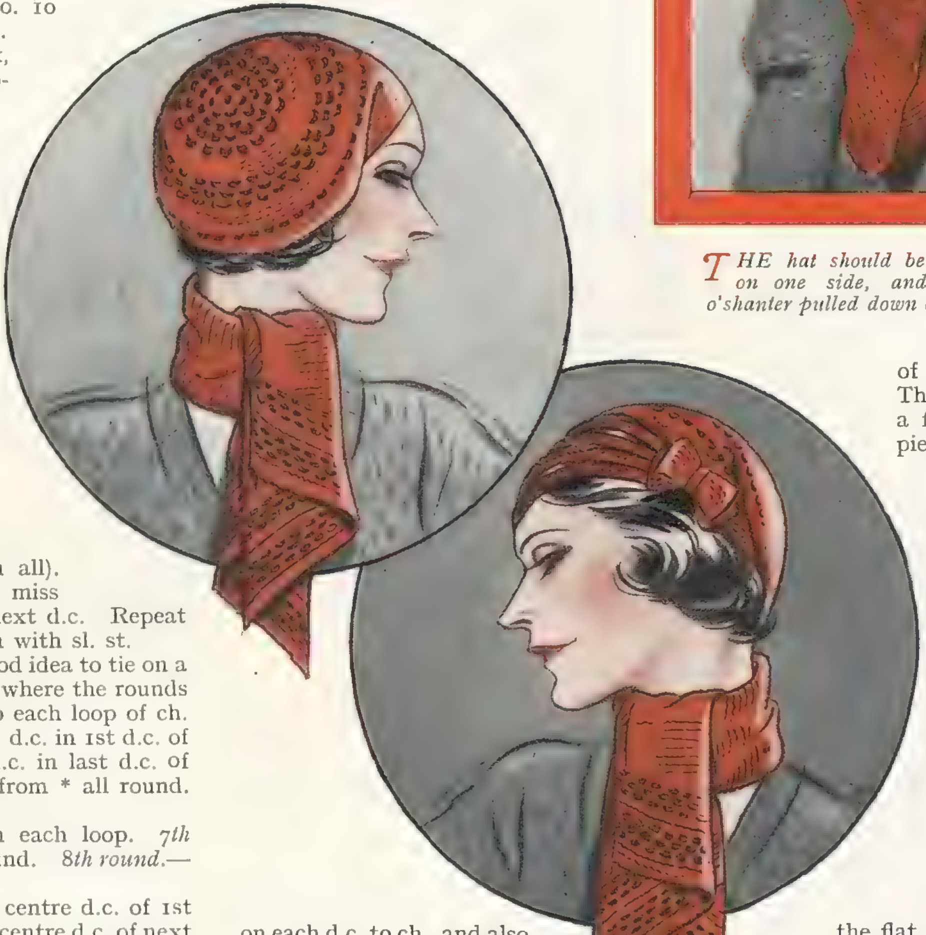
A Smart Hat and Cravat Scarf

THIS smart little matching set of hat and cravat scarf is made up in tomato-coloured Paton and Baldwin "Azalea" crochet wool. The hat is made entirely in crochet, and the scarf has the main part in knitting, with the ends in crochet.

You will require 7 ounces of the wool, a pair of No. 10 knitting needles, a No. 10 bone crochet hook, also ½ yard of tomato-coloured petersham ribbon.

THIS crocheted hat is of a new and becoming shape, but is very simple to make

THE hat should be worn well on one side, and the tam o'shanter pulled down over one ear



The Hat

The work is begun in the centre of the crown.

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch. chain, d.c. double crochet, sl. st. slip-stitch.

Make 5 ch. Join into a ring with a sl. st.

1st round.—Into the ring work 10 d.c.

2nd round.—2 d.c. in each d.c. (20 d.c. in all).

3rd round.—*3 ch., miss over 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c. Repeat from * all round. Join with sl. st.

4th round.—(It is a good idea to tie on a piece of cotton to mark where the rounds commence.) 3 d.c. into each loop of ch.

5th round.—* 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st d.c. of next scallop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in last d.c. of same scallop. Repeat from * all round. Join with sl. st.

6th round.—3 d.c. in each loop. *7th round.*—Same as 5th round. *8th round.*—Same as 6th round.

9th round.—Sl. st. to centre d.c. of 1st scallop, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in centre d.c. of next scallop. Repeat from *. Join with sl. st.

10th round.—3 d.c. in each loop. *11th round.*—1 d.c. on each d.c. Join with sl. st. *12th round.*—Same as 11th round. *13th round.*—Same as 3rd round.

14th round.—3 d.c. in each loop. Join with sl. st. *15th round.*—Same as 9th round. *16th round.*—Same as 14th round. *17th round.*—Same as 9th round. *18th round.*—Same as 14th round. *19th round.*—1 d.c. on each d.c. Join with sl. st.

20th round.—* 1 d.c. in first 6 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c. Repeat from * all round. Join with sl. st. *21st round.*—1 d.c. on each d.c. Join with sl. st.

22nd round.—* 3 ch., miss over 2 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c. Repeat from * all round. *23rd round.*—3 d.c. in each loop. *Next 8 rounds.*—1 d.c. on each d.c.

Next round.—40 ch., miss over 40 d.c., work into the next d.c., then work 9 more d.c., miss 1, 10 d.c., miss 1, 10 d.c., miss 1. Continue like this until you have 7 decreases in all. Continue this round now with 1 d.c. on each d.c. until you reach the ch., then work into each ch. stitch.

Next round.—Make 7 decreases (after every 9th stitch, thus making them come over the previous decreases), then 1 d.c. on each d.c. to ch., and also over the strap.

Next round.—7 decreases (after every 8th stitch), 1 d.c. on each d.c. to ch., and also over the strap.

Next round.—7 decreases (after every 7th stitch), 1 d.c. on each d.c. to ch., then make 40 ch. (for second strap), miss over 40 d.c., and work d.c. on d.c. round to ch., and then into each ch. stitch.

Next round.—1 d.c. on each d.c.—including strap.

Repeat this round again.

Next round.—1 d.c. on each d.c. until you come to the commencement of the straps. Make 140 ch., miss over the straps and 15 d.c. as well, and work into the 16th d.c. Now work 1 d.c. on each d.c. all round and into each of the 140 ch. stitches, taking care not to twist the ch. Repeat this round—that is, d.c. on d.c. including over the 140 ch. strap.

Next round.—Work d.c. on d.c. until you get to the strap opening. Make 40 ch., miss over 40 d.c., and work into the next d.c.

Next three rounds.—1 d.c. on each d.c. Sl. st. and fasten off.

Put the hat on and pin the long strap to fit your head, taking the surplus part of the strap to the back. This is then stitched into a flat bow. Make a little piece to form the centre knot of the bow in the following manner—18 ch., turn and work 3 rows of d.c. Press flat and sew this round the centre of the flat bow.

Pin the piece of petersham ribbon into the inside of the hat—round the front, side and back, leaving the strap portion without this headband. Sew carefully into place.

When wearing the hat take care to open the straps so that the flat waves of your hair are kept in place.

The Cravat Scarf

The scarf is made in two pieces and joined afterwards at the centre back. This is done so that the shaped ends are both worked in the same manner.

Cast on 70 stitches. Working at a tension of 7 stitches to the inch, this makes a folded scarf about 4½ inches wide. If you would like your scarf to be wider, add 7 stitches for every inch.

Knit 1 row into the back of the stitch.

Next row.—1 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, 1 purl, 62 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain.

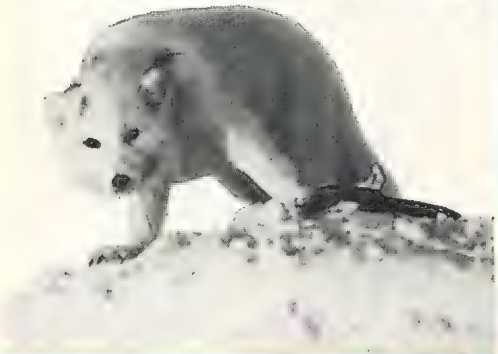
Keep repeating this row until you have worked 18 inches.

Before commencing the next row tie a piece of cotton on at the other end of the row. This is just as a guide to remember which side of the work to decrease. Work across the row as usual, but 5 stitches from the end work as follows—knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2 tog.

2nd row.—Knit 2 tog., purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit to (*Continued on page* 105)

The LAST DOOR to the

By Philip H. Godsell



A WHITE fox caught in a trap. Thousands of these little animals are killed annually by the Eskimo and white trappers

Right:

COGMOLLOCK Eskimo woman and children. These natives, primitive ten years ago, are rapidly acquiring white man's "culture" from the traders

Left:

WHEN visiting the forts with furs to trade a few years ago, the Indian donned his best and gaudiest clothes and entered with much ceremony to smoke the peace-pipe with the factor

Below:

THE author (in dog carriole) with his Indian driver setting out on an 1,800-mile journey by dog team to inspect Hudson's Bay Company's posts in the depth of winter

WITH Port Churchill, on Hudson Bay, opened up for overseas shipping, and with Moose Factory, at the foot of James Bay, connected by rail with the trans-continental railroads of Canada, hundreds of thousands of square miles of northern territory, the present habitat of Indian, Eskimo, polar bear and white fox, will be made available for exploitation by the white man in the near future.

Since King Charles, in 1670, affixed his signature to a document which gave to the "Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay" the control of most of the northern half of the continent of North America, Hudson Bay has remained aloof from the rest of the world, while from the isolated trading posts situated around its bleak shores millions of dollars' worth of rich furs have been shipped annually to London.

The fur trade, which for nearly three centuries has been held largely in the exclusive hands of the pioneer company, is now likely to be contended for by hundreds of independent "free" traders who will be enabled to flock into the North country in droves now that it is made accessible to the outside world, gladdening the eyes and hearts of Indians and Eskimos alike with their gaudy finery, alcoholic extracts, high-powered repeating rifles and many other articles of trade which can be depended upon rapidly to accomplish the demoralisation of the Canadian natives.

Canada has been fortunate during the past century in having a well-organised company in control of the destinies of her Northern empire. Once the long fight with the North-West Company of Montreal for supremacy in the fur trade was

ARCTIC opens

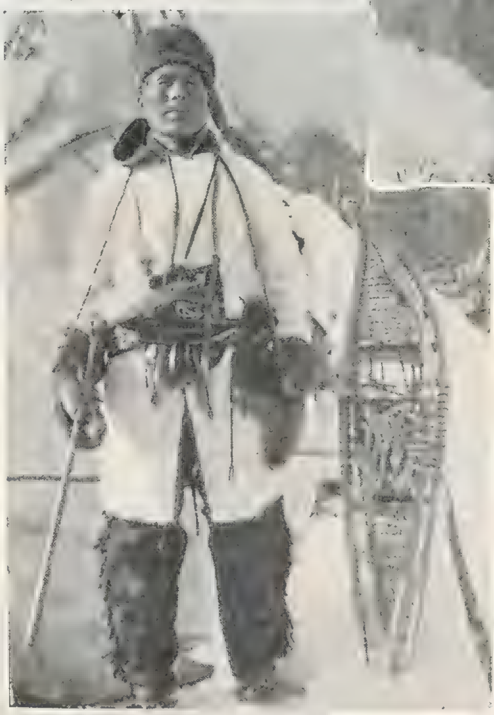
And threatens the Fur Trade, Canada's oldest Industry, and the natives of the far North with over-exploitation and too much white "culture"

THE trading posts throughout Northern Canada received their supplies annually by York Boat brigades manned by Indian or French-Canadian oarsmen. A brigade nearing a post and Indians accompanying it in to trade

Below:

AN Ojibwa Indian trapper wearing his blanket capote and fringed leggings, with muzzle-loading gun, powder-horn and bullet pouch, standing in front of his winter wigwam

AN Eskimo belle of Hudson Bay



over, and the amalgamation completed in 1821, the Hudson's Bay Company was enabled to put into operation those policies which had for their object the preservation of the Indian and the protection of the fur resources.

The Indian method of conservation was encouraged and the killing of fur-bearing animals out of season, and before the fur was "prime," was looked on with disfavour by the factors, while only the best and most necessary goods were imported for the Indian trade. Destructive high-powered rifles and other inventions of recent years were taboo, and the only arms provided were muzzle-loading guns which could never do great harm.

Almost overnight the old order passed away. Immediately following the war railroads were extended, making the fur lands of the North-West more accessible, and soon a mob of Assyrian, Jewish and other traders overran the North country like a plague.

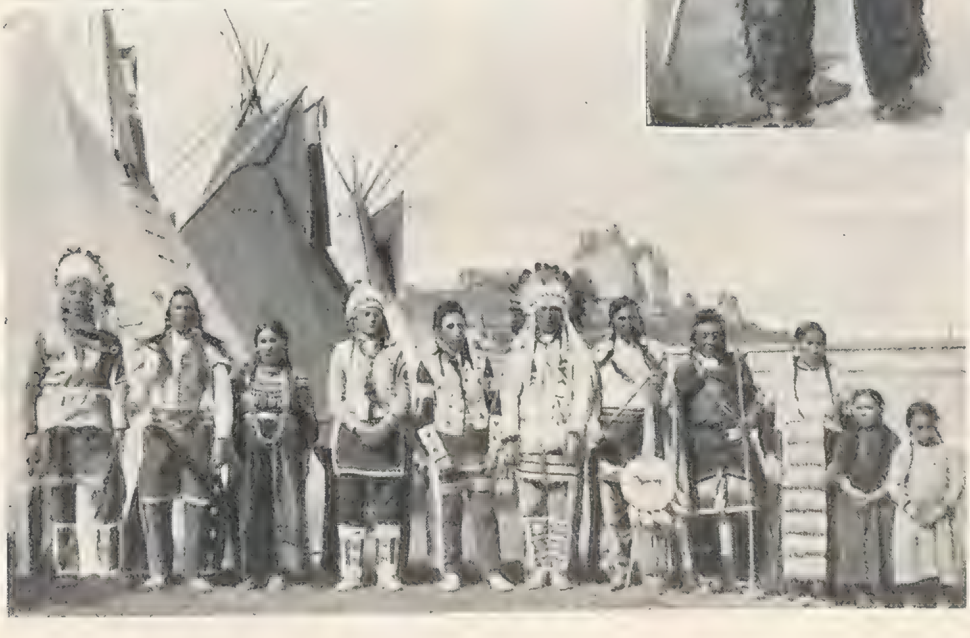
Leaving the railroads, they floated down the Athabasca and Mackenzie rivers in flatboats, scows and other craft, loaded with tawdry and useless finery, high-powered rifles and ammunition, gramophones, motor engines, silk underwear for the women of the tribes, alcoholic extracts, yeast cakes and dried fruits, with which both Indian and half-breed soon learned to make "home-brew," and their dilapidated log trading "posts" were to be found on the most remote lakes and rivers of the North-West.

High fur prices, the result of post-war inflation, increased under the new form of competition to figures beyond those of any of the markets of the world, and thus encouraged, and obsessed with a desire to obtain the gaudy finery, the Red Man trapped as he had never done before.

Added stimulus was given to his efforts by the influx of white trappers from the States into the Indians' ancestral hunting grounds, as the Indian hated to see his fur-bearing animals falling into the hands of the "Long-Knives."

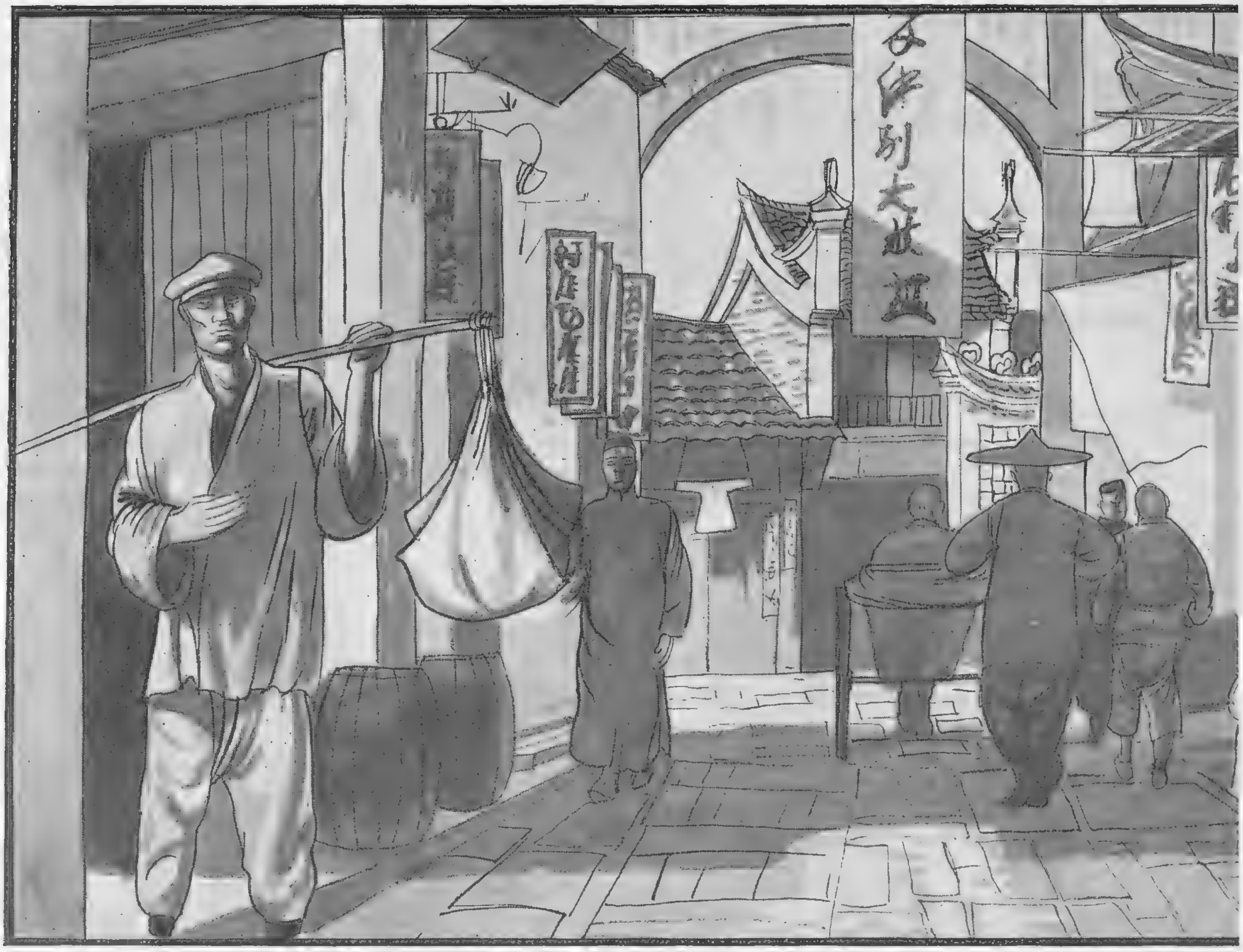
The organised trading companies, whose policy was totally at variance with these free traders, soon discovered that they would have to follow similar methods or see a heavy falling off in trade, and naturally they chose the former course.

Instead of obtaining for his fall "fur" debt the usual necessities such as ammunition, snaring twine, provisions, blankets and traps, amounting to about five hundred dollars, the Mackenzie River Indian of recent years would, in many cases, manage to obtain in all—from different traders—as much as three or four thousand (*Continued on page* 109)



Left:

THE ancient and modern in strange contrast. Old-time Cree warriors in primitive and picturesque costumes, camped in their decorated tepees near the old Hudson's Bay fort at Edmonton, Alberta, while the modern Macdonald Hotel towers in the background



YELLOW WOMEN

The Eternal, one-sided Riddle of Love—weaker
tangled, tragic skein amid the motley ebb and

By Mollie

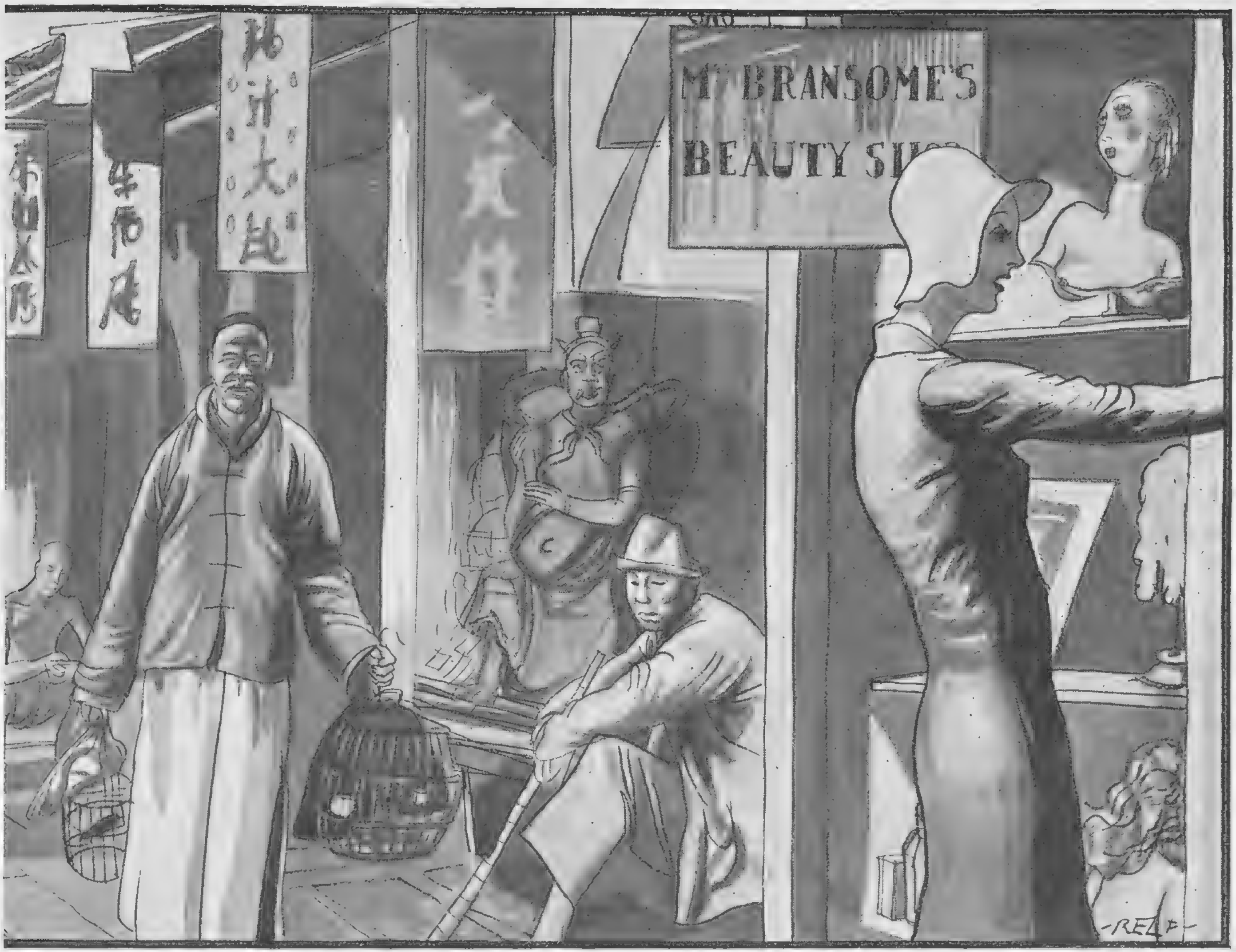
Illustrated by Relf

FOR the size of the place it was an imposing hotel. One approached the swinging plate glass doors of its overheated lounge through a stone arcade lined with little shops—the Lacquer Pagoda, Ye Olde Curio Corner, and the like—designed to catch the eye of the tourist with a rich clutter of embroideries and squatting gilt Buddhas and soapstone doing its oily green best to look like jade. There it was, the third shop on the right-hand side of the arcade, with a dangling red sign which read "Mrs. Bransome's Beauty Shop." Just that, uncompromisingly plain and English among the pseudo-Orientalism of all the Lacquer Pagodas and Signs of Ye Ancient Dragonnes. Perhaps there was something a trifle defiant about it, that stubborn insistence on the Western name and title here in this god-forsaken little North China town where Chinese was the chief language, and after that Russian, and after that French; and after that every hybrid Eastern tongue under the sun.

The dangling red sign denied the rickshaws trundling up and down the streets, the cries of the coolies, the dirt, the disease, the smells, the four days of heaving waters that separated one from the American civilisation of Shanghai. It attracted the homesick tourist like a magnet. Yet there was something a little strange about that defiance when one came to peer through the beige net window curtains and take a good look at Mrs. Bransome herself.

Only a slightly flattened look round the cheekbones gave her away. Otherwise, with her severely cropped, jet black hair and her smart white linen overall and her sullen painted mouth from which a cigarette perpetually drooped, she might have passed very well for one of those slim, rather too sallow Frenchwomen. But Mrs. Bransome, who had hung out that stubbornly English sign, was not a Frenchwoman. Your second and keener glance would have told you that. Mrs. Bransome was Chinese, pure Chinese, married to an Englishman in Chungclin.

The scarlet sign had swayed in the draught from the revolving glass doors for five highly profitable years. It was the only shop of its kind in the place, and even in Chungclin, sweltering in summer and swept in winter by the icy breath of the Siberian wastes, there were women who were willing to pay for beauty. The little steamers from Shanghai brought a steady stream of tourists, bound for Pekin, but pausing a day or so to repair the ravages of the choppy journey up the China coast. The women, huddling



and BLOND MEN

than Water, stronger than Death—unfolds a flow of types and races in a North China town

Panter-Downes

into their furs or, if it was summer, flapping the hot air languidly with paper fans, would brighten a little as they caught sight of Mrs. Bransome's sign.

Then there were the officers' ladies of the English and American garrisons; the wives of the European business men and officials; the scarlet-lipped, white-faced Russians who went every night to one or other of Chungclin's night clubs and sat alone at tables, waiting; the pretty little Chinese girls with their smart uncovered heads, bobbed in the new fashion. All were fish in Mrs. Bransome's net. They swam in, they swam out. People said that she must be coining money.

They discussed her, a little uneasily, at Mrs. Major Brown's bridge parties and Mrs. Colonel Higgins' meeting to organise the Chinese Missions bazaar.

"Poor thing, I really feel rather sorry for her. It's so difficult to know *where* she fits in here. . . . But really, my dear, if it wasn't for the fact that she *does* know how to put in a good finger wave I'd never go into the shop again. The way she goes for those wretched Russian girls she has there . . . and such insolence, thinks herself quite the equal of anybody through having married the good-for-nothing husband of hers. . . . Of course, it's quite impossible to acknowledge Steve Bransome. That's what makes it so. . . ."

Steve Bransome was an Englishman, blond, six feet high. Mrs. Bransome was likely to tell you so, in that fluent English spoken with a hoarse American accent that she had picked up in San Francisco, where she had spent a year learning the beauty parlour business.

"Do you come from England? Is that so? Well, I'm English myself. Sure!" And a flush would come up hotly under the rouge and ochre powder. "My husband's an Englishman."

STEVE BRANSOME had the kind of face, fair and sharply cut, that one could picture under a Norseman's helmet, straining into a windy sea. Down to the mouth it was pure Norseman, and there it tailed off. Steve's mouth was like a woman's, small and curved, with full lips parted to show the beautiful white teeth. He laughed a great deal. He was popular with his cronies; an easily laughing, easily drinking, easily spending man.

When he and his Chinese wife had first come to Chungclin he had been in a good job. That was five years ago, and he had been in and out of several jobs since then. He was a familiar figure in Chungclin, lounging about the bars, going down to the wharf to go on board the Shanghai steamers and exchange drinks and yarns with the skippers.

He was often down there. He would idle about the waterfront, hands in pockets, blue eyes fixed in a strange expression as the dockside crowd gibbered and gesticulated and flowed in a divided stream of ragged, stinking humanity round the island of his great figure. Often he stood there, quite motionless, long after the little steamer had edged away from the side and disappeared with a last "Wham!" round the first bend of the tortuous Chungclin river. Steve's eyes would be fixed with a curious intensity on the spot where it had disappeared, as though in imagination he was following it, and he would stand there a long time, unblinking, his legs straddled apart. He hated Chungclin.

Someone had spread the rumour that he came of a fine old family; there had been some sort of scandal, and he had drifted eventually to China under some mysterious cloud. Perhaps he could not go back to England even if he wished. Anyway, he had not the money, for another rumour had it that Mrs. Bransome, the breadwinner of the family, held the purse strings pretty tight. Just enough pocket money to keep him cheerfully drunk, just not enough to buy a one-way ticket to Shanghai. Mrs. Bransome, compressing her narrow painted lips, was taking no chances.

As he stood on the wharf with the coolies elbowing their way past him and the Shanghai boat hooting out of sight, his fixed blue eyes would be seeing, not the icy river and the bales and the unlovely cement houses opposite, but a stretch of green lawn and the rooks fighting in the elm trees and a certain corner of the stables at home—the lichened clock tower, and the strutting pigeons glug-glugging on the warm red tiles. Funny how well he remembered that! Chungclin grass, when it existed at all, was poor dry stuff, brown as a bone . . . Yellow feet padding past him, yellow hands, yellow faces. . . .

Presently he would shake himself and lounge off to a bar. His wife would be home from her Beauty Shop when eventually he got back to their little apartment, just a bit drunk, blue eyes beaming and gentle. He would hear her curiously deep voice, a little harsher than usual, as he hung up his hat on the cheap oak rack.

"That you, Steve?"

"Yes."

"You're late again."

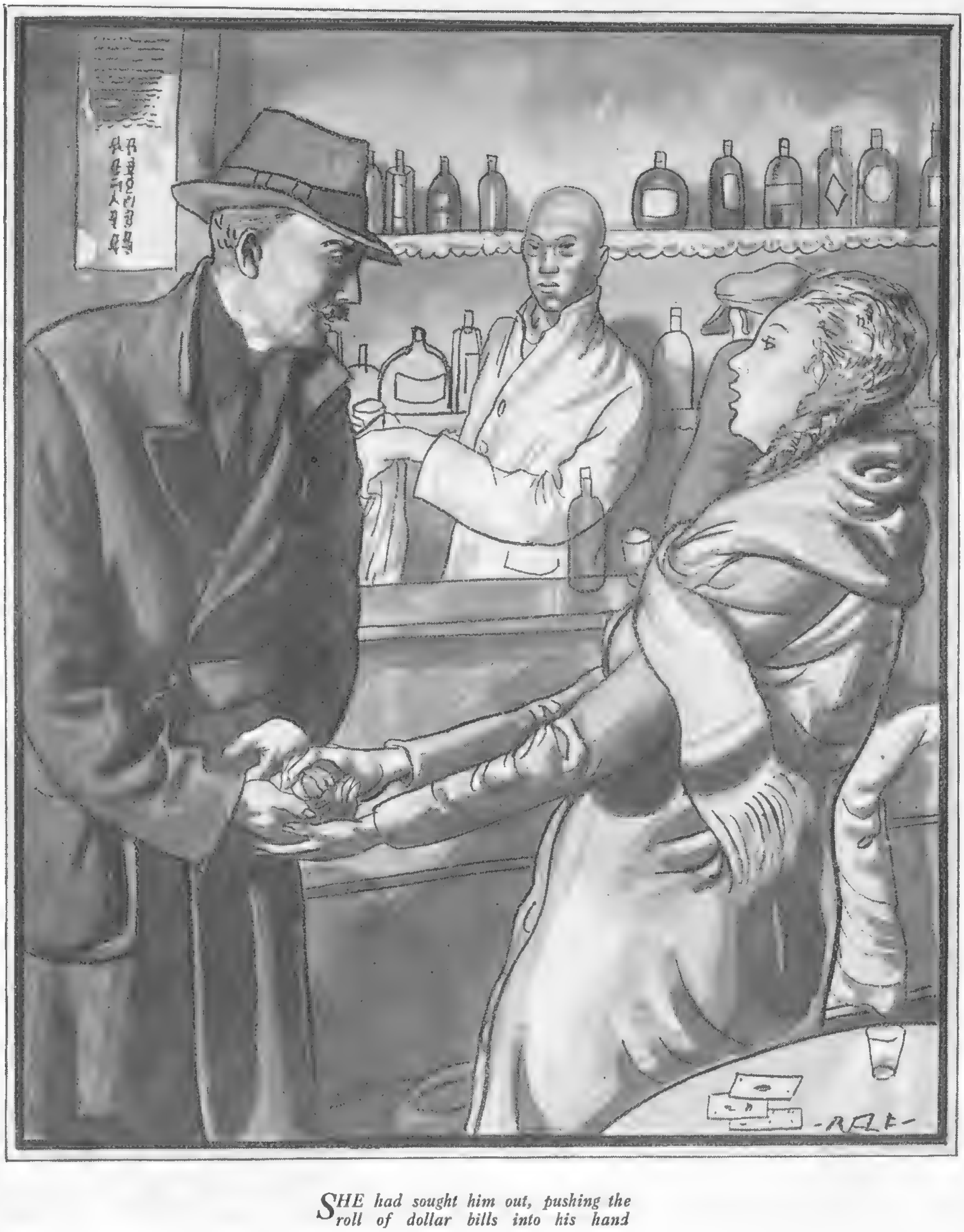
But the strain would be out of her voice and eyes as he came in, his great blond bulk seeming to fill the room.

Nothing Chinese about the apartment. Western, defiantly Western, like the dangling scarlet board. Outside in the street swayed Chinese signs, long strips of vermilion and gold, over strange, dim little shops where they sold rugs brought by caravan, and silks dyed by yellow cunning to mock the flowers and the humming bird. But in Mrs. Bransome's apartment there was a cheerful Axminster design carpet in shades of tan and green, low shelves for Steve's books, chintz-covered chairs over which pink roses writhed amazedly with yellow pomegranates. Fragile jasmine swam in an atrocious black bowl, in the centre of which a china nymph stood on one flaking toe.

WHEN Steve came home only a little drunk there was peace in the apartment. More often he came home very drunk, and then the walls would vibrate, the china nymph shudder, with the nervous waves of his great baying voice and Mrs. Bransome's hoarse contralto, rasped and on edge with fear. Fear! It leapt into her eyes, naked and startled, every time the Shanghai boat hooted round the bend of the river. One day it would take Steve Bransome away from her, as he so often threatened when he was drunk. "Wham!" and the fear would leap into her impassive eyes, tormented, betraying. But it put a cruel edge on her voice as she railed at him.

"Yeah! I'd be ashamed if I was you! I'd be ashamed! Down at the docks most of the day, hanging about, getting drunk. We'd be out on the streets—that's where we'd be, if it wasn't for——"

"I'm fed up with this damn, stinking hole. Tha——tha's what it is—damn, stinking hole—and I'm going to get out of it, see? One of these days I'm

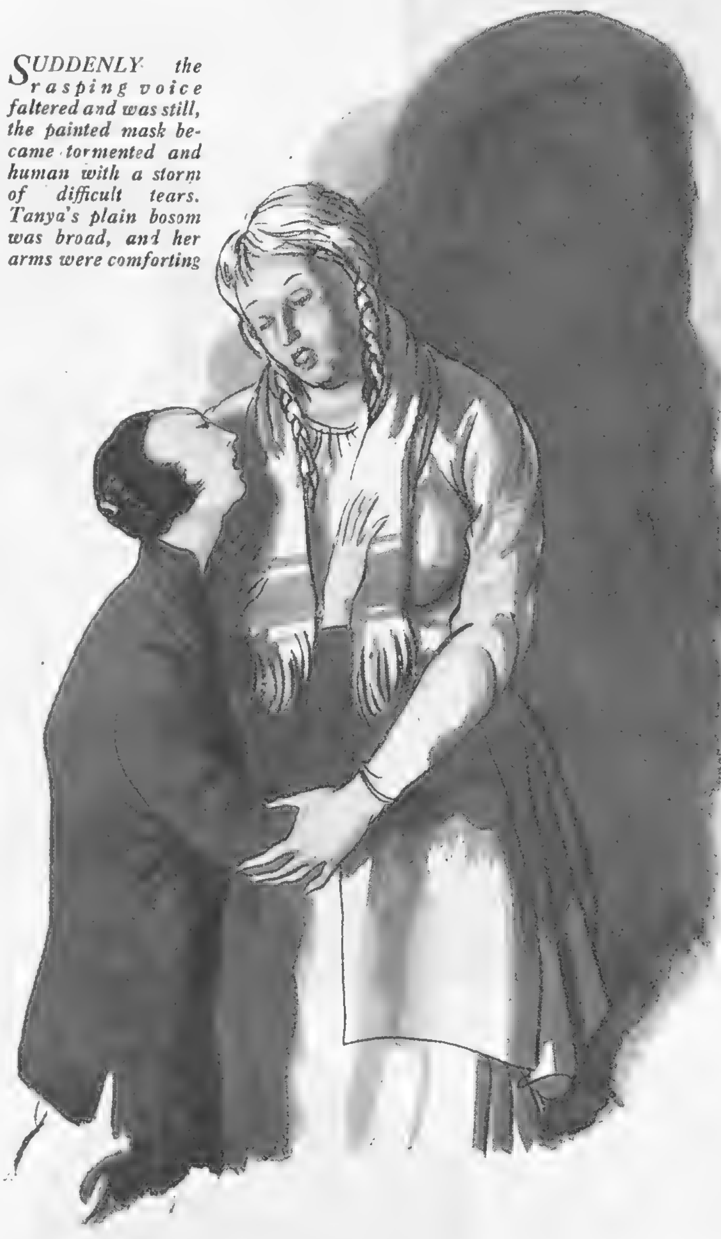


SHE had sought him out, pushing the roll of dollar bills into his hand going to do a bolt and get out of this damn, stinking——"

Fear. The fear would leap into her eyes, but she would press it down with a gibe.

"Yeah—like hell you will, so long as you're certain I've got a dollar left! I'd be ashamed of myself if I was you, living on a woman. I'd be ashamed!"

In anger the Oriental look came out in her face, the splayed, slanting-eyed Tartar look, and Steve Bransome hated her. Yellow face, yellow feet padding past in the street, yellow hands holding him fast to China. "Wham!" hooted the little Shanghai steamer as it slipped down the ice-filled river towards civilisation, towards great liners and England and lawns dappled with sunlight. And a kind of wild, defiant misery would come into his face as he walked unsteadily into their little bedroom, and fell down on one of the neat twin beds, while Mrs. Bransome stayed at the window, staring down impassively at the forest of fluttering gold and vermillion signs, at a bird in a cage that an old Chinaman was taking for an airing.



SUDDENLY the rasping voice faltered and was still, the painted mask became tormented and human with a storm of difficult tears. Tanya's plain bosom was broad, and her arms were comforting

THE next morning she would leave the apartment early as usual, trim in little dark hat and tailored suit and furs. But after a bad time with Steve her face would be an exhausted, livid yellow under the careful rouge and powder; the pile of red circled cigarette ends that she stubbed out with nervous fierceness in an old saucer would grow and slop over. At those times the Russian girls who worked for her scurried more than ever under the lashings of that curiously harsh, curiously deep and compelling voice. A deftly flung curling tongs or a flying bottle of lotion had been known to follow the abuse. Even the fat little Chinese girl who swabbed out the basins would pad around more quickly, and the bit of scarlet silk tying up her pigtail would seem to bristle in alarm.

"Say, Tanya! Are you going to be all night with that face pack?"

"Tanya! *Tan*-ya! Where's that big squarehead? Didn't you hear me tell you to go in and start the customer's manicure right away?"

Tanya. Always Tanya. The fiercest lashings of Mrs. Bransome's fierce tongue were always for her. There was something oddly whip-like in the way she could crack the name out.

"*Tan*-ya! Can't you keep still, girl, and hand me the combs as I want them? How do you think I can work with you dancing about behind me?"

And Tanya's guttural voice would answer patiently:

"Yah, Mrs. Bransome."

Tanya was a Russian, though she pronounced her scanty English like a Swede. "Yah, Mrs. Bransome. Yoost a minute, Mrs. Bransome." She was a great, strong creature, no longer very young, with broad shoulders and blond colouring. Something about her blue-eyed, clear-skinned bigness reminded one of Steve Bransome. If one could picture Steve's profile under a Norse helmet, it would be Tanya, a younger Tanya with no faded streaks in her gilt blond plaits, who would wave to him as the winged galley slipped into the darkening sea.

The slow stare of those sea-blue eyes seemed to rouse a nervous cruelty in Mrs. Bransome.

"For heaven's sake, Tanya, quit mooning at me, can't you? Haven't you got anything better to do?"

"Sure, Mrs. Bransome. I was yoost wondering——"

"Yoost wondering, were you, you big squarehead? Well, quit wondering and get me the drying machine. Lively, now!"

"Yah, Mrs. Bransome."

At times, feeling that reflective blue stare upon her, the younger woman's thin, brownish hands would itch to score red marks across the Russian's impassive face, to make the blood trickle slowly into those eyes that were so like Steve's. All her anger, her tormented love for Steve seemed to vent itself on Tanya, whose skin was of the same whiteness, whose birthright would have taught her how to keep her man as the Chinese woman could not keep him. One day he would go, for all the pathetic Western pretences, the defiant Western pretences of the scarlet lacquer sign and the cheerful Axminster carpet, the chintzes and her own smart tailored clothes. He would go back to his own people, the people with white skins and blue eyes like Tanya's.

On the day after Steve Bransome came back very drunk and struck his wife between the eyes, Tanya plodded home impassively with five red finger marks stinging against her cheek. But she was back at work next day as usual. There were too many hungry Russians in Chungclin as it was. She stayed on. On the rare occasions that Steve Bransome lounged into the shop her eyes would rest on him as they rested on Mrs. Bransome, reflectively, rather stupidly. Yoost wondering. Steve called her "that great cow with the fair plaits."

She was a strange, rather lonely creature. None of the other girls knew her history, or what she did in her spare time. She had "yoost come" to Chungclin. One day she would "yoost go," silently and suddenly like a migrating bird. That seemed to increase her likeness to Steve Bransome.

THE sweltering summer came to an end, and a bitter winter had Chungclin in its grip. Icy Siberian winds swept through the streets; ships lay ice-bound in the river, looking like little spun glass and frosted wool models for a Christmas dinner table. One night, as Tanya hurried through a dark back street close to the wharves she recognised Steve Bransome coming out of a sailor's bar with a woman. They were laughing, his arm round her shoulders. Tanya recognised one of the Russian girls who sometimes came to the shop to have a wave put into her bleached curls and a more biting scarlet tinted into her wicked finger nails. There she was, laughing with moist lips and eyes up at Steve Bransome, and he with the gentle beaming air that meant he was just a bit tight. The night was still young. Tanya hurried past; above the woollen scarf her blue eyes were staring, ruminative, a little stupid. Yoost wondering.

One day after Christmas Mrs. Bransome did not come to the shop as usual. Late in the afternoon the telephone rang.

"That you, Sonia? This is Mrs. Bransome. Everything all right? I'm at the apartment. Tell Tanya I want her, will you? Yeah, Tanya. Tell her to come round right away."

It was snowing softly. The Russian hurried along, feeling the wet flakes penetrating her old woollen scarf and thin boots. The narrow staircase that led to the Bransomes' apartment was dark. She rang the bell and stood waiting, head sunk a little forward, breathing loudly like a tired animal.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Books:

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

NORMAN DOUGLAS, author of "Summer Islands," a book of essays

AT the moment of writing, the production of new books has ceased almost entirely, as it always ceases round about Christmas and the New Year. In anticipation of this annual lull, I have during the past few weeks set aside three or four little books. They did not fit in with the crowd, and moreover they deserved something better than a squeezed-in reference. There are always a few books like these—little books of good quality which cannot easily be classified or hooked on to an article. Sometimes they are among the best books of the year—if (*pace* the Book Society) there are such things as best books. Yet they don't get noticed. And they don't get read either. They aren't the kind of book that "everybody" reads, and so, in an age of standardisation, they are read by hardly anybody. Why, then (you ask), do the ridiculous authors write them? The answer must be, I think, because they are ridiculous.

THE first of these little books is *Summer Islands* (Desmond Harmsworth, 3s. 6d.), two essays by Norman Douglas. One of these essays is a description of an Italian island called Ischia, the other is a description of an Italian island called Ponzo. I have never visited or thought of visiting these islands, but considerations of that kind lose their weight where Mr. Douglas is concerned. He would make the Gold Standard clear and radiant, he would illumine Reparations; nor is his gift for making any subject limpid a mere gift of writing. Mr. Douglas has a mind of extraordinary reach. He has studied deeply and understood thoroughly a long list of arts and sciences, countries and nationalities; and he has assimilated knowledge so completely that it has lost its frown and become a comprehensive chuckle and a lingering, full flavoured jest. It is, however, easier to read and appreciate him than to describe his quality. One may compare him for mellowness with Anatole France, for mischievousness with Samuel Butler, for curiosity with Stendhal; but all these references lead us away from our subject. Apparently the most intimate and confiding of writers, he is seen on departure to have largely eluded the reader.

H. M. TOMLINSON, whose book on Norman Douglas is one of the latest additions to the charming "Dolphin" series

HUGH KINGSMILL, novelist and critic, has compiled an anthology entitled "The Worst of Love"

FEW people have tried to analyse his charm, and I admire Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's courage in tackling the job. But courage is, I fear, the principal virtue of his *Norman Douglas* (Chatto and Windus, 2s.). This little book, issued in the charming "Dolphin" series, is a highly honourable failure, yet it is a failure. Mr. Tomlinson is very sympathetic to his subject; he is unhappy that he is not more widely recognised as one of the few living masters of English prose; and he is worried that, even among those who do recognise him, are some who admire him for the wrong reasons. But Mr. Tomlinson, with his anxious manner, is really the last man who should have attempted the task of carrying Silenus home. Sympathetic, unhappy, I have called him, worried and anxious. Do not these adjectives show where the trouble lies? Mr. Tomlinson is the child of his (literary) age—a democratic, a bourgeois age of art—and he is here applying his uneasy standards to a writer who has nothing to do with democratic art, to an aristocrat in the Vathek or Byron tradition. Mr. Douglas sits his world like a man born in the saddle; Mr. Tomlinson has to struggle to keep his balance, and indeed sets great store by his struggles, for they make him feel (somehow) good.

Naturally, Mr. Tomlinson is much too good a writer, much too penetrating a critic not to see this for himself. He hits off Douglas's aristocratic manner in two or three first-rate descriptive phrases. Here is one: "How interesting it is to note the style of a man who can use the weight and swiftness of English, and therefore does not show any heat or haste, as he rises, with a genial smile, to meet an opponent!" And again: "He has the sudden reticences of a gentleman who has appeared to be open and intimate. He has said enough. If you seek for more than he has given he changes the subject. . . ." These and other admirable passages make Mr. Tomlinson's essay well worth reading; but though they occur in the only book on the subject, they cannot make it a good book. Before we are too free with our criticism, however, it is as well for us to ask ourselves who, to-day, is capable of presenting a writer so completely individual and so proudly unsynchronised as Mr. Douglas. Conrad would have found the right thing to say about

Literary Asides: A *few* Books *that* are *not* meant *for* Everyone

him, and so, given time, would Henry James. . . . Strange that the first two writers to occur to me should have become English through naturalisation. Is the aristocratic tradition now understood by foreigners only? I don't know. But, since the idea has come to me, I follow it up, and it leads me to the polyglot Mr. Gerhardi. He would write a good paper, I think, on Norman Douglas. He would certainly refuse to feel unhappy about him, he might even be rough and inconsiderate with him, but his treatment would, I fancy, set Mr. Douglas more at his ease.

NOTHING could be easier at this point than the introduction into the discussion of the name of Hugh Kingsmill, since Mr. Gerhardi, not content with being his friend, once made him the hero of a book. It was *Pending Heaven*, and an odd sort of hero Mr. Kingsmill was made to look. But that has nothing to do with us. The point I wish to make—and Mr. Gerhardi will agree with me—is that it is ridiculous that a writer of Mr. Kingsmill's distinction should have to be referred to as the hero of someone else's book. Yet I know that, if I mention Mr. Kingsmill's books, hardly any of my readers will have heard of them. The neglect of Mr. Kingsmill is almost as strange, and far more complete, than that of Mr. Douglas. Mr. Kingsmill has written short stories, novels, biographies and criticism, all first-rate in quality, but not, apparently, containing the unknown ingredient which makes for popularity. Nowadays he compiles anthologies of a wry nature—records of human futility which are amusing enough, but for a writer of his ability a dreadful waste of time. His latest production, *The Worst of Love* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d.), is an anthology of the flattest, or wildest, or generally silliest passages penned by English men and women of letters in their attempt to utter something worthy of the tender passion. They are an awful warning, and will make even a Hollywood director wonder if his favourite "love interest" is all he believes it to be.

The name of Marcus Cheke has always drawn my attention since I read a short, uncommon, and highly finished novel called *Papillée*. I don't often come across Mr. Cheke's name, and from the rarity of our meetings I have assumed that he is not a prolific writer. But the fact that a new book from his pen, *The Licking*, is published by a small provincial press (The Grayhound Press, St. Cross, Winchester, 6s.) makes me wonder if he is one of those writers who prefer the quiet corners of the world of publication. His new book is autobiographical in form and studiously low in key. Some readers, especially the hasty, will see nothing in it to admire. But those who appreciate patient, gentle writing will delight in *The Licking*. It is the story of a boy who is fond of natural history and not suited to school-life, even at a school which gives him unusual facilities for following his hobby. Outwardly, the book is simply that; but it contains to a rare degree the secondary, inner life that hides between the lines. I cannot be more precise or tell you that you will like the book. But it is worth your time to try it, for if you like it at all, you will like it a good deal.

(*Continued on page* 105)

Valuations and—

"Portraits, I": *by Desmond MacCarthy*

(Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

ONCE one would have said, with slight exaggeration, that Mr. MacCarthy's writings were known to all. But nowadays, in effecting the introduction, the spontaneous description is rather that Mr. MacCarthy's voice is known to all. Across the ether we have all listened to him; and though he has presumably not made the same impression on each one of us, there is surely one conviction he has left with us all. He sounds like, he talks like, a just man. I used to admire his work. Now, in addition, I trust his voice. Many listeners will, I think, understand my sensation.

In *Portraits* are some of the words we have listened to—and they even gain by their appearance in a permanent form. This is Mr. MacCarthy's first book—an astonishingly mature book, and an astonishingly delayed book, for the author is over 50, and has had a high literary reputation for many years. He presents to us the men who, during his life, have particularly appealed to his imagination—most of them by direct personal contact, some, like Bunyan, through their works only. There are over thirty essays. All are good; the best of them (in my opinion the Henry James, the Conrad, and the Meredith) are a good deal better than just good. The book is notable for balance, and, even more, for a rare courtesy and consideration. It is a pattern of good manners—and that is a remark which no contemporary book reviewer is often tempted to make.

Above: *DESMOND MACCARTHY, the B.B.C. book critic, who at the age of fifty has published his first book*

Below: *LORD DAVID CECIL, who has contributed a charming essay on Charles James Fox to "Revaluations"*

Revaluations

"Revaluations": *by Various Authors*

(Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.)

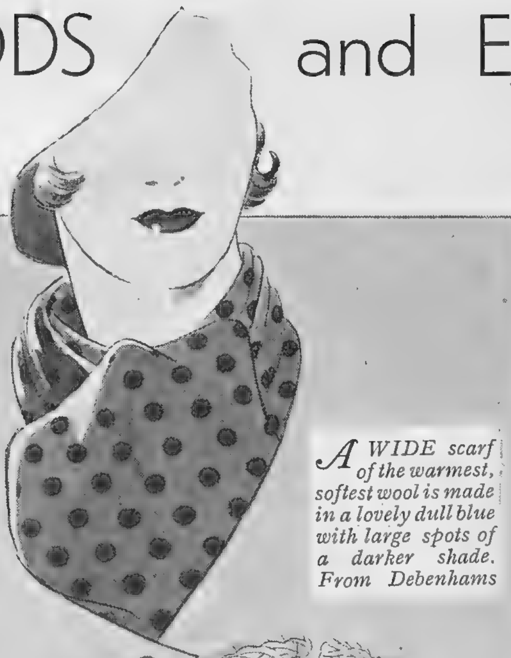
THIS volume is well named, and its title suggests in what way its contents differ from Mr. MacCarthy's essays. His object is sympathetic portraiture; the intention of the ten authors of *Revaluations* is to correct the growing and hardening misapprehension of public opinion. In other words, they set out to shock us by asking us to assume that our views are baseless and wrong.

For example, Mr. Edward Marjoribanks does what nobody has done for years and years—he raises his voice and says a good word for Mr. Gladstone. Captain Liddell Hart annihilates Marshal Foch—at least, that is his idea. Actually the Marshal somehow remains, in spite of the captain. Mr. James Laver in an admirable paper reconciles the conflicting ideals of George Frederick Watts, and Lord David Cecil contributes a charming essay on Charles James Fox. One of the best chapters in the book is the first—G. K. C. on Mary, Queen of Scots. Mr. Chesterton writes so copiously that one tends to think that one knew all he had to say ages ago. But in fact I never read him without marvelling afresh at the scope and originality of his thought and the energy of his style. The ten biographical studies here collected were delivered as lectures at the City Literary Institute during the Lent term, 1931. The members of the Institute seem to have received unusually good value, no matter how high the subscription rate.

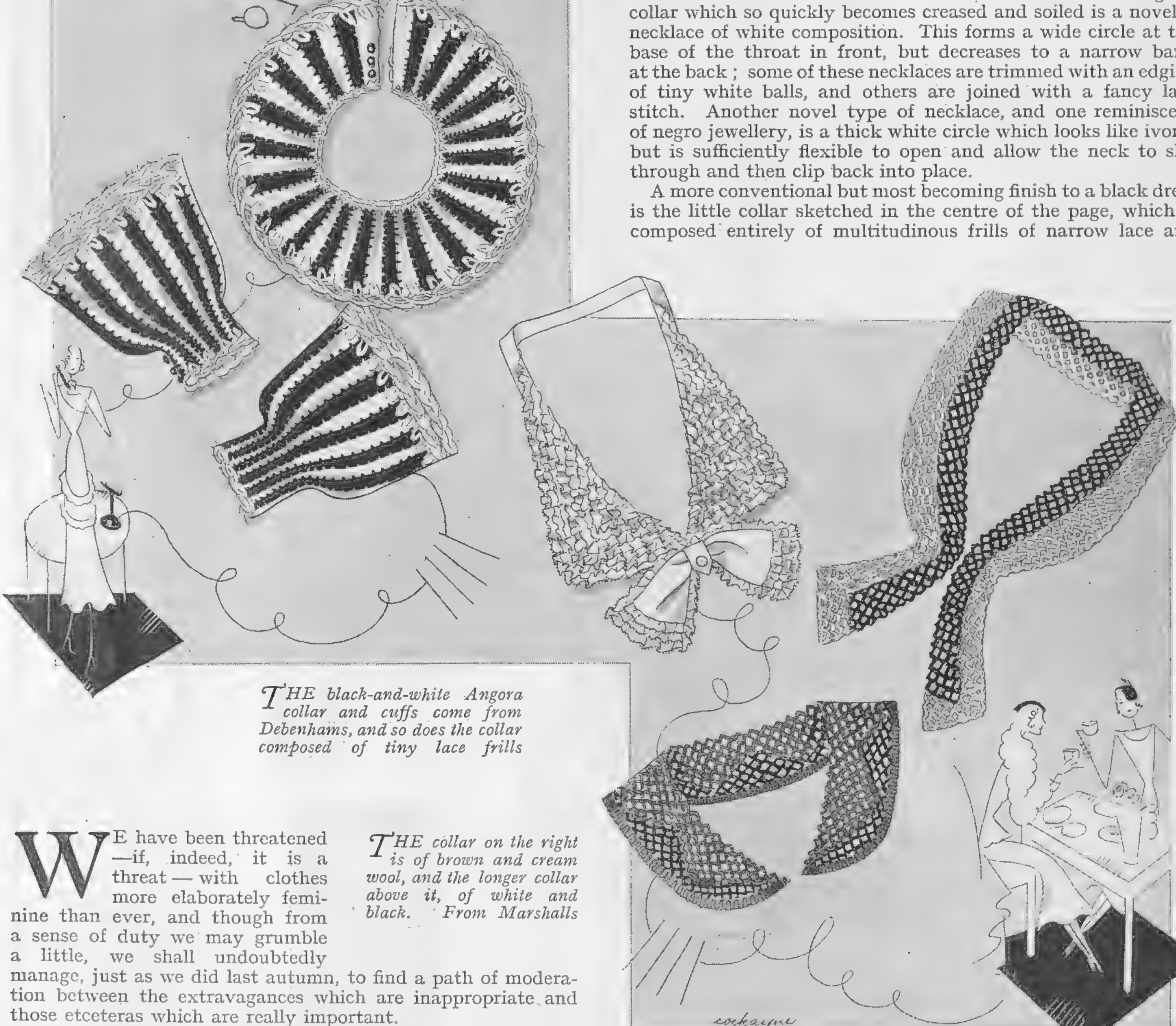
JAMES LAVER, who writes on Geo. Frederick Watts in "Revaluations"

ODDS and ENDS of IMPORTANCE

Delightful Details which herald the coming of the Spring Fashions



A WIDE scarf of the warmest, softest wool is made in a lovely dull blue with large spots of a darker shade. From Debenhams



THE black-and-white Angora collar and cuffs come from Debenhams, and so does the collar composed of tiny lace frills

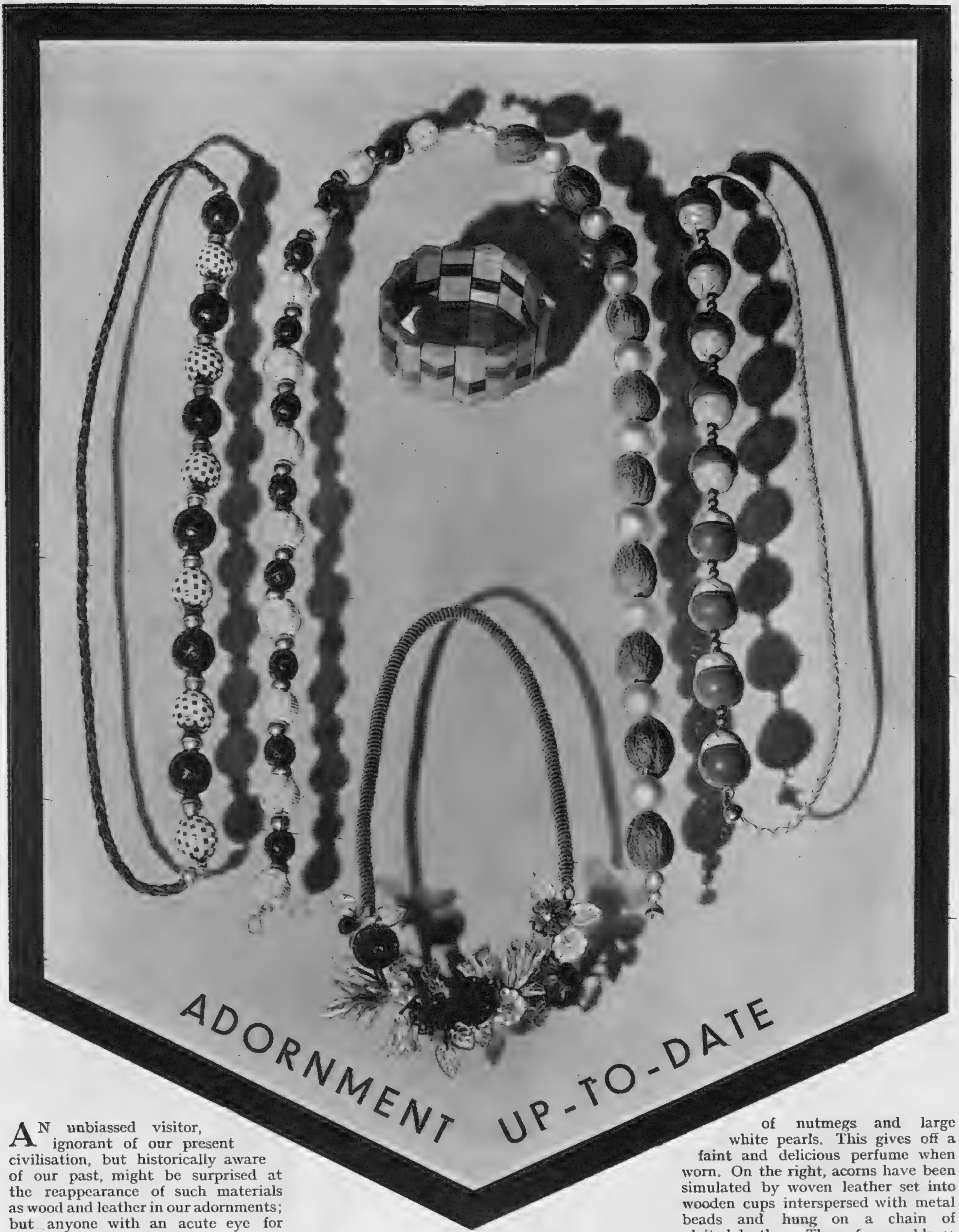
THE collar on the right is of brown and cream wool, and the longer collar above it, of white and black. From Marshalls

WE have been threatened—if, indeed, it is a threat—with clothes more elaborately feminine than ever, and though from a sense of duty we may grumble a little, we shall undoubtedly manage, just as we did last autumn, to find a path of moderation between the extravagances which are inappropriate and those etceteras which are really important.

In the meantime, more and more novelties of every description continue to make their appearance, and among them are many which may well be ranked with economies, so inexpensive but so attractive are they. One of the much-to-be-lauded fashions is that which eliminates collars and fur trimmings from sports and travelling coats and substitutes a scarf of gay colours. This must, of course, be extremely warm and sketched at the top of this page is an excellent example which would look well with any top-coat of camel's hair, tweed or leather. It is made of the softest dull blue wool, with large spots of darker blue on it, and is delightfully wide and warm.

Knitted wool trimmings are smart on woollen or jersey dresses, and many of the new blouses have yokes of open-work crochet, while some of the new one-piece jersey frocks have collars and perhaps a belt trimmed with strips of gaily coloured knitting. The set of collar and cuffs sketched in the middle of this page is carried out in black-and-white Angora wool knitted in a fancy stitch; the cuffs have very large gauntlets and the collar sits demurely around the base of the neck and fastens at the back with three buttons. An economical alternative to the lingerie collar which so quickly becomes creased and soiled is a novelty necklace of white composition. This forms a wide circle at the base of the throat in front, but decreases to a narrow band at the back; some of these necklaces are trimmed with an edging of tiny white balls, and others are joined with a fancy lace stitch. Another novel type of necklace, and one reminiscent of negro jewellery, is a thick white circle which looks like ivory, but is sufficiently flexible to open and allow the neck to slip through and then clip back into place.

A more conventional but most becoming finish to a black dress is the little collar sketched in the centre of the page, which is composed entirely of multitudinous frills of narrow lace and finished at the point of the V with a white georgette bow edged with the same lace. Useful accessories for the dress of dark wool are the two collars sketched on the right, both of which are made of wool in a new lace stitch. The longer collar is made of black and white wool, and the smaller Peter Pan shape is in brown and cream wool.



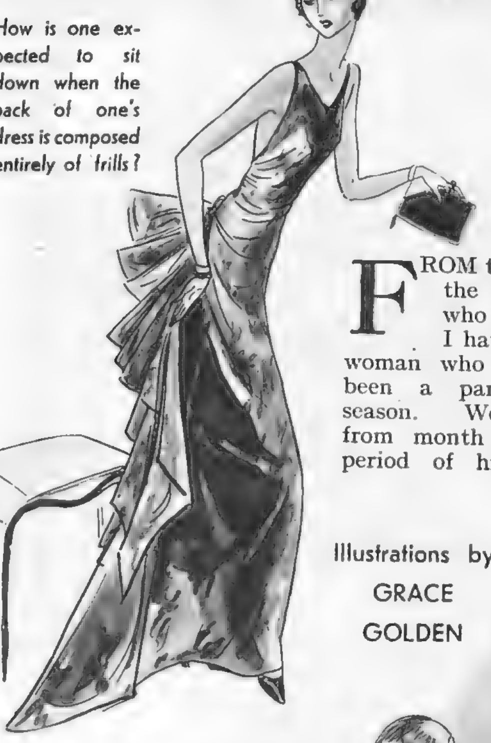
ADORNMENT UP-TO-DATE

Novelty necklaces of leather, wood, straw, glass, nuts and other unusual materials, pictured by Maurice Beck

An unbiassed visitor, ignorant of our present civilisation, but historically aware of our past, might be surprised at the reappearance of such materials as wood and leather in our adornments; but anyone with an acute eye for fashion will appreciate the unusual designs of this new jewellery. On the left is a necklace of plaited leather strung with alternate beads of black and white and black leather, interspersed with metal beads shaped like an acorn. Next to it is a very successful experiment in white straw, black leather, and black pearls; and opposite to it is a necklace composed of nutmegs and large white pearls. This gives off a faint and delicious perfume when worn. On the right, acorns have been simulated by woven leather set into wooden cups interspersed with metal beads and hung on a chain of plaited leather. These four necklaces and the expanding bracelet carried out in light and dark wood are all from Jaeger's. The necklace in the centre is an exquisite example of the English glass-maker's art, and consists of a spray of the most fairy-like flowers entirely made in this fragile medium. This comes from Debenham & Freebody.

THE SLINGS AND ARROWS

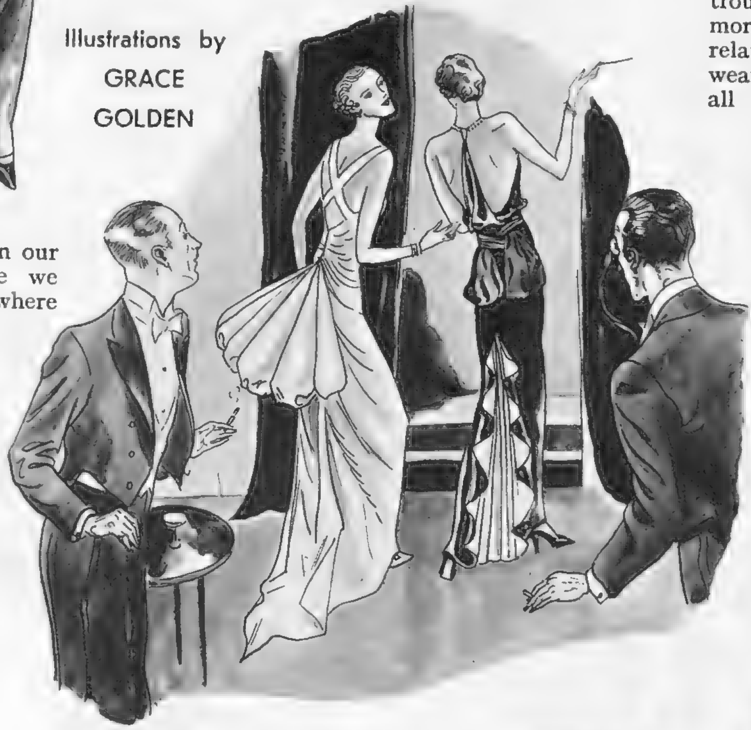
If it is true that clothes are an expression of our innermost race! A cursory survey is sufficient to show that at different diverse characters as pirates, queens



How is one expected to sit down when the back of one's dress is composed entirely of frills?

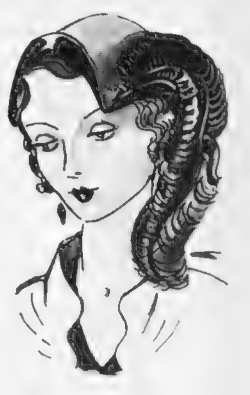
Illustrations by GRACE GOLDEN

FROM the point of view of the fashionable woman who likes change—and I have yet to meet the woman who doesn't—this has been a particularly exciting season. We haven't known from month to month which period of history we should attempt to resuscitate in our attire, at which angle we should tip our hats, or where to tie our sashes. But there have been drawbacks. How, for instance, is one expected to sit down when one's dress is a mass of frills, or consists of smoothly draped folds of the most fragile satin? The battle between vanity and fatigue becomes more and more acute as the evening wears on, but vanity is usually triumphant. Only a great disappointment, such as a definite jilting, is sufficient to break down the resistance of any really spirited young woman, and I understand that jilting is no longer done. One merely forgets.



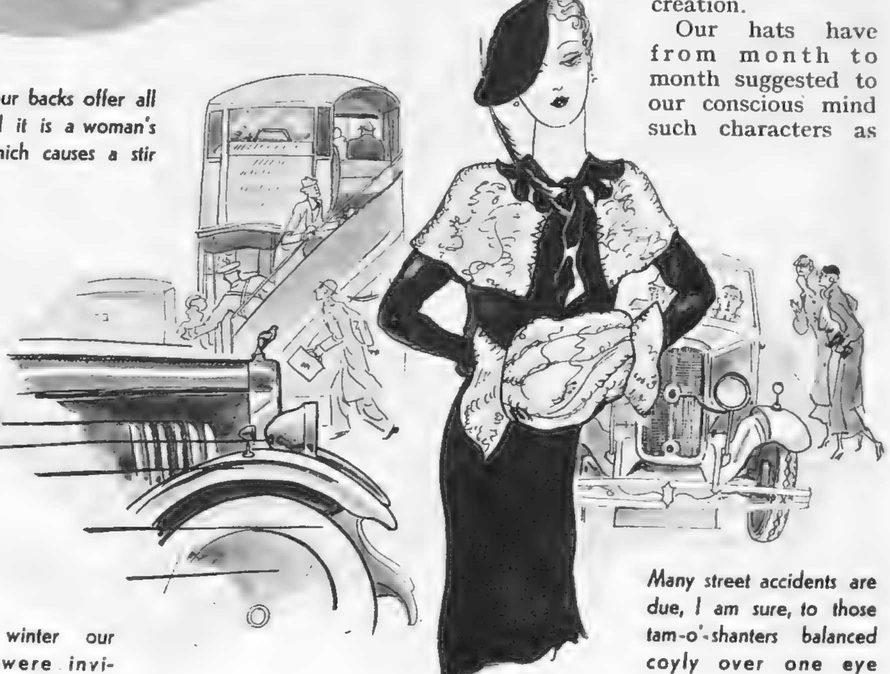
If our front views are dull, our backs offer all sorts of exciting surprises, and it is a woman's exit rather than her entry which causes a stir

Then our front views are so dull, and our back views so exciting, that no woman's entry causes any commotion, but every woman's exit is an excitement. How is even the most sophisticated young man to recognise a new gown when one enters a room? It is only when one turns one's back on him that he realises by the extraordinary variety and ingenuity of the trimmings at the back, that the gown, whose front view is merely classic, is that *rara avis* (these days), a NEW gown.



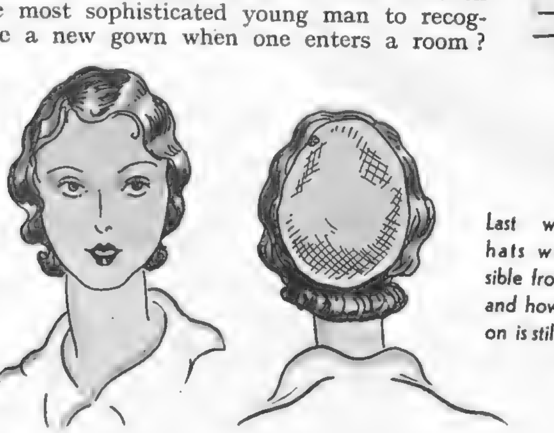
Our hats from month to month have suggested such diverse types as the Empress Eugénie

Another stumbling-block has been our hats. Last year we got into considerable trouble with our more conservative relatives for not wearing a hat at all (this because they probably first saw us front view when the miniscule caps we wore were invisible), but this winter our troubles are multiplied. Our hats are extremely visible (except occasionally from the left side, when the tam-o'-shanter over our right eye may not come into the picture); but they so effectually obscure one eye that I am convinced the majority of street casualties occur when the wearer of a new hat is crossing the road from left to right and the right eye is entirely blinkered by a particularly becoming creation.



Many street accidents are due, I am sure, to those tam-o'-shanters balanced coyly over one eye

Our hats have from month to month suggested to our conscious mind such characters as that of the Empress Eugénie, a Scotch piper, a Victorian Miss and Robin Hood. What result this will have on our subconscious remains to be seen. Not only have all these hats required the most elaborate and different arrangements of curls and "mingles," but we have many of us attempted—and failed—to achieve a wind-blown bob. The effect in most



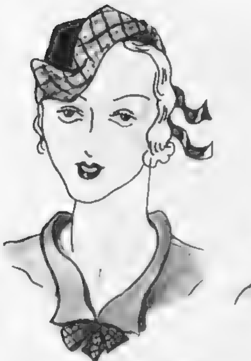
Last winter our hats were invisible from the front and how they kept on is still a mystery

OF OUTRAGEOUS FASHION!

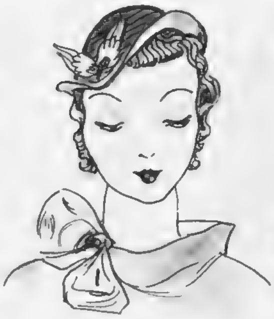
wishes, how fantastic and how varied are the desires of the human
times we have wished to resemble such
and eighteenth-century gentlemen

By MADGE GARLAND

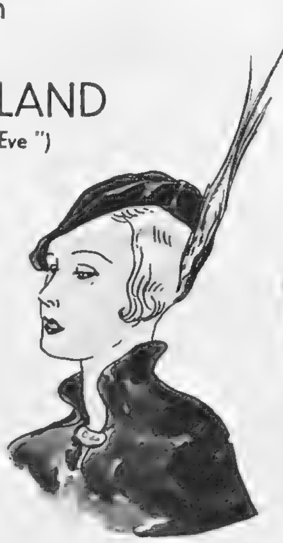
(Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve")



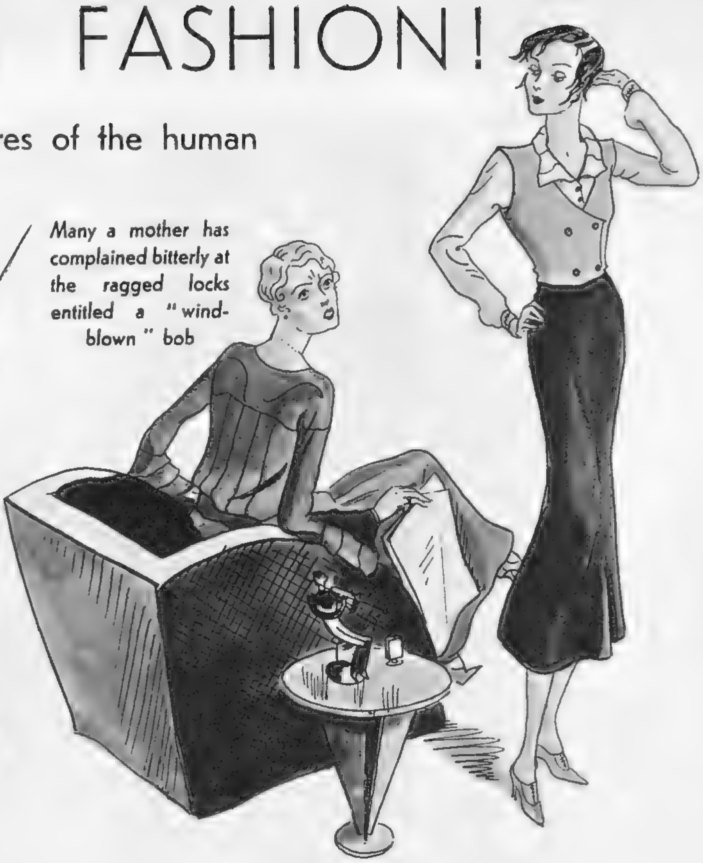
Or a very gay and unexpectedly sophisticated Scotchman in a most magnificent Glengarry



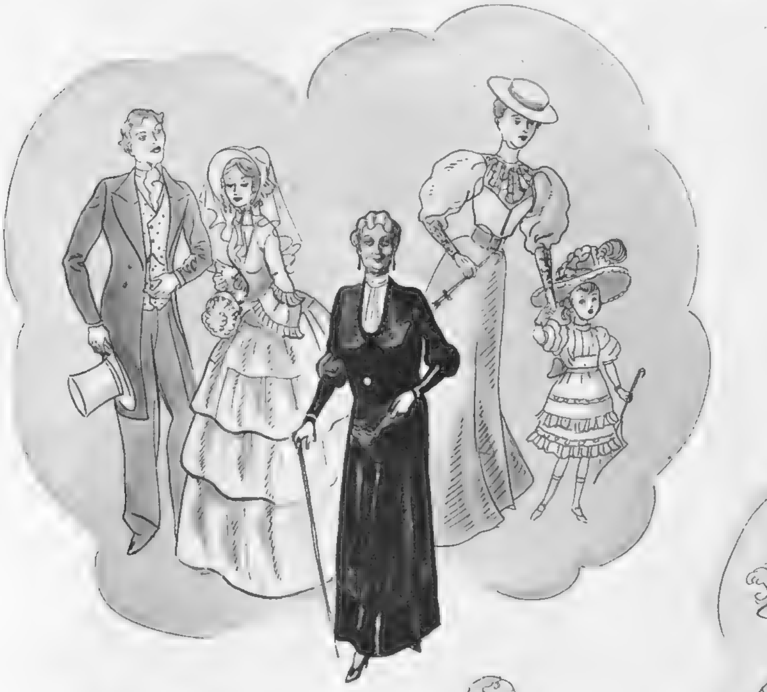
Or Mercury, complete with his tiny tin hat and pair of wings worn at a very precarious angle



Or Robin Hood and his Merrie Men and their green felt hats and jaunty pheasant feathers



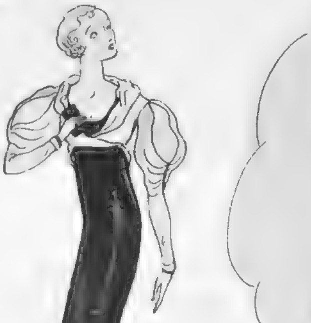
Many a mother has complained bitterly at the ragged locks entitled a "wind-blown" bob

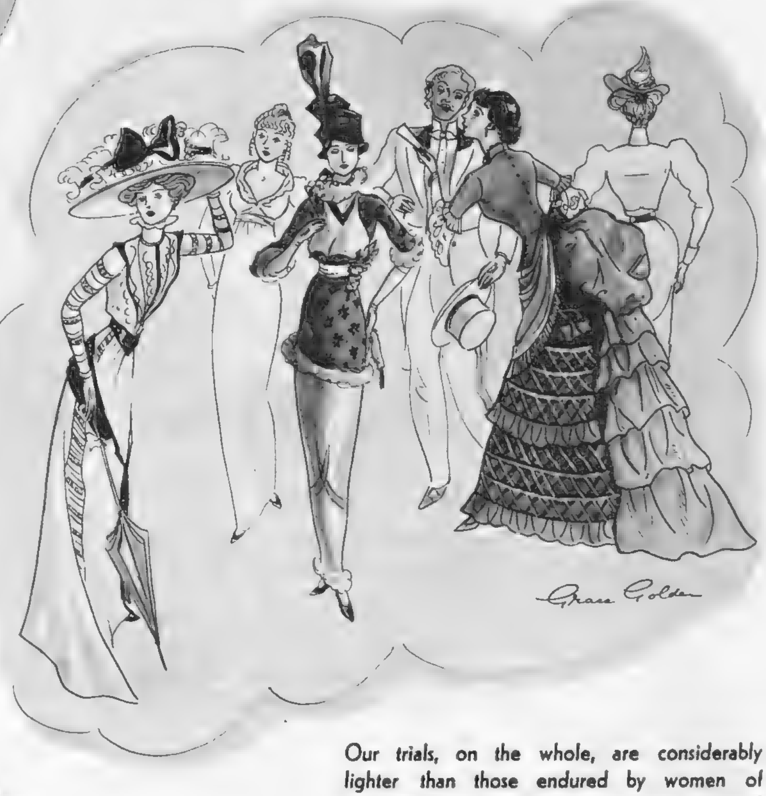


Once upon a time women progressed through decades of fashionable discomfort to the serene black shapelessness of a ripe old age

cases is an excellent imitation of a hungry and ragged-haired urchin, and candid parents have been known to make scathing remarks on this whim of fashion when illustrated by their female young.

There are, of course, some complications that even we, with our intrepid love of adventure, have declined to admit. There were rumours of trains earlier in the seasons, but remarkably few of them have been seen. But then fashion, properly considered, is always an exciting adventure, and on the whole we have been let off rather lightly. One might almost say that trial by Fashion is the modern substitute for the initiation ceremonies performed by savages on their adolescence—only we never become wholly initiated. Our grandmothers did. They progressed through a series of trials in the shape of crinolines, bustles, and leg-o'-mutton sleeves, to a peaceful rusty-black age when they were covered with comfort, but not clothed with ceremony; but we must, unless we go on strike, continue this breathless charade until the end. After all, our trials, although more prolonged, are not as arduous as those of the past. Consider those awful corsets, those wasp waists, those frizzled fringes; that year when our skirts were so long and so tight that we couldn't move; that summer (and it rained, too!) when cartwheel hats measured several feet across. True, we are threatened with enormous bishop sleeves, with tight Empire waists to constrict our bosoms, with trains in which to entangle our feet—but need we succumb?

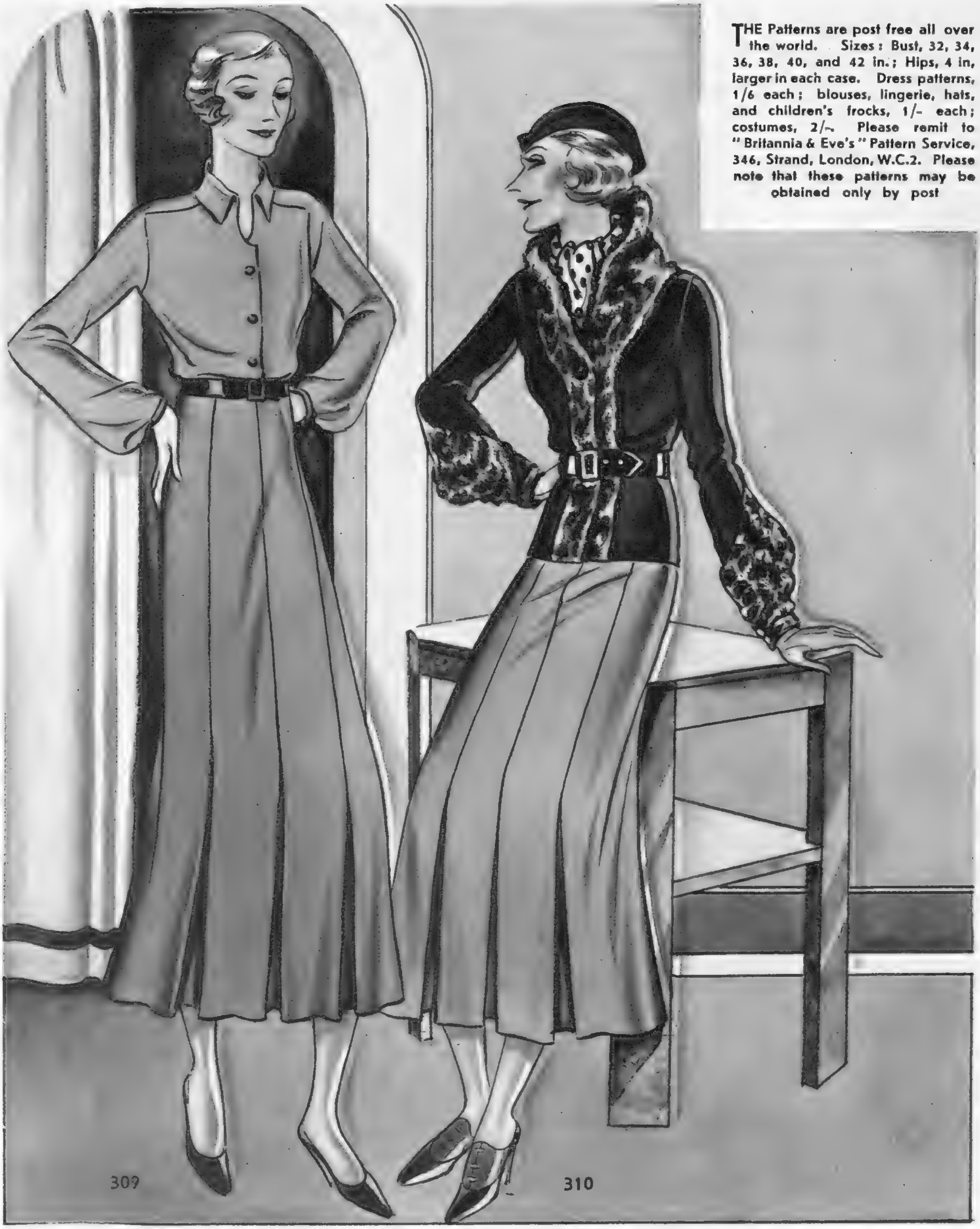


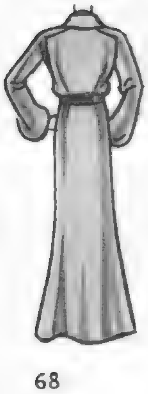


Our trials, on the whole, are considerably lighter than those endured by women of the past; but to what are we now coming?

A Cloth DRESS and a COAT of contrasting COLOUR

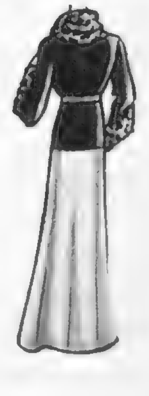
THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post



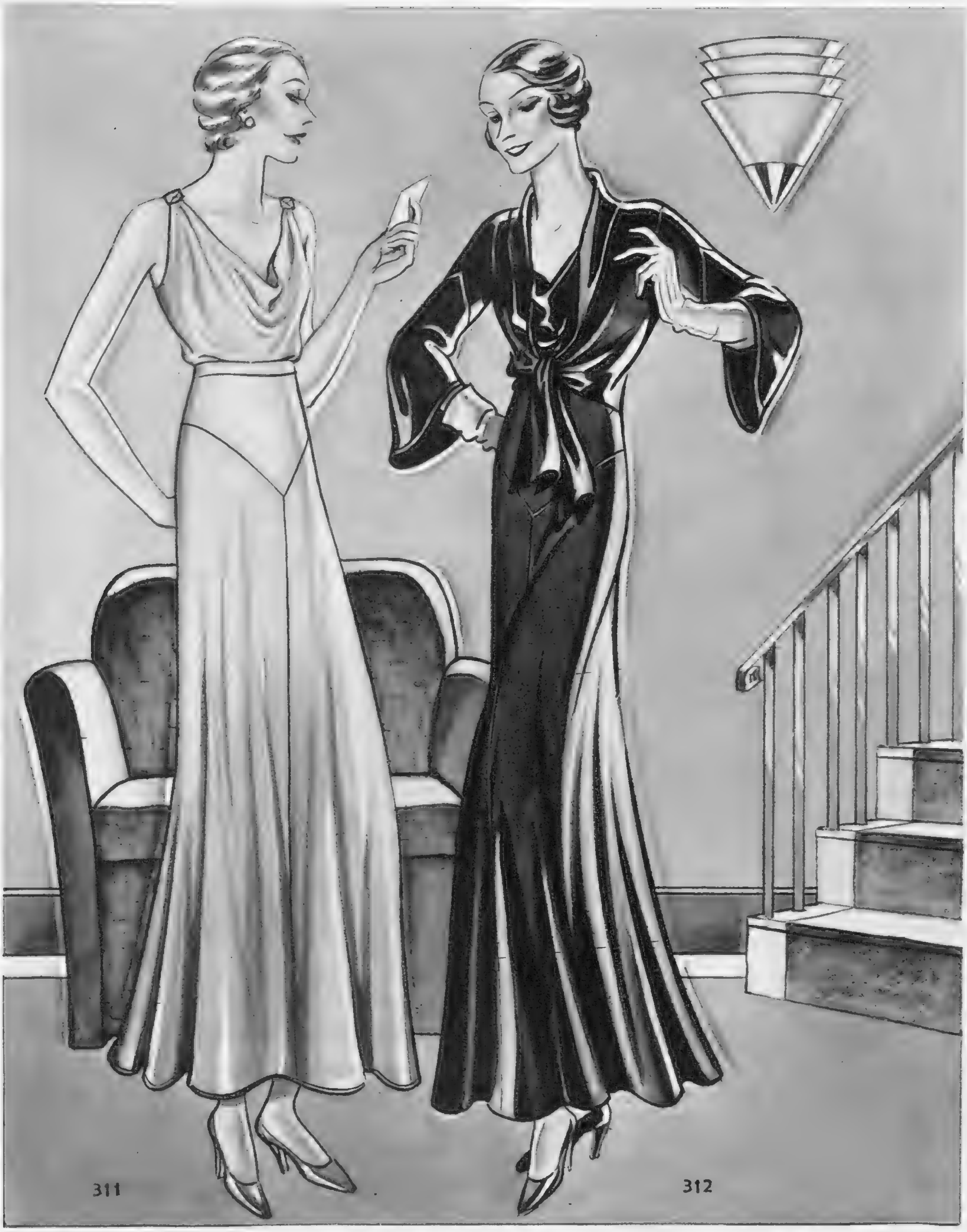


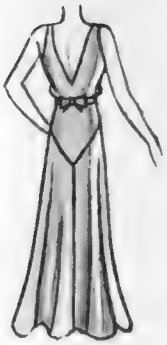
309.—A useful every-day dress with a new and easily-made sleeve is carried out in a medium shade of green and has a becoming collar and a skirt cut in sections with inverted pleats between each. 3¾ yards of 54" material is required. Price 1/6

310.—A short coat of cloth of a darker shade of green is trimly belted and has an upstanding shawl collar and the lower half of the sleeve made in a Pelt-o-liv material resembling brown pony-skin. 1¾ yards of 54" cloth is required. Price 1/-



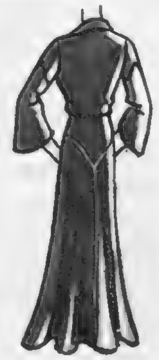
An EVENING GOWN with a COAT of MATCHING SATIN





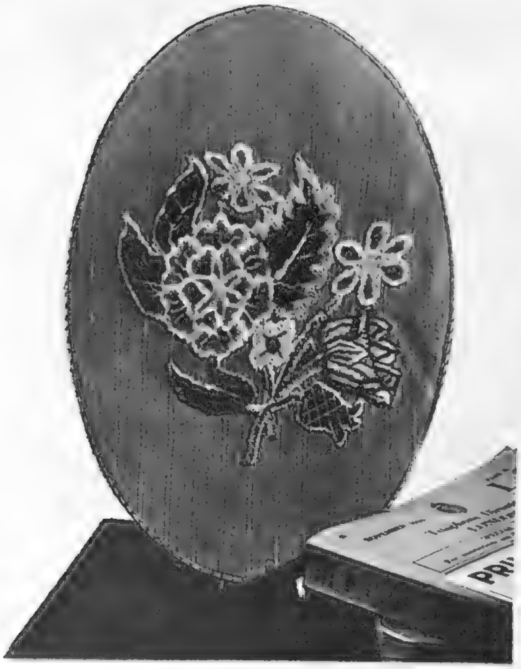
311.—Pale blue satin makes this very simple but very chic evening dress with its full skirt of moderate length and its draped bodice held on the shoulders by jewelled clasps. The belt ties behind. 4$\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 38" material is required. Price 1/6

312.—The addition of a short coat to pattern No. 311 makes it into a most useful dinner or cinema gown, provided both designs are carried out in black or dark brown. The coat has wide sleeves, a roll collar and ties in front. 2$\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 38" material required. Price 1/-

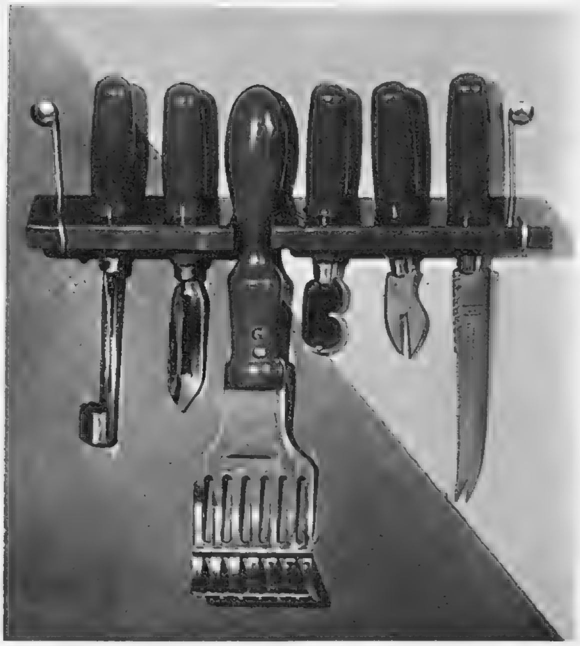


•WHAT I HAVE

Some practical and decorative novelties



A MASK for the telephone consists of strong silk appliquéd with antique embroidery, mounted on wire with a loop to attach it. Price 25/-



THIS hanging bracket contains a fruit-corer, knife sharpener, masher, tin-opener, and a special knife for cutting vegetables. Price 7/6

HERE is quite a new idea for masking the unsightly telephone. It consists of an oval of strong silk, mounted on a stiffened foundation, and given, at the back, a little loop that hangs it on to the receiver. The appliquéd *motifs* are of antique embroidery.

HANGING brackets are often more convenient than drawers, and the one photographed here manages to be extremely useful, even though it takes up such a small space. It has holders for an apple and fruit corer, a potato and fruit peeler, a knife-sharpener, a masher for potatoes and vegetables, a tin-opener and a knife that is especially designed to cut up lemons, tomatoes, and melons, to say nothing of garnishing and shredding meat. Stainless steel is used for all the utensils, and the handles are gaily coloured.

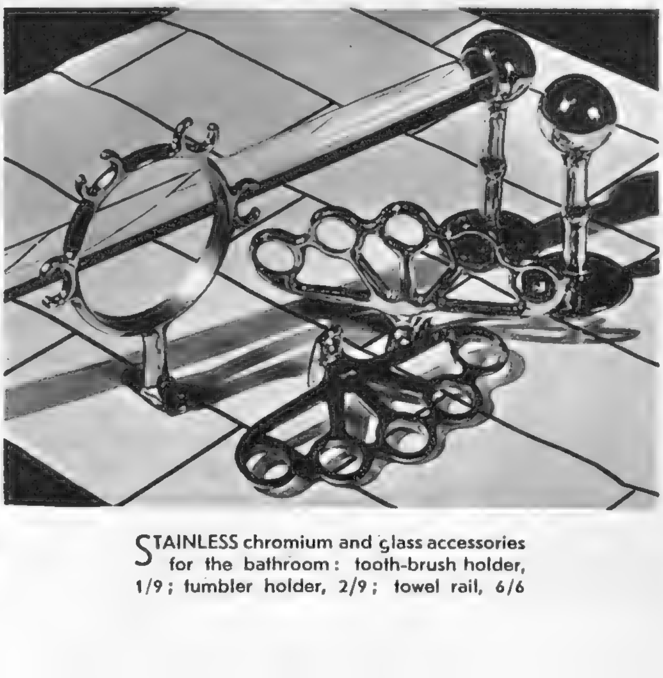
NOW that we have two telephone books to cope with, it is a problem where to put them—a problem solved by this decorative holder, which has a double compartment at the back for holding both books, while the telephone, too, can stand concealed behind it if you wish. The screen in front of the books is cut out to form a cheerful, colourful picture.

COLOURED dusters add to the gaiety of nations, and these particular ones considerably lessen household work as well. They are endowed with special polishing qualities, so that you do away with all the bother of liquid and paste cleaners. By their different colours you know which to choose for different jobs. There is a green cloth for cleaning brass and copper—taps and door-knockers respond most gratifyingly to this treatment. For silver there is a pink cloth impregnated with the finest jeweller's rouge, so that it cannot harm the most delicate metal-work. Furniture can be polished with a brown cloth, and a yellow one does the same duty for nickel plating and aluminium and pewter, as well as for silver.

STAINLESS chromium is being used more and more for household commodities, because it represents such an immense saving of labour; and glass is equally labour-saving—when the two are allied, therefore, we reach a high pinnacle

AN ingenious device for disposing of the two unwieldy telephone books consists of a decorative holder with a double compartment at the back. Price 15/-

COLOURED dusters which are impregnated with the different ingredients necessary for separate tasks, permit one to dispense with all extraneous cleaning preparations. Price 7½d. each



STAINLESS chromium and glass accessories for the bathroom: tooth-brush holder, 1/9; tumbler holder, 2/9; towel rail, 6/6

BOUGHT THIS MONTH

THE names and addresses of firms from which these articles can be obtained will be supplied on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

of perfection! Stainless chromium is used for the tumbler and toothbrush holders, and the attractive glass towel rail is finished with chromium brackets.

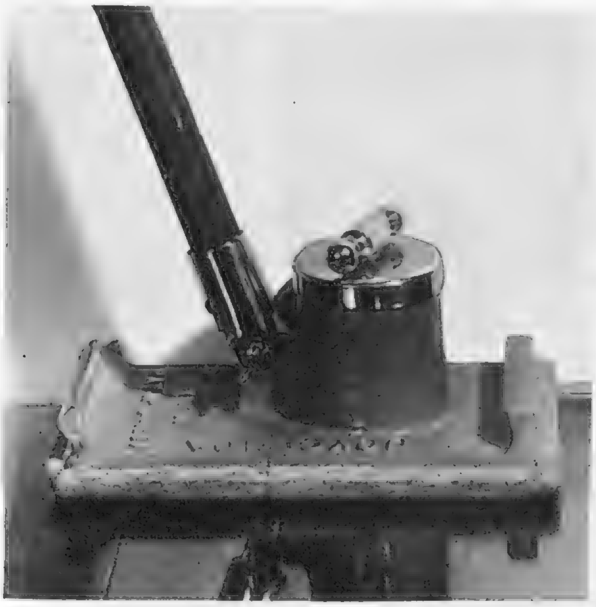
THIS delightful fruit set in amber colouring only costs five shillings. The half-a-dozen small plates are supplemented by a larger one for holding fruit, and instead of being left plain, the glass is well cut on its outer side in an attractive pattern that adds greatly to its charm.

FLOWERS moulded from a particular kind of clay and painted in delicate water-colours, adorn this attractive dressing-table set. These can be carried out in any colour you like to choose, and the mirrors are especially to be commended since, in addition to the flowers on the back, there is a little wreath of them outlining the glass.

I HAVE just come across a new household accessory that cleans linoleums and wooden floors as simply as an electric sweeper cleans carpets. If you want to remove old polish from your floor, first of all affix a piece of sandpaper on to your mop, and it will do the work for you. Then wax the floor, allowing the wax to percolate through on to a cloth, thus spreading it evenly over the floor as the mop is propelled along. Finally, a polishing cloth is substituted for the waxed one, and the floor is given a lasting polish with as little trouble as you could wish.

AN ingenious little box contains a box of matches, a packet of ten cigarettes, two cigarette rests, and a lift-out ash-tray, all packed in together very neatly and tidily. The boxes are quite flat, and can be had in coloured enamel, or in nickel or electro plate.

A fruit set in amber-coloured glass consists of six plates and a dish for the fruit. The whole set costs only 5/-



Above:

A dressing-table set consisting of a mirror, hair-brush, and clothes-brush, decorated with moulded and painted flowers costs 21/-

Left:

THIS new household accessory eliminates all drudgery from cleaning and polishing floors. The complete outfit costs 24/6.

Right:

THE "Smoker's Friend" is an ingenious little box which contains all the necessary smoking accessories in a very small space. Price 4/-

WHEN a large number of guests is expected it is a good idea to lay the buffet supper on the sideboard. The silver coffee set and hot-plate are from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

The Buffet Supper

AN entertainment which is within the reach of most purses and which the hostess will enjoy as much as her guests

By Kathleen K. Bowker

EVERY change has its compensation somewhere, and the growing fashion of informality certainly makes things simpler for the hostess. Less and less does enjoyment depend on the number of servants and the variety of the food; but the quality of the food, the charm of its setting, the sincerity of the welcome, these are more important than ever. And what can be more pleasant than an informal buffet supper, whether it be a Saturday or a Sunday night, or even a mid-week maidless evening, when everyone serves themselves, and you are free to invite an extra guest or two at the last moment. Here are five menus, planned for from four to six people, which are open to an infinity of changes. I have set the prices of materials rather high. Perhaps you can lower them. I have omitted bread, butter, and drinks from these menus, as the amount varies greatly with individuals: these you must allow for yourself.

Let us look at the menus:

No. I.

Omit the oyster cocktails and you still have an original, unusual supper at about two shillings per head. The soup will heat while you eat the first course. The macaroni (in its oven-glass dish) will heat and brown before you have consumed the second.

No. 2.

One bottle of milk (the top chilled and used to whip), about two-thirds of a cup of mashed potatoes, a teaspoonful of flour, the same of butter, three sprigs of parsley (unminced), a slice of onion, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce—I believe sevenpence-ha'penny would cover the cost of the soup, but I 'll give it the benefit of the doubt. If the cold meat is from the home chine of spiced beef, or from home-cooked ham or tongue, or jellied meat galantine, it won't cost so much. For home-cooked beef or mutton the price is a very fair guess, or with a tongue in a glass at four shillings and threepence (the best

PEA Soup is delicious when a little whipped cream has been added at the last moment. Entrée dishes and hot-plate from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

I know), you will have about a shilling's worth of tongue to mince next day. With chicken or turkey you must judge for yourself, allowing for your original hot bird, the soup, grilled bones, mince, rissoles, etc., that you get from the remainder. Omit either the potatoes or the salad, if you wish. If you are at home fifteen minutes before supper is served, this meal can all go on the table (or table and sideboard) at the same time. The soup should be served in cups: the potatoes will stay piping hot in the dish in which they are heated. The tartlets can be warmed and allowed to cool again if you like, to flip up the pastry.

3rd Menu

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Pea Soup				
Soup		6		
Whipped Cream		3		9
Shepherd's Pie				
Meat	1	0		
Tomatoes & Peas		6		
Carrots		2		
Potatoes		2		
Gravy		2	2	0
Toast and Butter ..	1	0	1	0
Apple Dumplings				
Apples		8		
Pastry		6		
Hard sauce ..	1	3	2	5
Coffee		8		8
			6	10

No. 3.

Your soup should be made from split peas and an outcast hambone, or bacon rinds. In such case ninepence is rather too large an allowance: if you omit the whipped cream, fourpence should be ample, but the soup still delicious!

5th Menu

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Grapefruit & Orange Cocktail				
One Grapefruit ..		8		
Two Oranges ..		6	1	2
Meat Pie				
2 lb. Veal @ 2/-lb.	4	0		
¾ lb. Ham ..	1	6		
Two Eggs (h.-b.)		5		
½ Lemon ..		½		
Gravy, etc., ..		4		
Pastry		6	6	9½
Fairy Potatoes		3		
Hot Canadian corn		8½		11½
Caramel Custard & Sauce				
1 lb. Sugar ..		3		
Four Eggs ..		10		
One pint Milk ..		6		
½ Lemon		½		
Almonds		2		
Cream		3	2	0½
Coffee		8		8
			11	7½

Shepherd's pie is a dish most people appreciate, especially when *several* kinds of left-over meats are mixed together, every *scrap* of gristle removed, and the meat run (for preference) twice through the mincer. Then mixed with a gravy enriched with a teaspoonful of marmite, and some good ketchup flavouring. It should be a rather moist mixture. A thick layer should be laid in the oven-glass dish, then add some tomato (the unbroken bits from a can that is used for soup), a few peas, rings of carrot, cooked onions, braised celery—all or any of these. Add another layer of meat, then a thick layer of well mashed and beaten potatoes, and garnish with a sprinkle of crumbs and a few dabs of butter. The toast should be made at the table, so each slice is very hot, with dollops of cold butter to eat with it.

I have been lavish with the apple dumpling prices—but there should be as much sauce as dumpling. The dumplings can be reheated when the Shepherd's pie comes out of the oven.

No. 4.

If you don't tell anyone you've left the oysters off altogether, probably no one will miss them. Delicious scalloped salmon (or any cold

(*Continued on page* 88)

1st Menu

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oyster Cocktails				
About eighteen Oysters (four each lady, five each man) ..	1	10		
One-third bottle Tomato ketchup ..		4		
½ Lemon, Salt and Pepper ..		1	2	3
Vegetable Soup (1½ cans) ..		7½		7½
Macaroni and Cheese				
Macaroni ..		4		
Milk		5		
Cheese ..	1	0		
Butter, Flour, Flavourings ..		6	2	3
Fruit Salad				
Two Oranges		6		
One Grapefruit		8		
Bananas ..		3		
½ can Pineapple		9		
Flavourings & Sugar ..		3		
½ Lemon ..		½		
Nuts		3		
Cream ..		4	3	½
Coffee		8		8
			8	10

2nd Menu

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Potato Soup				
Potatoes ..		1		
Flour, Butter, Flavouring ..		1		
Milk & Cream		6		8
Cold Meat	3	0	3	0
Beet and Celery Salad				
Beet		4		
Celery ..		6		
Dressing ..		4	1	2
Scalloped Potatoes au gratin				
Potatoes ..		3		
Milk		3		
Cheese, etc. ..		3		9
Lemon Tartlets	2	0	2	0
Coffee		8		8
			8	3

INFINITE variety and interest can be given to cold meat by an unusual salad. Beetroot and celery is delicious and easy to prepare

4th Menu

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Tomato Soup, clear		6		6
Scalloped Oysters				
Four cans Oysters	3	8		
Crumbs		4		
Butter & flavours		4	4	4
Cold Meat ..	4	0	4	0
Vegetable Salad				
Peas		5		
Beans		5		
Potatoes		2		
Cucumber ..		6		
Tomatoes ..	1	0		
Asparagus tips ..		6		
Dressing		5	3	5
Celery and Cheese				
Celery	1	6		
Biscuits & Butter		6		
Cheese	1	6	3	6
Coffee		8		8
			16	5

FRUIT Salad is a delightful sweet which will not spoil if prepared beforehand and kept chilled. Small cakes should be served with it

Nursery Meals:

By C. Hughes Hallett

It is very important that children should enjoy their food, and pleasure in eating definitely aids the process of digestion. Ovaltine rusks are one of the most popular of nursery foods

It is every mother's duty to acquire a knowledge of food and its value, for a child's mental and bodily development are largely dependent upon its diet

FIRST let us consider the kinds of foods necessary for the healthy growth of the child.

1. *Flesh Formers and Body Builders.*—These are known as proteins and are found in meat, milk, and eggs.

2. *Heat and Energy giving Foods,* namely, fats, starches, and sugars.

3. *Blood Purifiers and Bone Makers.*—These are mineral salts which are found in fruits and vegetables.

4. *Vitamins,* otherwise the fresh element in food. The main point about vitamins is that excessive heat destroys their properties, therefore careful cooking is necessary to preserve them. When possible they should be given in their raw state. An excellent nursery habit is the daily orange juice or apple, as this ensures a certain amount of the fresh element in the daily menu.

It is well for all practical purposes to draw up a few nursery rules and abide by them :—

1. Feed at regular intervals and never feed between meals.
2. After two years of age, three meals a day should in most cases be sufficient.
3. Never encourage faddiness in food, but at the same time see that the food is tempting.
4. Avoid indigestible or highly seasoned foods.
5. Drink plenty of cold water between meals, but never during a meal.
6. Teach the child correct mastication by introducing a certain amount of hard and crisp foods daily.
7. Remember that milk is the staple diet of the nursery.
8. Sweets and cakes should be given wisely and should never be given at bedtime.
9. Always see that the teeth are brushed before going to bed.

Now let us consider the necessary three meals a day. Breakfast presents no difficulties. If the child on awakening has not eaten a raw apple, a dish of stewed fruit is an excellent foundation. This, followed by porridge, toast and marmalade, with cocoa or milk, is sufficient. Where porridge is unsuitable, Post Toasties, Grape Nuts or some of the prepared grains can be substituted, while a lightly boiled egg is always good.

The important meal of the day is the mid-day dinner. This should be fairly substantial. Vegetable or meat broth should be given twice or thrice a week. This, followed by meat or fish accompanied by green vegetables and potatoes, with a pudding or fruit to finish, should suffice. The question of which meats to give is worthy of study. Immature or indigestible meats, such as lamb or pork, should be avoided, and chicken, rabbit, or mutton should be substituted. Liver being rich in vitamins should be served occasionally in an appetising form. The lighter methods of cooking, such as steaming, should be used, frying especially being quite unsuitable for children.

NOW we come to the nursery bogey—the milk pudding. This is certainly all right in itself, but not an absolute necessity. Think of your own childhood days with its many rice and tapioca puddings. The horror of it lives with some of us till this day. Have the rice pudding by all means, but disguise it if possible. Add a few raisins to give an interest, or even the white of an egg made into a meringue and piled on top will transform the pudding into something dainty and appetising. A sponge pudding is a good substitute, or in winter time a wholesome well-made suet pudding is excellent. Supper is usually combined with tea, and salad vegetables such as lettuce or tomato are delightful additions. This with bread and butter and a piece of plain nursery cake and cocoa, milk, very weak tea, or Postum, should make a satisfactory finish up to the day's meals.

Individual dishes are excellent for nursery cooking—anything in the shape of a fairy castle appeals to children. Light sponge puddings with a cherry at the top can be made in these, and a little touch of colour is always an attraction. Mince steamed in these moulds with a hollow in the centre makes an irresistible dish. The mince is turned out, and the hollow filled up with chopped cabbage or other green vegetable and while fairy stories are being woven around these castles, the children have eaten their mince with their quota of green vegetable unknowingly. *(Continued on page 94)*

Children *are a* Nuisance!

That a little knowledge and patience will go far towards mitigating this nuisance is proved

By

DICKIN MOORE

ANYBODY who is frank with themselves will admit that children, no matter how delightful they *can* be, definitely *are* a nuisance, but how many realise that if they took the trouble to understand children there would be no need to punish them ? There are many arguments in favour of punishment, but they are arguments based mainly on tradition and not on education. Corporal punishment, said our elders, is essential if one is not to spoil the child ; but they forget that they were brought up on a system which, though it approved of a healthy fight, acclaimed that one must always hit a fellow one's own size. When one punishes a child one is taking a short cut through the wide fields of education. One is trying to cram adult goodness into the child before it has had time to mix in adult society.

Naughtiness in children must be expected because of their difficulty in finding ways of self-expression which are tolerable to adults. Considering the trouble some grown-up people have in avoiding a life of boredom, is it surprising that children in their search for pleasure are extremely rebellious in their deeds ?

An adult will have no compunction about making noises with his new wireless set. An adult will see nothing unusual or unreasonable in dancing to a noisy jazz band from ten at night till two the next morning. And yet when a child shouts and whistles, and with its trumpet and drum attempts to entertain an imaginary audience, it is often told to keep quiet, and if it doesn't obey it is naughty. Therefore it is punished.

I SAW a very good example of parental stupidity the other day. I was in the train, and opposite me was a man (of the works foreman type) with his little girl of five. The man read a midday paper, and spent two-thirds of the journey in spotting winners. The child was given a banana. This man had not the intelligence to calculate that if it takes two hours to study the racing news it does not take two hours to eat a banana. The result was that at intervals of five minutes the little girl was told to sit still and go to sleep. But she did not sit still and she did not go to sleep. And in order to have a little peace myself, I suggested that she counted the telephone poles between certain stations. Which she did, with much pride, for half an hour. It did not dawn on the father of this child that the way to ensure peace was to provide the child, and not himself, with some kind of entertainment.

The crux of the matter is that children must be recognised. They should have attention—not the kind of attention which never leaves them alone, but intelligent recognition. They should feel that they are an important, not an accidental, part of the family. They should be aware of the authority of their parents, for they will appreciate authority if it is imposed with knowledge, love and reason. Obviously they will rebel against it sometimes, which will be good for them, provided they are not given some absurd punishment. An effective way of dealing with rebelliousness is to give as many reasons as possible for one's action. If one is unable to do this, it signifies that the rebel was at least partly justified, and that the child was merely testing its belief in one's authority.

Ignorance in connexion with the bringing up of children is not confined to any particular class ; it is universal. The mere fact that a man is a father, and a woman a mother, is no qualification for administering instinctive practices on children. Education is a science, and, because it begins in the home, parents should know something about it. And doctors should know enough about it to be able to recommend to their maternity patients at least one book on education.

THE schoolmaster's task is extremely difficult. If he knows his job he is continually in conflict with parents who do not. If he is successful with the child where they have failed, the parents are mystified. They forget that a good schoolmaster treats his job scientifically, and makes it his business to study child behaviour and elementary psychology.

Children are a nuisance, but they are important nuisances, and they belong to a world of their own. It is the business of parents and educators to explore this world ; by this enterprise they will discover the children's difficulties, and therefore be able to help them. Moreover, the children will think of them not as "grown-ups," but as people who also had the bother of growing up.

Household Wisdom

1. Renovate *with* Paint: *a* Lesson *in* Economy

In these days when everyone must economise, don't scrap a chest of drawers, table, or other piece of furniture because it is shabby, but give it a new lease of life by re-painting or enamelling it. Renovating furniture is really a fascinating task, and one which will appeal to most women. Excellent results can be obtained by anyone who is willing to give the necessary time and patience to the work.

If you want to repaint the furniture the same shade as before, it will only be necessary to clean it thoroughly with soda and water to remove all grease; more drastic treatment is advisable however, when changing the colour from dark to light. In this case the paint must be entirely removed and the wood rubbed down with sandpaper. The pictures on the left show how a chest was changed in colour from orange to white.

(1) *Above:*

REMOVE all the paint right down to the wood. Take off the old paint with a stripping compound, or with strong soda and hot water. A washing-up mop is excellent for this purpose. Wear rubber gloves and, if possible, work outside

(2) *Right:*

WASH the furniture with a solution of vinegar and water. Wipe down with a chamois leather wrung out in clean water. When quite dry fill in any holes with putty. Next sandpaper over the whole surface until absolutely smooth

(3) *Left:*

BEFORE putting on the first coat of paint go over any light patches and the putty fillings. When quite dry give the first coat. Put on with even strokes the same way the wood is grained. When quite dry rub down again with sandpaper, then give another coat. When dry, apply the enamel.

2. Take *your* Warmth *with* you

Not only is it convenient to be able to move your fire from one room to another, but it is also economical because it means that the fire is where it is needed—not burning away in an empty room.

There are many different types of portable electric fires available, two of which are illustrated here. The small bowl fire, which stands twelve inches high, has an antique copper base and a copper reflector which radiates the heat. It only costs 17s. 6d. and looks cheery with its deep orange glow. This is sufficient to warm a small bedroom or bathroom. It can be stood on a table if desired.

The electric fire is large enough for any room. Not only is it a practical fire, but it is also decorative and inexpensive. It costs £3 3s., and may be had finished in antique silver or brass.

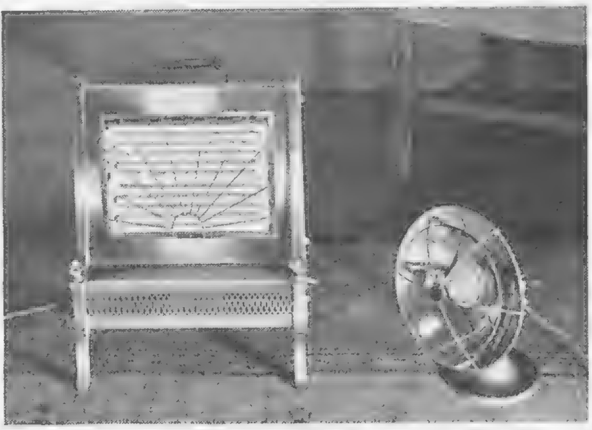
If you have no electricity in your home you can buy an excellent portable stove which uses oil as its fuel. The one illustrated gives a cheerful glow and will warm a room quickly. This stove, with its white porcelain finish and electro nickel-plated trimmings, is really attractive. Its cost is 35s.; a smaller size, with a black japanned finish, can be had for as little as 12s. 6d. These stoves are British-made and cost less than a penny an hour to run.

Electric bed-warmers and hot water bottles are excellent forms of portable warmth which must not be ignored. The bed-warmer which is heated by electricity, after being plugged in to the electric supply for fifteen minutes, will remain hot for six hours, the heat being stored up in a special way. Although so efficient this warmer only costs 29s. 6d.

Another form of heating which can be carried about is the electric blanket, which will ensure a perfectly warm bed all night.

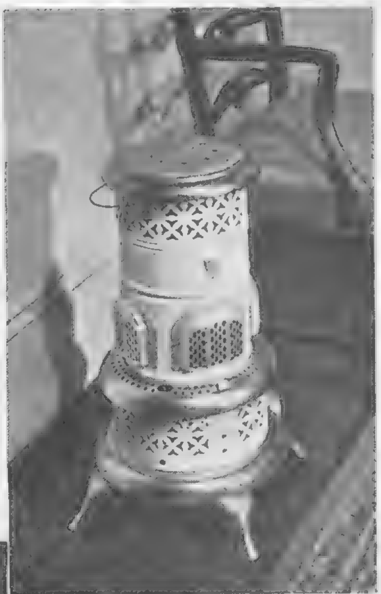
Below:

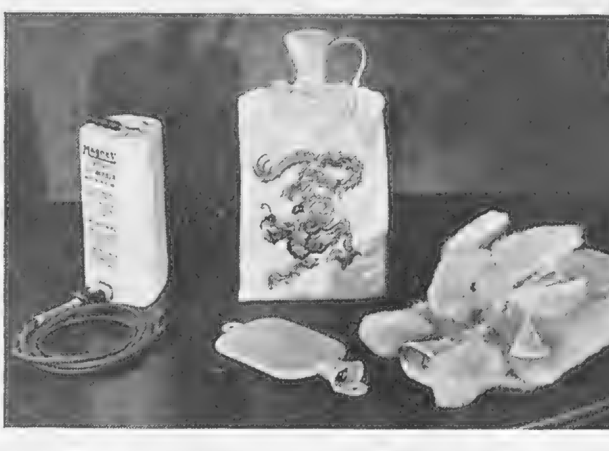
MAGNET electric fires can be carried easily from place to place by means of a handle which drops out of sight when not in use. The bowl fire permits heat to be radiated in any direction.—General Electric Co., Ltd.



Below:

THIS Valor Perfection portable stove is run on oil. It is both decorative and economical.





Left:

HOT water bottles are an excellent form of warmth but they should always be covered. The woolly rabbit and the embroidered cover come from Marshall and Snelgrove. The Magnet bottle is capable of storing sufficient heat to last for six hours. From the General Electric Co., Ltd.

Madam, did you Know . . . ?

Some *useful* Suggestions for simplifying *the* Housewife's *task*

WITH this electric iron you can do your own pleating. There are four different attachments, which permit of four types of pleating, and the whole outfit costs 38/6

SCISSORS need never be blunt, for this little gadget will fit and sharpen any size, and costs only 6d.

THAT a good sprinkling of bicarbonate of soda over the carpet will clean it in the most miraculous way? Leave the bicarbonate on the carpet for about five minutes. Brush with a good stiff brush.

THAT for the small sum of 38s. 6d. you can buy an electric iron which, besides doing the ordinary and everyday ironing, will pleat as well? It has attachments for four different types of pleating, is easily adaptable, is light to use, and no great force is needed or should be used. From three to six pleats, according to the attachment, can be accomplished at a run.

THAT for the small sum of sixpence you need never be without sharp scissors? This little gadget is oval in shape, with a space in the centre for the scissors to "bite" on a small steel roller, placed diagonally across the opening.

YOU can dispense with the old plate basket, save yourself much time and loss of temper, by buying one of the newest inventions of a man famous for household equipment. This wooden silver container is slotted; the apex of each slot is on a slant, thus enabling the maid or housewife to let her spoons slide into the slots quite easily. It will contain a dozen of everything needed for the table, and can be carried into the dining room easily. There is no middle job after the washing. The silver goes straight into the slot and stays there until it is needed. A small ledge at either side prevents the spoons and forks slipping out of the grooves, which are open at either end. It costs 4s. in plain wood and 4s. 6d. in colours.

THERE is also a wooden knife container which holds two dozen knives. Each knife, both large and small, falls into a slot. They can be counted easily, they can be carried easily, they do not fall out, and they are not untidy. There is no danger of picking up a knife by the blade with this holder. Price, in plain wood, 5s. 6d.

A FEW shavings of household soap added to the boiling starch, and well stirred in, will prevent the iron from sticking.

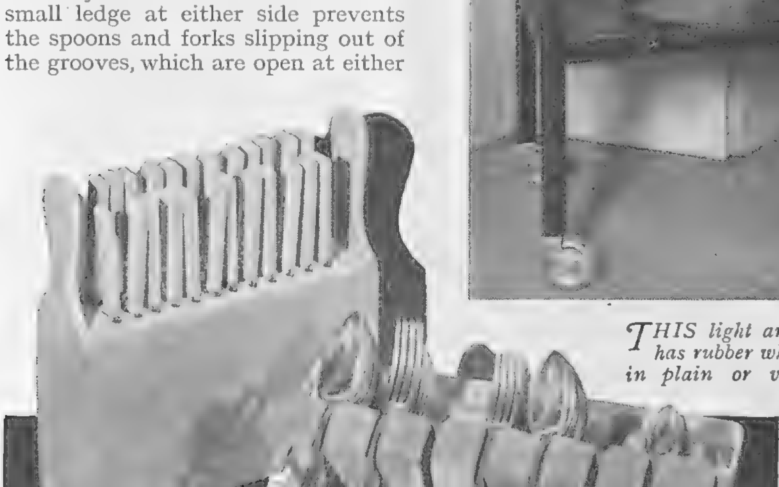
YOU can buy tubes of plastic wood with which to mend the broken corners of furniture, the dented bits of tables, the chipped edges of powder bowls, for 6d. a tube. There is also a mending liquid which will join together the broken pieces of a cup so firmly that even when filled with hot tea it will not break.

NEAT little hangers, with clip pegs attached, for hanging either wet or dry stockings on, can be bought for 1s. 11¾d. In this way the middle of the leg is not marked by a line.

DEAD branches painted in cellulose paint to harmonise with the room make an attractive decoration when flowers are scarce and expensive.

THAT 12s. 11d. will buy a tea or dinner wagon that will prove invaluable in a small flat? With this wagon, running on rubber wheels, there is no need to have a serving table. Joints and vegetables can be served from it very hot, and the whole can be wheeled away out of sight in a moment.

THIS light and useful dinner wagon has rubber wheels and can be obtained in plain or varnished oak for 12/11



EXCELLENT accessories for the housewife are these wooden containers for knives and silver. The knife box costs 5/6 *and the spoon and fork container* 4/- *in plain wood, or* 4/6 *in colours*

Your Very Good Health

The HEALTH of the EYES

Good eyesight is essential in Modern Life: It affects efficiency in Sport, Motoring, Flying. It behoves us to take good care of our eyes

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of a comfortable position and a good light when reading. Miss Edna Best reading "The Tatler" in her rest room at the St. James's Theatre

THE eyes are not only symptomatic of the general state of the health but may, in certain conditions, be the cause of a great deal of suffering if they are not cared for and any defects of sight attended to immediately on their manifestation. Apart from actual diseases of the eye, which do not come within the scope of this article, many mysterious headaches and even dizziness and other symptoms are the result of eye-strain, and, in addition to the physical discomfort, they often cause the sufferers, who do not know the reason for their condition, acute anxiety.

Always, if there are unexplained headaches or there is the slightest suspicion that the eyes are not absolutely normal, an oculist should be consulted. The correction of myopia or astigmatism in the early stages is of the greatest importance as the development of the defect may thus be arrested.

It is a common error to think that once an oculist or an optician has been consulted and suitable glasses have been obtained the matter is finished with for good. The astigmatism may alter considerably not only in the young, during the period of growth, but also in older people: after forty, changes in astigmatism are the rule rather than the exception.

Apart from actual vision there are some people who have what are called "weak eyes" and are more prone to affections of the eyes than others. They can be strengthened by the daily use of a good tonic lotion in an eye-bath, and this is a wise and hygienic precaution for everyone to take. It will relieve irritation and fatigue and lessen the danger of any bacterial infection, such as conjunctivitis. There are a number of efficacious tonics for the eyes, and doctors and oculists may prescribe lotions containing specific drugs appropriate to their patients' needs, but a good "everyday" lotion, made up with boracic acid, witch hazel and rose water, can be obtained from any chemist. As a matter of fact, it has been discovered that the tears themselves contain an anti-bacterial substance called lysozyme, which is actually more efficient than most of the antiseptics used in eye-work, so that when you get something in your eye and it waters it is not only in the effort to expel the foreign body but also to lave the eye with antiseptic!

During adolescence there is often a tendency to styes, sometimes of a septic and troublesome nature. One of the first considerations is to improve general health and the state of the blood. Yeast, taken internally, is often helpful. The daily boracic bath will do much to prevent the attacks, but should a stye form, the eye should be bathed frequently with hot boracic lotion and golden ointment should be applied, especially round the roots of the lashes near the stye itself.

THE number of people who wear glasses to-day is larger than in the past, but this does not necessarily mean that the sight of the community is worse. Let us rather hope that it is a sign that more people realise the importance of having their eyes tested and regulated. Good eyesight is indeed essential to modern life and efficiency. At last sight has been taken into consideration in the issuing of motor-driving licences. Some of the most severe tests men have to pass before they are accepted for the Air Force are sight tests.

In relation to long-distance flights it has been found that the resultant visual fatigue impairs judgment of distance and may cause a man to crash when landing. This fact should be remembered and applied when motoring —or, indeed, when indulging in any sport: even normally strong eyes may lose something of their visual acuity and betray their owners under the strain of fatigue either local or general.

Weak eyes can be strengthened by the daily use of a good tonic lotion in an eye-bath

The BEAUTY of the EYES

Special ways and means to maintain youthful, bright and unlined eyes and to make the best of those very important features

By "CHRYSIS"

A new portrait of Miss Margaret Rawlings, who is justly famed for her beautiful eyes

No. 1 of a New Series of "Feature-by-Feature" Articles on Beauty Culture, which will appear in the following order: (2) The Complexion; (3) Chin and Neck; (4) Hair; (5) Teeth; (6) Figure; (7) Legs; (8) Hands; (9) Arms

THE student of psychology may be most concerned with the mouth, the hands, the frontal development, but, to most people, the eyes are the most significant features. Shakespeare was a man as well as a poet, and again and again he eulogises women's eyes. Recently I heard a girl say of an older woman whom someone with an indecent memory had " placed " at fifty, " But it's impossible! Her eyes are so bright and unlined." Not impossible because she was slim and active, golden-haired and vivacious, but because her eyes were young! I once described eyes as " the speedometers of the years." So fine and delicate is the skin at that part of the face that it is the first to wrinkle. Sunken eyes, puffiness beneath them, tired lids, " crow's feet," and dullness and discoloration of the eyes themselves reveal age, fatigue and strain more quickly than anything and ruin a woman's beauty.

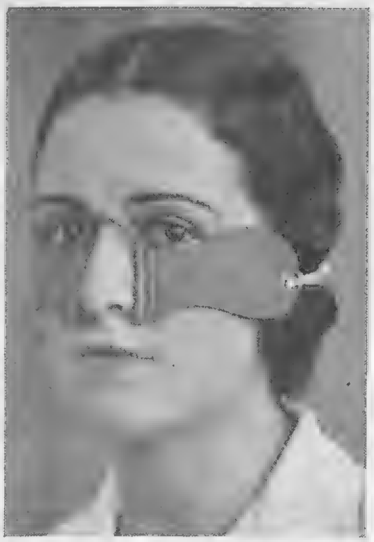
But it is as unnecessary for a woman to let her eyes " go " as it is for her to let her figure go. One famous beauty specialist, who has evolved a comprehensive eye treatment after long research and practice, with the help of some of the most famous oculists in the world, claims that if the eyes are rested, cleansed and exercised, and the muscles and tissues round them kept mobile and nourished with special preparations, they and the surrounding skin will stay smooth and firm practically for ever.

Winter in England with its cold winds, fogs and grime is hard on the beauty of eyes. A richly nourishing and easily absorbed cream should be liberally, almost lavishly, applied at night above and below them and very gently patted in with the finger tips. The eyes should be raised while the cream is patted in beneath them. In the morning muscle oil should be applied in the same way.

If there is puffiness, pads of cotton wool steeped in cold water and special astringent lotion should be placed over the puffs and held in place by an eye strap made of very soft and flexible rubber which fits exactly under the eyes and across the nose and is equally useful in cases of hollows and strain, when the special cream should be substituted for the astringent lotion and water. A cure for shadowed and tired eyes consists of specially prepared bandelettes steeped in hot milk or water and laid on the eyes for five minutes, followed by the application of cotton wool pads saturated with a tonic lotion. This treatment is completed by application of anti-wrinkle cream.

Morning and night the eyes should be washed in an eye-bath with a strengthening and tonic eye lotion. This is also useful after motoring, flying or any exposure to wind and dust during outdoor sports or travel. If the eyes are inflamed, the whites are discoloured, and insomnia or smoky atmosphere have affected them, there are special drops which will remove all irritation, brighten and clear them.

These preparations are actually beneficial to the sight and by relieving eye-strain have often averted the necessity for wearing glasses.



The Elizabeth Arden eye strap of very soft rubber is excellent for hollow and strained eyes, or for puffiness beneath the eyes

AN eye that is bright and clear is beautiful, but there is no doubt that a fringe of long dark lashes adds to its charm and expressiveness. A special eyelash-growing cream should be applied to the tips of the lashes: it will run down the hair, which is a tube, and nourish and strengthen the roots. The lashes may be further enhanced by the application of a harmless cosmetic in an appropriate colour, light brown for the very fair, brown for black

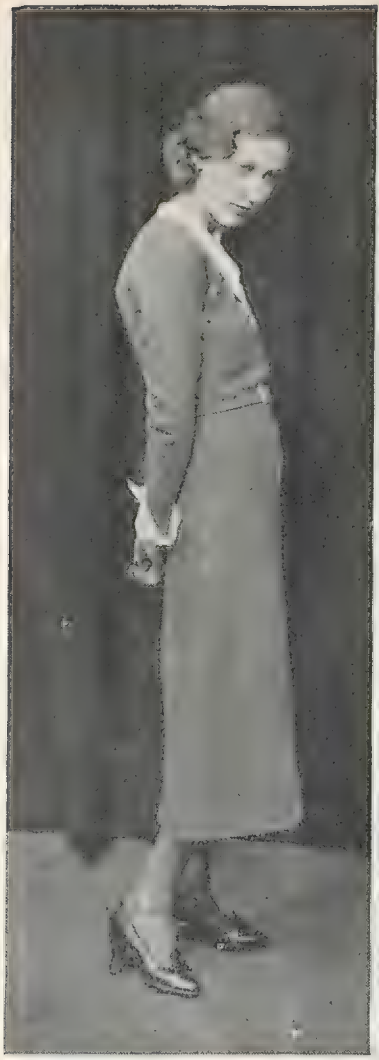
The whole treatment can be done in ten minutes, night and morning; the enforced five minutes' rest while the eye-strap or bandelette is on the eyes is a miniature beauty treatment in itself, and surely these small extra *soins* are worth the little time and trouble, since they add so greatly to a woman's beauty by keeping her eyes young and lovely, and, if Shakespeare was right (and he generally was!), a woman's eyes are:

" The ground, the books, the academies
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire."

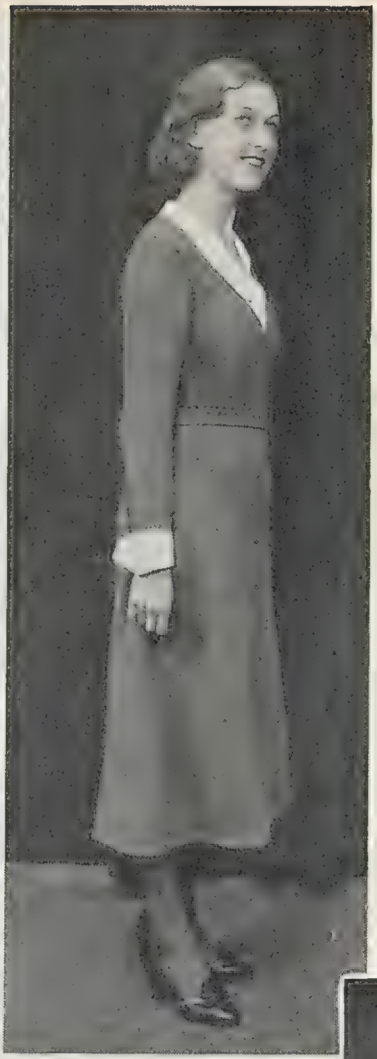
The *Gentle* Art *of* Deportment

An old virtue which has at last returned to favour

By Antonia White



A BAD slouch can spoil the best figure and ruin any dress. Note the round shoulders and protruding abdomen



PROPER balance and distribution of weight are essential to a good figure and to an easy and graceful carriage

THE loveliest dress in the world can look like a sack if it is worn by someone who has never learnt to hold herself properly. For years the "débutante slouch" has been with us, head and shoulders forward, stomach thrust out, a posture which the clothes of yesterday could just support, but which looks woefully out of place with this year's frocks. For modern clothes must be "worn" and not just flung on, if they are to look anything at all. Figures are "in" again, not redundant curves, but flat backs, trim waists, well-carried heads. Slimness is not enough, though it is as important as ever. We have got to learn to hold ourselves properly, to walk gracefully, above all to stand well if we are to retain a rag of reputation for chic. The photographs shown here are an interesting object lesson in how ugly a beautiful figure and a dress on that figure can look when its owner stands badly. See how the neck is thrust forward, not only shortening its line, but making an ugly lump at the back. The weight is unevenly distributed (how many of us automatically stand with the weight all on one leg) thrusting out one hip. The bust is dropped, the abdomen pushed forward and the slim line of the waist entirely obliterated.

Exercise, however, can do wonders, not only towards correcting bad posture, but towards co-ordinating the muscles, tightening up some, loosening others, so that the whole body is under control and standing, sitting and walking become graceful movements and attitudes, instead of a series of awkward slouches.

Here are some recommended by a famous specialist.

To strengthen shoulder and back muscles and correct protruding shoulder blades :

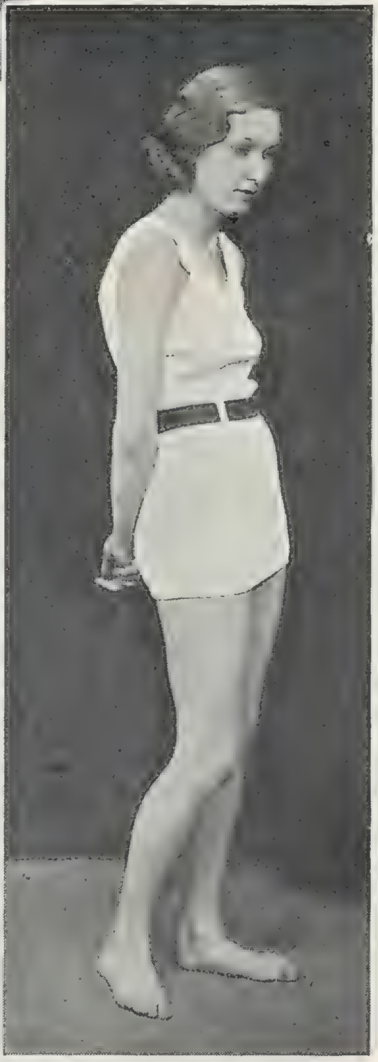
Stand with head, shoulders and arms relaxed forward. Raise arms sideways, without lifting the shoulders. Raise upper back to upright position and drop head back, with the jaw open and relaxed. Concentrate all the effort between the shoulder-blades, at the same time broadening the chest expansion. Do this five times and then rest. (2) Sit back on heels, keeping the knees on the floor. Clasp hands behind lower back, drop head backward, pull shoulders well back and expand the chest.

With head, chest and hands in this position, bend the upper body slowly forward, with the chest leading and the head well back, until the chest almost touches the floor in front of the knees. Then completely relax upper torso, head, neck and shoulders

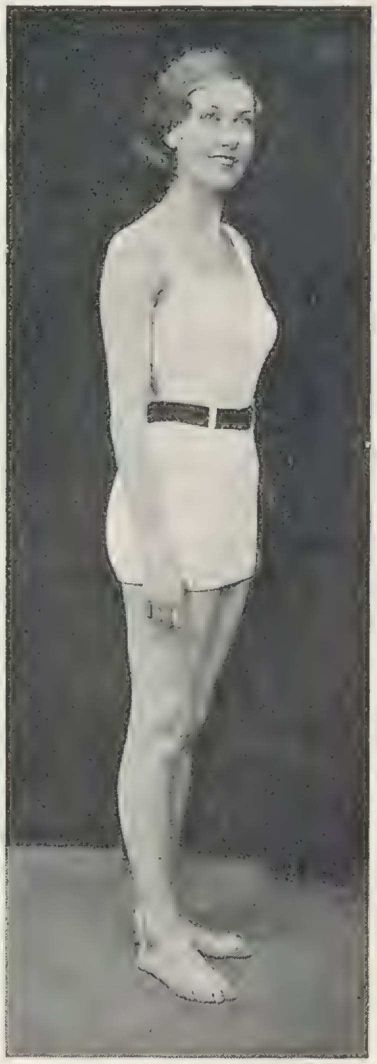
Now, with the whole back round and relaxed, begin to pull in the abdominal muscles and straighten the back, starting at the lowest vertebra and working upwards to the base of the head. The upper torso slowly regains its upright position from the knees, but the chest and head are the last parts to be raised up.

To test your posture :

Stand with your back to the wall, so that the back of the head, shoulders and hips are (*Continued on page* 120)



A BAD carriage is most unhealthy and can damage the intestines and the lungs



A WELL-HELD figure means properly exercised lungs, taut muscles, a good digestion, and an alert mind

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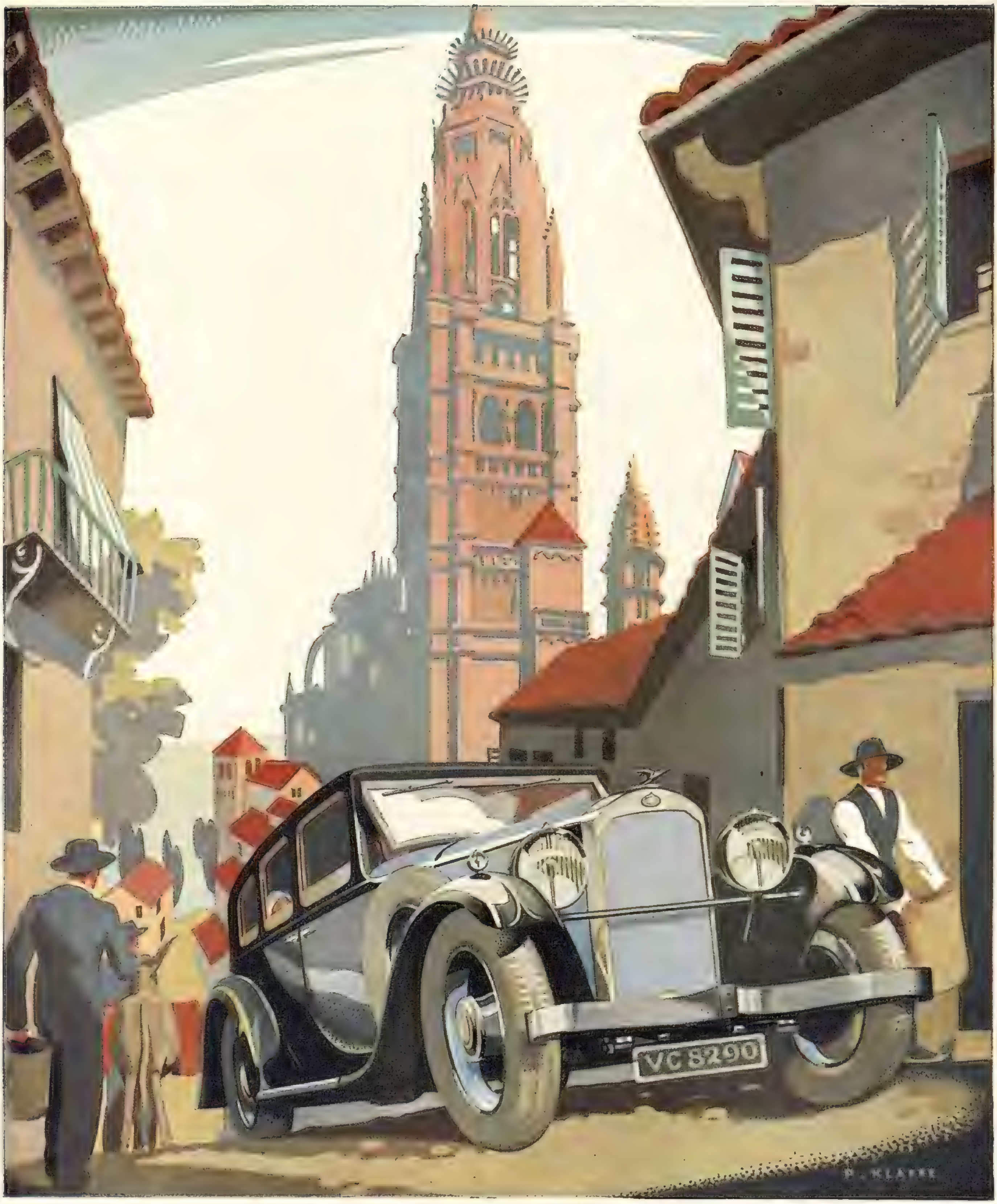

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Salvage

Continued from page 9)

against the partition, stood, a sorry spectacle. Swaying to and fro, and waving his arms, he made gestures that, beginning forcibly and majestically, ceased in mid-air and meaningless nothingness. Repeatedly he opened his mouth and, with an air of careful gravity as of one about to make weighty utterances, made no sound.

Suddenly he slumped down on to his bunk and relapsed into stupor.

"Oh, he's hopeless, Chief," said the Chief Officer to the Chief Engineer, suddenly losing all patience. "Let the damned drunken hog lie and wallow."

And with that he left the cabin.

With puckered forehead and pursed lips, the Chief Engineer stood watching the sleeper. Suddenly he turned, went quickly into the Chart Room, and returned with a slate on which he had chalked:

"S.O.S. Barque *Volterrae.* Sinking. Women aboard. Help. Help. Help. For God's sake."

Prodding, punching and shaking the Captain until he again awoke, the Chief Engineer held up the slate before him.

With owlish gravity, the drunken Captain stared at it and smiled foolishly.

Slowly the look of fatuous solemnity changed to one of awareness . . . surprise . . . bewilderment. With shaking finger he pointed to the word *Volterrae.*

With amazed eyes he stared at it. With twitching lips he whispered it aloud. Fear showed upon his blanching face, as he pointed to the sheet of paper that still lay on the settee.

Picking it up, the Chief Engineer read the words:

"Good-bye. Since you're wedded to the bottle—live with it. I am going with a man who *is* a man and who loves me better than liquor. I'm sailing with him to-day on his ship the *Volterrae.*"

"The *Volterrae.* . . . The *Volterrae.* . . . It's the hand o' God." said the Chief Engineer in an awestruck voice. "With the whole North Atlantic for her to avoid ye in, he's sent ye to save her . . . from death and from hersel'.

"Look man, look," he cried. "Look again. See. An' pull yersel' together. Look."

And putting the paper beside the slate, he pointed to the ship's name on both, while McTavish, staring wildly, fought against himself . . . fought that he might not sink again beneath the waters of Lethe that surged up around him.

Strong will struggling against drugged brain.

With an inarticulate cry, the Captain again lurched from his bunk and, staggering to the wash-basin, plunged his head into cold water.

"Tinned sardines," he said, emerging, and seizing a glass, poured water over his head and neck.

The Chief understood and rang the cabin bell.

"Bring a tin of sardines and a bottle of tomato sauce, and then make some strong coffee," said the Chief, as the Steward entered the cabin.

Thinking this was another drunkard's whim, the man grinned, and received a look that sent him flying to the pantry to return as quickly.

Seizing the open tin and pressing the fish with his fingers, the Captain drained the oil to the last drop. He then emptied the bottle of tomato sauce.

Fortified by this curious antidote, and aided by the Chief Engineer, the Captain pulled on his sea-boots and oilskins, and then, clutching at every support, clambered up on to the bridge. There he clung and swayed while, with every nerve and fibre of his being, he fought for the victory over himself.

AND to all it was soon apparent that Captain McTavish's brain was very much alive, even if his legs were not entirely under control, and his speech was a trifle thick.

Having swiftly studied the wreck through his binoculars, he called the surprised and delighted Chief Officer to his side.

"Mr. Mate," he said, "I'm going to get those people myself. . . . I know it's rightly your job. . . . But I've a reason—which you'll know later. . . . Get the port lifeboat unlashed, and let me know directly you're ready to lift her off the chocks."

The Chief Officer looked hurt and disappointed—possibly with some difficulty and effort—and, calling to the Bosun, hurried off to carry out his instructions.

The Captain then turned to the Chief Engineer.

"Get every barrel of your lubricating oil on deck," he shouted.

"Aye, aye, Sir," replied the Chief, cannily remembering that there was any amount of superior stuff in the cargo.

The deep crease between the Captain's reddened eyes showed the strain under which he was labouring.

Having grasped the situation and given his orders, the Captain's conscious mind appeared to be about to lose command and control.

Relinquishing his grip of the rail with one hand and turning to the heavy thick-set Second Mate, the Captain flung an arm about that officer's shoulder with the foolish remark:

"Ship's drunk. You're sober. Let me have men about me that are fat."

The Third Mate, strung up above concert-pitch, laughed shrilly and unmusically, and, sharply breaking off in the middle, begged to be allowed to go in the boat.

"You're young, my boy," replied the Captain, smiling foolishly. "Young and blue-eyed, an' by'n'by you'll be old and blue-nosed if you keep out a boat. This job won't be like pullin' ashore in the Captain's gig, with brass buttons waving in the sunlight and blue eyes flashing in the breeze."

The Captain's legs began to sag and the Second Officer had to take the Captain's weight.

"I can pull an oar with any man on board, Sir," said the Third Mate.

"Pull an oar. . . . Pull. . . . Pull a . . . Pull self together," said the Captain, and straightened himself up.

"Got anyone dependent on you?"

"No, Sir. Not a soul," lied the young man.

"All right, my son, come and commit suicide with me, then. . . . For how can man die better than facing fearful odds . . . feefle odds . . . fee flods . . . flods . . ."

And again Captain McTavish sagged and slumped against the sturdy support of the Second Mate.

BY the time the Mate sent a boy to report that the boat was ready for launching, the tramp was well to windward of the wreck and making little headway as she pitched and tossed.

Bidding the Second Mate to keep her so, Captain McTavish seized upon the Third Mate and, using him as a living crutch, lurched to where the men were waiting.

Though typical Merchant Jacks, they were an exceptionally good crew, for the massive Bosun, who always sailed in this ship, had a good well-known name amongst seamen and could always pick and choose among them.

Once more Captain McTavish, making a mighty effort, pulled himself together, relinquished his hold of the Third Mate, stood erect before his crew and, in view of the great and hazardous task before him, regarded them with a new interest.

"Men," he said, and his speech was crisp and clear, "Mr. Allen has kindly consented to let me take on the job of saving those poor chaps on the barque. My Third Officer is coming, so I want five men. Who volunteers?"

The Bosun's deep voice boomed forth.

"Beggin' pardon, Sir, you're only wantin' four."

"You 'aven't never found me 'angin' back, yet," he added.

Captain McTavish turned and smiled.

"I'm sorry, Bosun," he said. "Of course you've never hung back. You've never failed me once in all the years we've been to sea together."

"Yess, inteed," quavered an excited Welshman. "Yess, and no one iss hanging back whateffer, look you, but I haf neffer before sailed with the Captain, and it iss a good man, look you, that we must haf to take us in the rough sea whateffer."

"Don't you fret your fat, Taffy," said the Bosun. "The Cap'n 'ails from Deal, where they knows what a boat's for and which end goes first before the other. Why it'll be a pleasure-cruise with 'im. 'Oo's for the *Skylark*?"

At this, the crowd laughed uneasily.

"They *all* wants to go, Sir," the Bosun went on, "an' if you'll take my advice, you'll 'ave the two Finns. They're first-rate lads."

The first-rate lads grinned sheepishly and shuffled heavy feet what time, as the wily Bosun quite expected, a young Glasgow hooligan enquired whether perishin' Britishers weren't also perishin' well good enough to go in the perishin' boat.

"Good enough," said the Bosun. "There's your four, Sir."

"Right," cried Captain McTavish. "Lower away as far as you dare and bowse her in to the main-deck stanchions with a three-inch rope. Put in two spare oars and throw that rudder out. Bend the heaving-lines together and coil them in the stern-sheets. . . . We'll need 'em. Put a man at each davit, ready to let go, and another man with an axe at each lashing, so that when I give the word, she can rip."

While this was being done, the Chief Officer received his instructions.

"First and foremost, Mr. Allen, don't spare the oil, for we've plenty aboard. When I get within a cable's length of the wreck, send down bucketsful, because I'm going to turn round. I daren't go to the lee side with her yards and masts slashing about in the water, and I can't board her to windward. So it means riding stern-on to her, and hauling the poor devils through the sea. The first time I fire my pistol, I'm going to turn, and the second time I fire will be for you to get down to leeward to pick us up. . . . Give us all the shelter you can. . . . Good-bye."

Getting into the boat as steadily as he had ever got into a boat in his life, the Captain surveyed her critically and could find no fault. The Bosun had even put in a canvas bag of oil to tow behind them.

Stationing the Bosun in front of him and the Third Mate at the bow-oar,

"Put your helm down, Mr. Allen," he shouted, and as his order was obeyed and the ship brought the sea abeam, she rolled yet more and more.

"Bosun," croaked the Captain, "My voice has gone. . . . Give the word when she touches."

The ship lay over till a wave licked at the boat's keel and the Bosun's great voice thundered.

"Let go, all."

The lashings parted to the axe-stroke like so much string, and with the falls hissing through the blocks, the boat sat down on the crest of the wave without a splash.

The oil gave her a smooth for the fending-off and a few strokes pulled her away from her big safe floating home.

It was an hour when the awed yet thrilled and excited onlookers realised that the Bosun's tribute to the Captain was neither misplaced nor exaggerated, for McTavish, at the long steering oar, handled the boat with a skill not less than perfect.

Double-ended and fitted with airtight compartments, the little craft rode the seas like a seagull, but those in her knew that one wave breaking over them would send them straightway to their doom.

With burning eyes, the Captain watched the seas, and, with the utmost skill, manœuvred the boat between the savage dreadful crests.

Suddenly, when from a height he caught a glimpse of the figure lashed against the barque's mizzen mast, he fired his pistol in the air. (*Continued on page* 84)

Safeguard his Health!

Mother! You're starting him the safe way, if you bring him up to use Wright's Coal Tar Soap. In his early years particularly, this soap can do much to keep him free from ills. You know how germs can be picked up. Wright's kills those germs; washes them away in its soothing antiseptic lather. Doctors will tell you that Wright's is a good soap, a *protective* soap; to the thoughtful mother — and that, of course, means *you*—Wright's is a boon and a blessing; it can do *so much* to relieve you of care.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d per tablet

British Made

DOCTORS USE AND RECOMMEND IT

The Double-Purpose Soap

Streets

SAPO CARBONIS
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
DETERGENS

"Backwater starboard," thundered the Bosun, and as the boat went down deep into the trough, the Captain swung her stern round with such strength that his oar bent like whalebone and the boat swerved till she pointed to windward.

Aided by the Chief Officer's liberal and skilful use of the oil, the boat shipped no more water than two men working swiftly could bail out.

Now pulled only sufficiently to keep her head to the seas, the boat drifted as near to the wreck as the Captain dared allow. . . . He could see the water pouring through her smashed bulwarks, and the ragged distress-signals flapping at the gaff.

Some of the crew were in the rigging; others were still pumping as though they had turned into machines and could not stop.

"Now, Bosun," roared the Captain, and the Bosun, shipping his oar, swung the weighted heaving-line round and round his head, and then hove it far and fair into the mizzen-rigging, where it was caught by the nearest man, who promptly took a turn of it about his waist—and jumped.

Hauled aboard the boat, he proved to be a negro, shivering, half dead, distraught by fear, his eyes protruding from his grey-green face.

With clenched fists, gesticulating, like a dumb man, the Captain gibbered at him incoherent, inarticulate, and then found his tongue.

His voice, rising high and clear above the storm, flung dreadful threats and awful epithets at the clinging figures on the *Volterrae*. He swore by God that he would smash the skull of the next man who dared to seek his own safety first.

"Send the woman, you cursed crying cowards," he bawled. "Send the woman next, or stay and drown, you screaming, bloody rats!"

THE Bosun coiled his heaving-line, swung and threw again. The men stopped pulling to watch. The boat was nearly swamped and he cursed them foully—for gaping god-damned sheep. While some bailed for dear life and others pulled and a great sea hid them from the ship, the Bosun hauled mightily upon his line. It was too heavy. The shamed, frightened and reviving negro tailed on to the rope and pulled.

Wrestling and fighting at the steering-oar, the Captain swore that if it were a man on the line he would beat his brains out and fling him back. . . . A powerful swimmer came up struggling mightily, and was grabbed and held by long fair hair . . . which belonged to the woman lashed to him.

Soon she lay in the bottom of the boat at the Captain's feet. . . .

Lay like one dead.

Now that he had her, he seemed to change and suddenly to grow afraid. He even lashed the ever-striving Bosun with his scourging tongue for not throwing the line fast enough. He even bawled to the poor shaking wretches left upon the ship to ask if they thought he had come to save their miserable and worthless carcases. . . .

Again the Bosun threw his line straight and true into the ship's mizzen-rigging and there, to the accompaniment of a ragged cheer from the boat, a man seized it and fastened it not about himself but about his companion who clung beside him. . . . This man was hauled alive, but insensible, into the boat.

Again the Bosun coiled and swung and threw, and again the same man seized the line, and as he fastened it about himself, the strong swimmer who had brought the woman from the *Volterrae* to the boat sat up and was sick.

"He's the last," he then said. . . . "Cap'n was killed by a falling spar. . . Four of the coloured crew lost trying to launch the only boat left.

"Serve 'em right, damn them. . . . I'm the Mate," he added.

The last survivor of the crew of the *Volterrae* was hauled to safety.

McTavish fired his pistol and the boat was pulled clear.

As they drifted back to the steamer, they could hear loud joyous shouts and concerted cheering, but the reaction had set in and only the Third Mate shouted back.

On the outward journey, excited, wrought-up and exalted, each man had behaved according to his nature, that nature which, normally hidden, and perchance hidden for years, great peril will always disclose.

The higher the boat had been flung, and the faster her downward swoop in the swirling froth, the more the Third Mate's spirits had risen, and he had sung aloud like the brave soul he was. In front of him the Finns had pulled steadily, mightily, in dogged silence. On a high note of wild excitement, Taffy had begged everyone to keep calm, while the young Scot snarled lurid oaths at him and bade him take in the slack of his perishin' jaw-tackle and make less perishin' noise.

The Bosun had grunted at each tremendous stroke of his oar and behaved exactly as though rowing in a ship's boat-race. Now they were spent, tired, deflated, slack.

"Now then, you cripples, pull like hell!" shouted the Bosun.

"There iss no need to pull whateffer," replied the Welshman, and though this was the obvious truth, he received a grievous insult for telling it.

The rescued Mate, becoming delirious, began to sing in a deep bass tuneless voice.

Although the Captain was dry in his oilskins, he now shook, trembled and shivered like the soaked, starving and half-drowned negroes. It was a most unhappy and disgruntled boat-load of humanity that at length pulled in under the steamer's lee.

When they had hooked on the tackles and the winches had begun to rattle, the ship gave a sudden lurch that dashed the boat against her iron plates. The boat's side caved in like a basket, and to the horrified onlookers it seemed that her occupants must be drowned after all, drowned at the very last minute of their Homeric superhuman struggle with the sea, but the boat held together while she was whisked up on to the deck.

The scene there needs no description. The Chief Engineer, shaking hands with anyone whose hand he could seize, assured each that he couldna be more glad if he'd been left a hundred poounds—and meant it, and believed it.

As he stepped from the boat the Captain held the Bosun's arm.

"You know I didn't mean it when I cursed you, Bosun," he said.

"If you did, sir—at the time—what's it matter?" replied the Bosun.

"We know each other, Cap'n," he added, and, as he turned to go below, bawled:

"No more for the *Skylark*. Come on 'ome, you cripples."

With rest and warmth, food and drink, the rescued negroes were once more as happy as children.

Summoned to the chart room, the rescued Mate of the *Volterrae* told the old and all too common story of the skipper who, under the influence of drink, insists on carrying sail, cracking on, and driving her under, when he should have shortened sail and hove to.

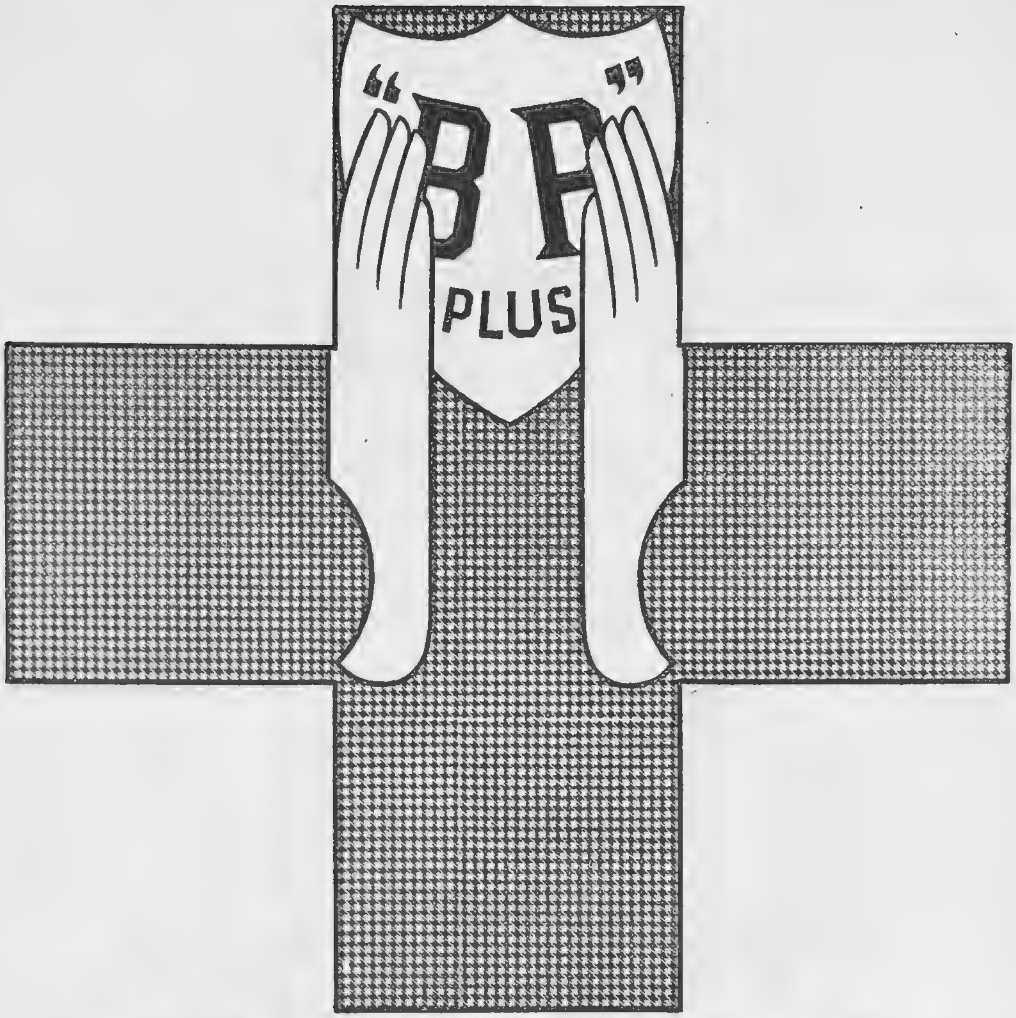
"Aye . . . the drunken swine!" commented Captain McTavish, without the flicker of an eyelid, as he turned and went back to his room. . . .

Noiselessly closing the door, he tiptoed to the bunk, and looked down, for the hundredth time that day, on the sleeping woman whose love for him was now the only thing that he valued in life.

He had loved her with a great and rare love—and he had loved liquor. He had lost her, and his heart had seemed to turn to stone, his life to dust and ashes. By the marvellous mercy of God she had been returned to him, and now he worshipped her. . . . And liquor? What of liquor? . . .

Captain McTavish buried his face in his hands and, for the second time in twenty-four hours, the courageous man was terrified.

(*Continued on page 86*)



AHOY!

B P PLUS
Plus what?
Plus a little something some others haven't got

B P Plus has an addition to the petrol which greatly increases the efficiency of any engine.

Merciful God or mocking Fate? An everlasting mercy or a just, if harsh and lasting, punishment? Of what avail to have regained her if another man—a dead man—had her heart, her love, her thoughts?

Would her first question be "Where is he?" and her second "Why did you not let me drown?"

What scorn and deep reproach would he see in her dear eyes should they open now and rest upon his face?

What name would spring first to her lips ere she fully awoke to consciousness and knowledge?

"ROBERT! . . . *Robert!* . . ."

Delirious. . . . This was delirium. Of course; for she had called his name. . . .

Again she uttered his name and his heart leapt. . . .

His name, not that of the other man.

Then came dreadful doubt, and stabbing jealousy. Might it not also be the name of his dead rival? Dead, anyhow, damn him! . . . dead and damned!

Yes, and what of Captain Robert McTavish, alive and damned?

"*Robert!*" . . . again.

Yes, the swine's name must have been Robert, and, turning about, the Captain reached again for the whisky bottle.

Balancing himself easily to the swaying of the ship, Captain McTavish poured out a tumblerful of the spirit.

"Well, Robert, my friend, here's to you—in Hell! . . . And to me—in Hell! And I think your Hell is better than mine. We'll meet . . ."

"*Robert!*"

A movement from the bunk . . .

Robert McTavish turned, the brimming untasted glass in his hand.

His wife was sitting up, her arms outstretched.

"*Robert! . . . My darling* . . ."

Flinging the contents of the glass into the wash-basin, Captain McTavish fell upon his knees by his wife's bedside and crushed her to him.

A long, long embrace . . . Devouring kisses . . . A little cry . . . A rending, shaking sob . . .

And Robert McTavish rose to his feet, drew back from her, and his hand again closed upon the whisky bottle.

"Robert!"

"Was *his* name 'Robert,' too?"

"*Whose* name? Oh, my dear, don't drink . . . now!"

"Was *his* name 'Robert,' too? . . . What are you going to do now? I'm sorry you've lost your . . ."

"Oh, the poor darling!" she sobbed. "I think my mind's going, Robert. He was killed before my eyes. A thing fell on him. Oh, that poor old man!"

"*Old* man?"

"Uncle . . . The *Volterrae* . . . He only got command of her a fortnight ago. . . . I asked him to take me. . . . Oh, Robert, I only wanted to give you a fright."

Again Robert McTavish threw himself down by his wife's bedside and took her in his arms, his face transfigured. When he could find his voice:

"Listen. Leave me again and leave me for always. . . . Leave me—and go to another man, if ever—so long as I live—I taste alcohol again," he said.

"Oh, Robert . . . I love you . . . I love you . . . I *love* you!" she whispered.

And the salvage of Robert McTavish was accomplished and complete. . . .

Ay, ma mannie, yon man, Corporal Scott is the leevin' image o' Bobby McTavish. . . .

END

Big Business (*Continued from page 11*)

by the experts. But they started out boldly on their great task.

Van Horne was the first to go into battle, with an army of 12,000 men and 2,000 teams of horses. There was one 200-mile stretch alone—on the northern shore of Lake Superior—for which £2,400,000 had been allotted. Of that vast sum no less than £400,000 was spent on explosives!

The biggest decision of all was that the Government plans for crossing the Rockies by certain routes should be scrapped, and it was the very path which Walter Moberley had designated twenty years before that the new Canadian Pacific syndicate chose in their stead.

By 1884 the Canadian Pacific syndicate had spent all its money, and neither New York nor London would invest a penny piece in the enterprise. Stephen, Smith and Van Horne even mortgaged their homes to raise the necessary capital to carry on, finally inducing the Government to lend them £6,000,000 at 4 per cent. for four years, on the condition that they finished the line five years sooner.

Even then they were not out of danger; but they kept up the work of construction at a desperate pitch, and within a few months Van Horne—with his fiddle—and his singing army of Russians, Italians, Serbs, Swedes and Canadians had reached Eagle Pass. On November 7th, 1885, Donald Smith—the future Lord Strathcona—drove the last spike into the rails at Craigellachie. *The line had been built in four years!*

The map of the whole North American continent was instantly altered. Tens of thousands of miles of uninhabited territory were thrown open to the world at large; and tens of thousands of people began to stream from the Old World to this New World of the West. A few years before, the Dominion had meant merely Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax. Suddenly the balance of power was shifted towards the Pacific, and new cities began to spring up along the Canadian Pacific line: Winnipeg, Regina and Calgary.

Even the Far East was embraced by this alteration of the world's geography. It was now possible to reach Hong Kong, and the great Oriental markets, by way of this line that wound itself so tortuously across the Rocky Mountains.

Having bridged a continent, they now wanted to bridge an ocean. Six years after the consummation at Craigellachie three splendid vessels sailed the waters of the Pacific: the *Empress of India, Empress of China*, and *Empress of Japan*. The years passed by, and presently "Empress" vessels sailed the Atlantic. Great hotels rose at strategic points. Palaces miscalled "railway stations" dotted the continent. Telegraph wires linked the outposts to the cities. The Canadian Pacific ceased to be a mere company; it became a Great Power, with more millions behind it than many a constituted country could boast. It could even go to war!

In 1914, Lord Shaughnessy—who succeeded Lord Mount Stephen as president—offered to the Government an organisation controlling a fleet of potential armed cruisers, 19,000 miles of railway track, a telegraph system operating on 100,000 miles of wire and cable, and workshops in Montreal that soon became one of the biggest munition plants in the world.

And, to cap it all, it made a £20,000,000 loan to the Allies!

On the tide of this vast co-ordinated effort a young lawyer called E. W. Beatty—known to his friends as "Eddie"—surged to the front. For some years he had acted as assistant legal counsellor to the company. He knew all the secrets, all the foibles of the thousand and one executives: and he had the rare ability of handling men and never losing his temper.

He became, in time, the right-hand man of the rapidly ageing Lord Shaughnessy; yet when, just after the war, he was named president only a few Canadians had ever heard his name. Yet even the men who could no longer dare to call him "Eddie" agreed that the appointment of this sturdy, square-jawed young man—in his early forties at the time—was a legitimate and logical one.

Beatty found himself in a position which even his far-distant English relative—the Admiral of the Grand Fleet—might have envied. Sitting in his rooms above the Windsor Station in Montreal, he scanned weekly balance sheets in which the currencies of 59 different countries had been converted into Canadian dollars. Property worth more than £200,000,000 was placed under his control. The prosperity—or otherwise—of his company was not only a barometer of conditions in the Dominions, but a matter of daily concern to all the great financial markets. In a mere thirty-five years the C.P.R. had risen to be the greatest single British corporation and the world's greatest travel system.

Many men might have rested on the laurels which had been presented to them.

But Beatty was a sane optimist; he wanted to fling his far-flung legions even farther afield; so he looked around for fresh worlds to conquer. And his first great decision was to embark, at a time of threatened depression, on the biggest merchant shipbuilding plan in history. It involved the expenditure of £20,000,000 in British shipbuilding yards; and the vision which inspired it is reaping the reward to-day, when lines handicapped with less modern vessels are being so sorely tried. In a single three years since the war the C.P.R. launched four 20,000-ton "Duchess" liners for its Atlantic service; five high-speed freighters of 10,000 tons each; six Pacific coastal steamers; two new luxury vessels of the "Empress" class for its trans-Pacific service; and the giant *Empress of Britain*, the finest example of British shipbuilding craft that the Clyde has ever sent out to the four oceans.

The gross annual earnings of the company rose and rose till they attained the enormous figure of £45,800,000. Yet not many years ago C.P.R. stocks were ostracised on the Stock Exchanges of New York and London!

And all the time the man who was once "young Eddie" grew more closely wedded to his task. He was a bachelor when he assumed office, and a bachelor he has remained. His sole recreations are hard work and long hours.

Yet it is no merciless machine that his will has moulded. There is a strange patriotism amongst the hundreds of thousands of C.P.R. employees which is notably absent from the ranks of other mammoth corporations of to-day.

* * *

THE hand of the man in the room marked "President" hovered over the map and came down on that rectangular section of old London that lies in the angle between Bruton Street and Berkeley Square.

E. W. Beatty had made his decision boldly, like the captain of the Canadian Pacific liner who gave the order for a head-on argument with an iceberg. The president wanted to be sure that when better times came a C.P.R. hotel would be on the spot: the captain wanted to be certain that no underwater projection would tear his vessel's fabric from bow to stern.

And that night, just a year ago, the president paused—as he always paused—at the ice-frosted window of his room. Below him, the snow-festooned telegraph wires were humming with the tales of C.P.R. men in Auckland and Peking who wanted advice—from Beatty; and C.P.R. men in Moscow and Madrid who wanted help—from Beatty; and the thousand and one fragments that go to the building of the daily story of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

And stretching out to the west the shining rails on which the whole great world-edifice had been built: westward to Chicago and Toronto, thence westward to Vancouver. Then more ships to carry the flag of the service even farther west, until—all of a sudden—it would be east again!

He must be a proud man, this Tsar of a Country-on-wheels: they say he is a very lonely man.

END

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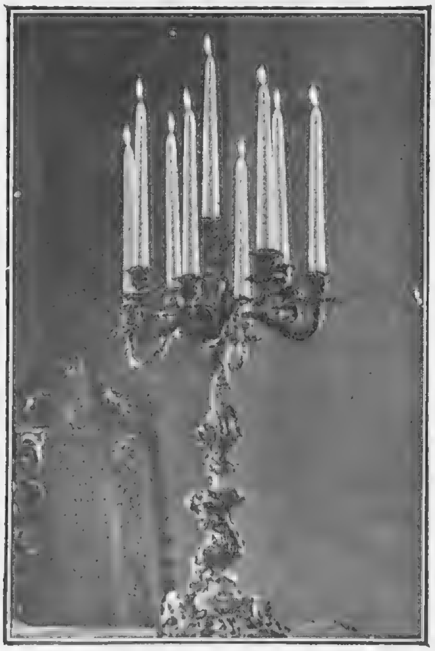

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Aldwych

Yellow Women and Blond Men

(*Continued from page* 61)

Mrs. Bransome herself opened the door and peered out.

"It's yoost Tanya, Mrs. Bransome. I came——"

"Oh, it's you! Come in."

The Russian came in, closing the door carefully, stamping her feet to make sure that they were free of snow. Then she saw a strange thing. She saw that the chintz curtains had been torn down and lay in a huddle with the fragments of a black bowl which had once contained a pirouetting china nymph. Chrysanthemum heads swam in a pool of water which was slowly, slowly darkening the gay scallops and tan roses of the Axminster carpet. The whole room had been looted. Steve's books were flung in the grate; a little bowl which he had loved had been smashed in a hundred pieces.

Tanya's calm blue eyes, travelling slowly from the smashed bowl to Mrs. Bransome, saw another strange thing. For Mrs. Bransome was wearing, not the smart tailored suits that she loved, but the long, straight satin coat with the high collar that the Chinese girls wear.

"What are you staring at, squarehead? See anything wrong?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Bransome. I was yoost——"

"Yeah, I know. You needn't say it. You were yoost wondering. Well, I'll tell you, so you needn't wonder no more. He's left me. Steve. He's run off to Shanghai with one of those Russian sluts from the Gaiety. She must have given him the money—women were always fools about Steve. They've done a bolt together. See? Now you needn't worry no more.

Suddenly the rasping voice faltered and was still, the painted mask became tormented and human with a storm of difficult tears. Tanya's placid bosom was broad, and her arms were comforting. Mrs. Bransome lay there in her huddle of satin finery, the blond head bent over the dark.

"There now, Mrs. Bransome! Yoost a minute; stop crying, please. Poor little one, there. He'll come back."

"No, he'll never come back. He's gone. I knew he would one day."

"Sure he'll come back. There! These men, sooch foony ideas they have, but they come back."

"Yeah, your men come back to your women, maybe, but not to mine. You! Squarehead! Tanya! You knew all the time, didn't you? I used to catch you staring at me with those great, stupid blue eyes of yours till I wanted to tear them out. Blue eyes and yellow hair like his. You know? Don't you?"

"There, poor little one. Nothing is worth that you upset yourself. That I have learnt myself long ago."

"Yeah, *you've* learnt. You're like a great block of white marble. Nothing could make you suffer."

"Yah . . . Mrs. Bransome?",

"Yah, yah, yah! You're blond, like him. You blond people understand each other. We can't understand. I tried to learn. I tried to give him the things that would make him happy, but he went. Tanya! What did I do wrong? What, what, what? Tanya! You block of marble, you! What?"

"Why, nothing, Mrs. Bransome. I tink Steve—Mr. Bransome—may be one of those men who have yoost got to go on."

"Oh, Tanya, I loved him so!"

"There, there. Yoost lie still, and Tanya will make some tea."

The incense that Steve hated crept into the room with the winter twilight, smouldering joss sticks that she had lighted to appease those gods deserted for the cheap new gods of San Francisco. And Tanya stayed there, a broad crouching shape, her blue eyes seeing beyond the dim room, beyond the lights and clanging Chinese street sounds that were floating up from below, tow here the little Shanghai steamer must be tossing in the open sea with Steve Bransome on board.

It was her tragedy that she loved him too.

AS Steve Bransome leant against the rail, watching the last lonely coast lights blotted out by snowy darkness, he laughed out loud. Who would have thought it? That great cow with the fair plaits! He could see her now, standing before him in the waterfront bar where she had sought him out, pushing the roll of dollar bills into his hand. They were all for small amounts, he remembered—the savings of years, probably—and she was insisting that he should take them! His smile deepened, tinged with vanity. There were no limits to what women would do!

And again he was standing perplexed, looking from her to the roll of bills in his hand, listening to her halting, guttural English.

"That is enough, I tink, for the steamer fare to Shong-hai. Please to take it. I would like very moch to help you to leave Chungclin. Yah, yah, you will take this, and you will go back to your native land, and you will tell no one, please, that it was Tanya who made this possible. You will go to-morrow, yah?"

And when he had protested, she had insisted eagerly, "Yoost a loan," and had closed his fingers round the fat little wad of bills. For a moment he had stood there looking at her, really perplexed, trying to make out her game, wondering what she wanted in return. Was the astounding creature in love with him? Should he laugh and slip an arm carelessly round her thick waist? Kiss her, perhaps, full on her wide peasant mouth? But even as he debated, she turned round and started to walk heavily to the door, her cheap boots creaking. He roused himself, and called after her:

"Have a drink?"

She did not seem to hear. The door closed after her, and he heard her creaking clumsily upstairs to the street. He still stood there staring at the bills, genuinely astounded; then the beginnings of a satisfied smile curved his full, womanish lips. Well! Who would have thought it? Women had always made fools of themselves over him—he was used to that. But still—the great cow with the fair plaits!

And he had stripped the first bill off the careful little roll.

"Double whisky, Jim."

END

The Buffet Supper

(*Continued from page* 73)

fish) can be substituted at the cost of a shilling or one and sixpence.

THE fifth menu speaks quite clearly for itself. "Fairy potatoes" are boiled potatoes squeezed through a ricer into a double boiler—when you want them, set over boiling water until they are quite hot, then beat with plenty of butter, add some flavouring and a dash of milk. The corn already turned from its tin into a double boiler is made hot in exactly the same way; substitute cream (if you can) for butter, and omit the beating. A last word. For invited guests always set your table before you leave the house. If no one is invited yet, set for two, the host, and one place at his right hand—where a wife is sure to like to sit, when there are no visitors! But make the table big enough to *hold* six. In these days of polished surfaces and mats two more—or four more!—places can be added with ease in five minutes.

"Sound sleep at night...

I can't do without it," *SAYS THIS EXPERIENCED AIR PILOT*

"GOOD-NIGHT, sleep well,"—*but do you?* Statistics show that seven out of every ten people suffer in one way or another from too little rest. For scientists have proved that it is how *soundly* we sleep that counts, not necessarily how *long*. If you are tired when you wake in the mornings — if you feel you could do with more rest than you've had — it means you have not slept soundly enough to shake off fatigue entirely.

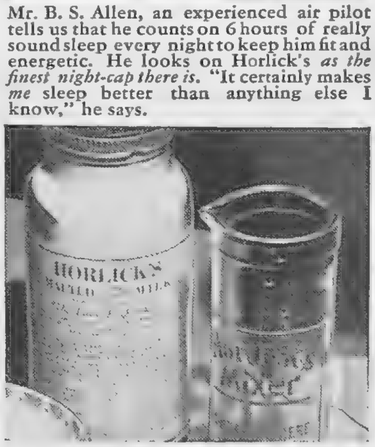
Last thing at night.

A cupful of Horlick's Malted Milk last thing at night is a splendid way of promoting sound sleep — sleep that leaves one fresh, alert, and vigorous next day. The warmth and generous nourishment of the malted milk are soothing to the whole system. Warmed, calmed and fed, you are in the mood for sleep. Soon, relaxed and drowsy, you are soundly asleep. And while you sleep the rich nourishment in Horlick's is storing your system with new energy. The rich, full-cream milk and selected wheat and malted barley from which it is made, provide just the body-building elements you most need in order to keep well and strong.

* * *

Start taking Horlick's to-night! Chemists and grocers everywhere have it in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the handy Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/–. With one of these you can develop an extra-smooth, creamy drink in a few seconds. Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.

Mr. B. S. Allen, an experienced air pilot tells us that he counts on 6 hours of really sound sleep every night to keep him fit and energetic. He looks on Horlick's *as the finest night-cap there is.* "It certainly makes *me* sleep better than anything else I know," he says.



HORLICK'S *PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED*

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

★

This Month's Motoring Hint

The Tramway Problem

NO type of vehicle causes so much annoyance to the motorist as the tram, and no type of annoyance is so difficult to deal with. The best advice that can be given to country drivers in tram-infested streets is to treat these anachronisms always with the greatest possible suspicion. Assume that they will always jam on their eight-wheel brakes when you are just behind them, and exert their full power of acceleration when you are just about to pass.

Always make a point, also, of "straddling" the tramlines, and of crossing them, where necessary, at a perceptible angle, say 15 degrees. To drive in the tramlines, or to cross them at a very small angle, is to invite a skid.

NOTICE the new recessed armrests to the rear seats of this 1932 "Cadet" Saloon. The footrests disappear into the floor when not required

THE 17 h.p. 6-cylinder Vauxhall "Cadet" Saloon, priced at £285. The 1932 model has a new synchro mesh gearbox with silent second speed

A Popular Vauxhall Model:

The "Cadet" Saloon

Road-tested—and highly commended—by The Earl of Cardigan

ALTHOUGH brand-new models may perhaps be more exciting, I find it in many ways extremely interesting to try, year by year, successive editions of a popular and well-established car, noting the progressive and gradual improvement which takes place. The Vauxhall "Cadet" is a case in point. It is, to outward appearance, very much the same "Cadet" that I reviewed a year or so ago, yet various modifications have been made, the sum total of which represents a very considerable advance.

My first impression of the 1932 model was of increased mechanical refinement, for which I understand that a new type of piston is largely responsible. Certainly the engine is unusually quiet and smooth, the controls combine lightness with efficiency, and the car "handles" very pleasantly in the London traffic through which my trial run began.

So much was evident, even before I had investigated what is probably the chief individual improvement of this chassis—namely, the "synchro-mesh" gear-box. The basis of this device is an ordinary three-speed box, of which the lowest gear engages in the normal manner. Both second and top gear, however, are claimed to be—and in fact are—uncrashable; in each case the revolving gear wheels are automatically synchronised before the engagement takes place.

To change down from top to second gear, for instance, it is merely necessary to depress the clutch pedal and to move the gear lever gently forward. As it passes beyond the "neutral" position, one may, if one's ears are keen, hear a slight sound as of a small friction clutch coming into action. Then the second gear slides in with miraculous silence, and, if the engine is accelerated slightly as the clutch pedal is released, there should be not even a jerk as the drive is taken up.

ONE great advantage of this form of gearing is, of course, that it sets the conventional driver nothing new to learn. Anyone could drive the "Cadet" indefinitely without so much as discovering the existence of the synchro-mesh device which it incorporates. He might, it is true, experience some astonishment in finding his ordinary methods of gear changing so unfailingly successful, but he would probably attribute this merely to the fact that he happened to be unaccountably "in form" that day.

In a word, the synchro-mesh gearbox is supremely unobtrusive. It invites you to change gear in your customary manner, however skilful or clumsy that may happen to be, with the assurance that any miscalculation will be discreetly and automatically corrected. It also provides, in the case of the "Cadet," two silent ratios instead of one, since second gear is practically as quiet as "top."

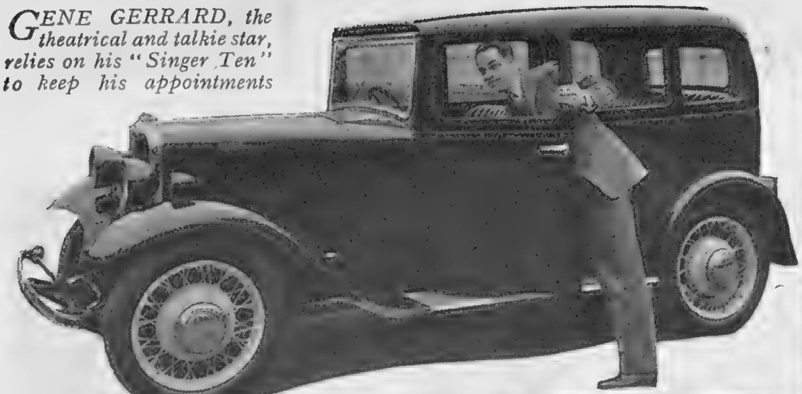
Although high speed has not been aimed at, I soon discovered that this 1932 model is by no means a sluggard on the open road. The 17 h.p. engine is able to produce an honest 60 m.p.h., and has a very pleasant cruising speed around the 50 m.p.h. mark. Its smoothness at all speeds is remarkable, and it possesses a very fair reserve of power for hill climbing and acceleration. Incidentally, it runs exceptionally cool; so much so that really hard driving does no more than maintain a normally efficient temperature.

THE springing is admirable, and shows to particular advantage over pot-holes and in rough country roads. It has an almost infinite capacity for absorbing road shocks, and, even when tested from the back seat, is agreeably free from bouncing. It permits, however, of a certain amount of side-sway, a fact which was apparent whenever speed was not sufficiently reduced in cornering. In the matter of springing, however, it is scarcely possible to combine all the desirable virtues, and the maximum degree of comfort under ordinary circumstances is hardly ever achieved in conjunction with complete stability in cornering.

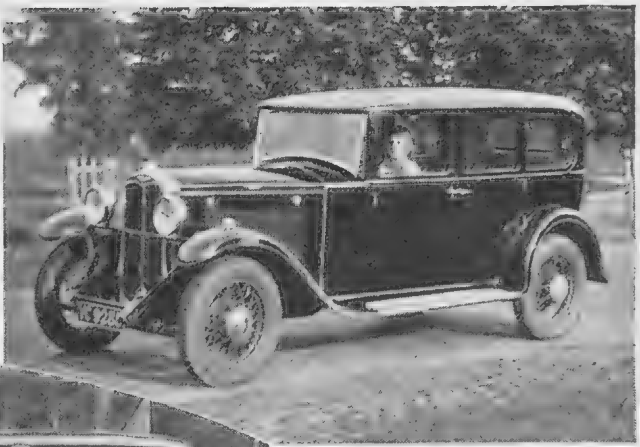
The various systems of motor-car suspension may be divided roughly into "soft" and "hard" types. Hard suspension is generally preferred for sports cars, being the best for cornering and speed work. At low and medium speeds, however, it transmits too many road shocks, and the utility car consequently tends to favour soft springs.

Vauxhall brakes have for some time borne an enviable reputation, and this is fully maintained in the "Cadet." The braking is of great power, exceedingly light in operation, and yet completely free from objectionable fierceness when the pedal is firmly applied. The steering is likewise above reproach, being light, with a good lock, and having just about the right amount of self-centring action.

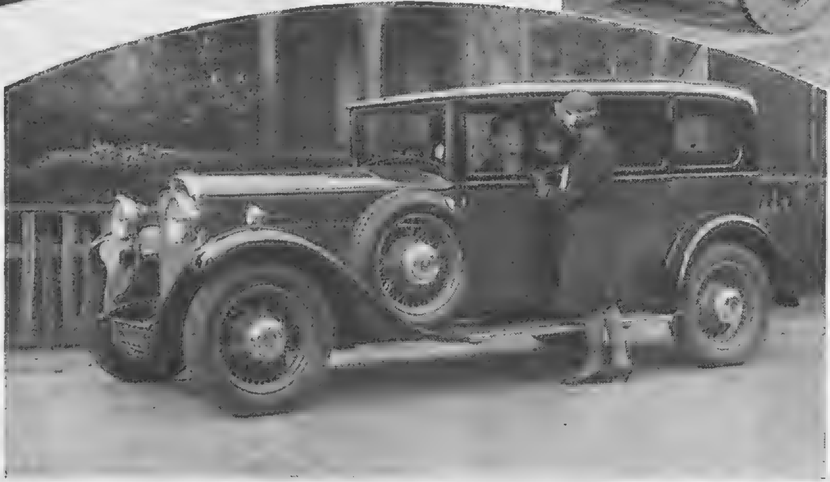
THE coachwork includes many neat and convenient features, such as recessed arm-rests and disappearing foot-rests, and I particularly liked the method of stowing the tool kit in a handy position underneath the bonnet. The front seats have an extensive adjustment for length, although the angle of the cushions is not ideal for the long-legged. Safety glass is now a standard fitting on all Vauxhall models. Altogether, it would be hard to find more complete value for money than these cars, selling as they do in the neighbourhood of £300.



GENE GERRARD, the theatrical and talkie star, relies on his "Singer Ten" to keep his appointments



A REDUCTION in price. The Hillman Vortic 8-cylinder Saloon has been reduced to £375. Remarkable value among 20 h.p. cars of high quality



THE new 16/50 Humber Saloon is a distinct advance over its predecessor in the matter of detail refinement

Exit *the* Expert . . .

Anyone *can* drive *the* Modern Car !

IT is an interesting coincidence that the last two cars which I have reviewed for BRITANNIA AND EVE have been among the select few now fitted with "fool-proof" transmission, and that two others of this type should have come my way only a few months previously. In every case, I have been able to report that these new systems of transmission have completely vindicated the claims made for them, and I have little doubt that before long all private cars will be similarly equipped.

In the case of the Vauxhall, reviewed in this issue, a slogan has been coined :—"The car that makes every driver an expert." This is at least as true as any slogan is expected to be, and it suggests another which would be no less accurate : "The car that makes every expert—just a driver."

To complain of a state of affairs which is likely to benefit the great majority would, of course, be both reactionary and foolish, yet I believe that I shall not be alone in regretting the passing of that manipulative skill which used to distinguish the good driver from the bad one. No very great hardship, after all, was suffered by the man or woman who was unable to make silent changes with the ordinary gearbox, whereas a great deal of innocent pleasure was enjoyed by those who were able in this respect to excel their neighbours.

I realised this when recently demonstrating one of the new gearboxes to a lady driver of my acquaintance. I did not at first disclose the existence of the "fool-proof" device, but allowed her to drive the car in the ordinary way. She did so with considerable skill, making a number of changes, both "up" and "down," which would under any circumstances have been models of neatness and silence. I said—"You do that very well—but you are wasting your abilities on a modern gearbox." Then, taking the wheel myself, I made a series of what should have been disgraceful "crashes."

My bad changes, of course, had precisely the same effect as her good ones—namely a silent, clean engagement. Unfortunately, like Queen Victoria, she was "not amused." In fact, I think she was genuinely disgusted to find herself denied the expression of her undoubted mechanical dexterity. It would be interesting to know what proportion of private motorists would share these sentiments.

IT may be argued that the skill formerly required for gear changing was only a small fraction of the skill which will always be required to drive a motor car in safety along a crowded main road. This may be true, but we must not ignore the definite distinction which exists between good driving based on common sense and skilful driving based on mechanical aptitude and dexterous use of the controls.

To steer a car down a street without colliding with other cars or obstacles is, after all, a very similar problem to that of walking briskly down a crowded pavement without colliding with pedestrians or lamp-posts. It is almost entirely a matter of experience. Even intelligent children will get in the way of other walkers, and even the dullest of adults will be able to avoid such errors. Skill, in the strict sense of the word, is therefore not demanded.

To take a corner at the proper speed is also very much a matter of experience and common sense. The action of centrifugal force, although very interesting in theory, begins to become familiar in practice as soon as a child has fallen down once or twice through running too fast round a corner. One cannot claim that a high degree of skill is necessary in order to avoid the same mistake in motoring.

APART from gear changing, the only operation in driving that I can think of requiring genuine skill is that of manœuvring a car into a very small space in a garage or a car park. This can only be done efficiently in reverse gear—a fact which is realised by about one driver out of every half-dozen—and accurate reversing calls for a considerable degree of ingenuity. To "lock over" at just the right moment, to bear in mind what the outward sweep of the front wheels will amount to, and to "straighten out" when the desired point is reached—all this enables the driver to indulge whatever dexterity and judgment he may happen to possess.

Logically, of course, it is quite absurd to deny one's gratitude to the motor manufacturers who succeed in making easy operations which once were difficult, and I am well aware that one may appear churlish in seeming to do so. It all depends really on the extent to which one appreciates the "sporting" element in motoring. If one regards motoring in any sense as a sport, then I do not think that the above will appear quite so unreasonable.

The game of golf, for instance, has been well described as "the endeavour to strike a small ball with certain weapons singularly ill adapted to the purpose." This may be so, but the golfer would probably not thank one for devising other weapons by means of which the desired result might be attained with ease and certainty. He would say, "This is a wonderful invention—but it has spoiled my game!" Surely this expresses very closely the sentiments of the lady to whom I demonstrated the modern means of changing gear ?

IT must be admitted, however, that the motor car is very rapidly outgrowing the sporting associations of its early days, if indeed it has not already done so. Its utility has been so enormously extended that the utilitarian aspect has of necessity overlaid all others. To the vast majority of people, a car has become one of the essential methods of conveyance, and by them its simplification is rightly welcomed and appreciated.

While some few of us, therefore, may shake our heads over the modern "fool-proof" gearbox, and remember sadly those bad old days when one revolving gear wheel had to be scientifically speeded up to the exact peripheral velocity at which it could be engaged with another, honestly compels the admission that motoring as a whole has benefited by the change. The manufacturers have truly interpreted the desire of the majority for easy and trouble-free transport, and we will not deny them the credit which their ingenuity deserves.

Stop that cold with

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Don't take it home to your family

In a crowded conveyance—in a warm office—you travel and work all day long in an atmosphere saturated with germs which settle in the warm passages of the nose and multiply amazingly. And unless you destroy these germs, you will take them home with you and start within your family a round of colds pregnant with dangerous possibilities.

Vapex cleans and fortifies the delicate membranes of the nose and throat against the germs which cause colds. It gives immediate relief by clearing the nasal passages. It goes directly to the seat of the cold. It gently stimulates the respiratory system. Simply put a drop of Vapex on a clean handkerchief and breathe often its pleasant but powerfully antiseptic vapour. Put a drop of Vapex on each end of your pillow and fight your cold while you sleep. Cold time is danger time—be sure to use Vapex—instantly available, instantly effective.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-
(Double quantity in 3/- size)

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co. Ltd.
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Look *after your* Books

Some Useful and Practical Hints

BOOKS deserve to be well looked after because they give so much pleasure.

Don't keep them in a bookcase against a wall which is damp or they will soon develop brown spots on the pages. These spots it is almost impossible to remove.

The ideal bookcase is one which has glass doors, for then the books have light and yet they are protected from dust and dirt. If you use an open bookcase, use one which has a back. If it has not a fitted *wooden* back, fasten a piece of linen to the back of the case with small tacks.

If you wish to store books for a period, pack them in a box which has been well lined with brown paper, and be sure you pack them tightly. If you do this and cover the top with thick brown paper before nailing on the lid, they will not deteriorate, provided the box is kept in a dry place.

In addition to the hints which are illustrated here on the care of books, you will find that linen bindings can be cleaned by wiping them over with a soft duster which has been dipped in hot water and then wrung nearly dry. Immediately after this treatment dry the book thoroughly with another soft duster.

Should mould develop on a book cover, wipe this over with cotton-wool dipped in oil of lavender. To prevent the mould forming again, wipe over the bookcase with a cloth which has been dipped in oil of lavender and hot water before replacing the books.

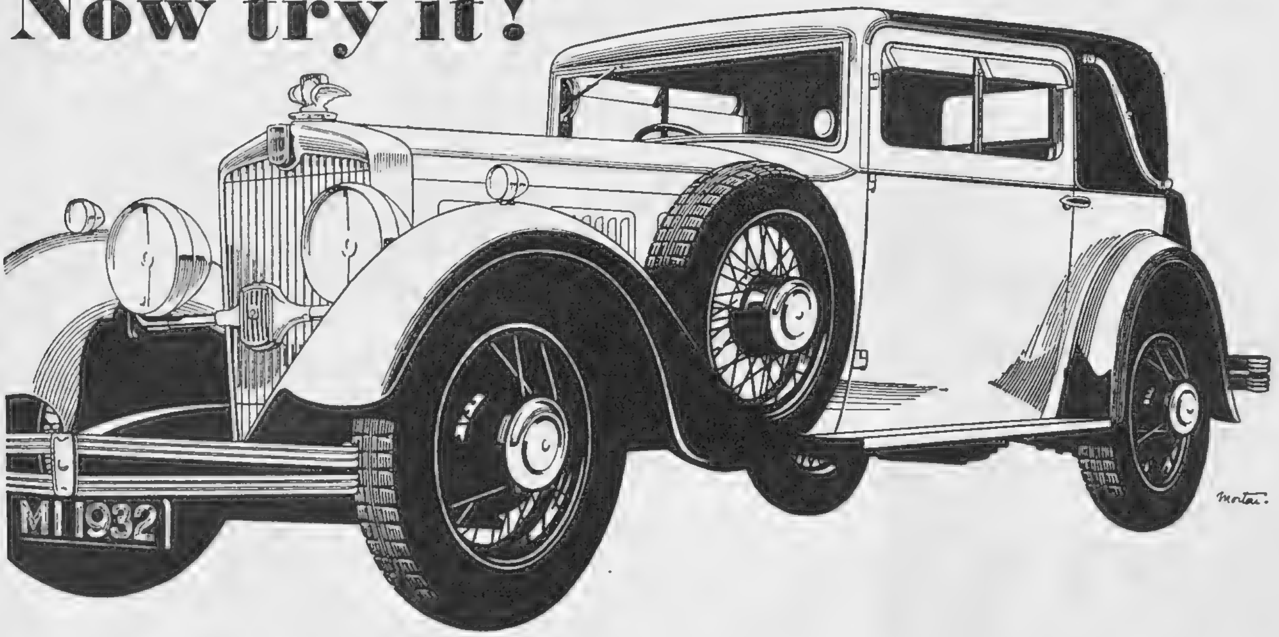
THE best way in which to remove dust from the top of books is to use a vacuum cleaner. As you will see, this tool has a brush which also helps in the cleaning process

(Left)
BOOKS with calf bindings can be made to look like new if they are cleaned with a reliable leather cream. This also preserves the leather. When buying the cream match the colour of the binding as nearly as possible

(Left)
THIS is the way to replace leaves which have been torn out accidentally. Put the page down on a piece of brown paper and then put another piece on top to cover all but an eighth of an inch. Hold this and paste thoroughly with a library paste. Replace the page in the book, put a piece of blotting paper on top and close the book. When dry remove the blotting paper

A GREASE spot on a book is disfiguring. It can be removed easily if you use a piece of clean blotting paper and a warm iron in this way

You **must** have heard about it
Now try it!



Morris cars are guaranteed for two years.

Morris fit Triplex glass throughout.

● Here it is, the new Sports Coupé Isis. Fast? Yes. Expensive? Rather not! But that's only half the story. You've only to open the doors, sink into the seat, put your own hands and feet on the controls and let her get going. Then you realise fully what all the talk's about. First . . . second . . . silent third . . . top. There's speed, swiftly, at your command. Now touch that other pedal. "Hush" say the Lockheed Hydraulics on every wheel and you're pulled up gently but firmly.

And now glance below at the price and specification to see why you can and should have a Sports Isis for yourself.

4-Door Saloon . . . . . *with Pytchley sliding head.*	**£350**
2-Door 4-Seater Sports Coupé . *with Pytchley sliding head.*	**£350**

BRIEF SPECIFICATION: 6-Cylinder o.h.v. 17.7 h.p. (Tax £18). 4-speed twin-top gearbox. Track 4 ft. 8 in., wheelbase 10 ft. 6 in. Long semi-elliptic gaitered spring hydraulic shock absorbers. S.U. carburettor with pre-heating and air cleaning device. Lucas lighting, starting and coil ignition. Biflex headlamps. Eddyfree fronted coachwork. 5 Magna type wire wheels. Dunlop tyres.

The Morris range also includes the Minor (from £100), Family "Eight" (from £152 10s.), Cowley (from £165), Major "6" (from £199 10s.), and Oxford "6" (from £265). All prices ex works.

Send a postcard to Enquiries Dept., Cowley, for illustrated catalogue, full details of service facilities, name and address of nearest dealer to whom to apply for free trial run, and, if required, how to purchase out of income.

MORRIS MOTOR HOUSES.
Strong, fire-resisting. Steel frame, asbestos panels, roll-aside doors. Easy to erect. Prices from £9 15s.

MORRIS ISIS '6'

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Buy British and be proud of it.

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by the divinely lovely
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MERCER-CROCHET
MERCER-CROCHET 60 J. & P. COATS
COATS' THREADS ARE BRITISH MADE
C 241

NEVER TO LOOK OLD AS LONG AS YOU LIVE. With the aid of Mr. Willi's new Electric Method of removing the marks of age, worry or ill-health, a woman can have her face permanently made young within a week. Bags and wrinkles around the eyes, loss of contour of face and neck, unsightly features, etc., are corrected painlessly and forever. Mr. Willi is here seen improving the facial contour of a well-known London Actress. He has treated approximately 10,000 cases during his 20 years' practice in London. His Consulting Rooms are at 40, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Letters *to the* Would-be's of the Theatre

(*Continued from page 45*)

are encouraging the British Drama. You are spreading Culture.

You let the manager do all the worrying about the profit. Why, he has been known to make a profit even out of a loss!

When he says, "I know we have had four bad weeks, but it might turn into a success if we run for another six months," do your best to believe him.

When he tells you about "Tons of Money," and "Chu Chin Chow," and "The Maid of the Mountains," and says that his show is much better than any of those, do not ask him why it was not put on in the ordinary way of business by astute managers who back their own shows and always pay their debts, but just remember that Signorinetta once won the Derby at 100 to 1 and that, after all, Mr. Scala got some of his money out of the Irish Sweep.

A backer, you must realise, performs a very useful function in the service of the British race. He buys the nice golden bands that managers never remove from their cigars. He pays for the Rolls-Royces which managers immediately hire, to prove they have found a backer, after all, and he finds the money for all those expensive offices in the West End which prove to us that the British Drama is not dying, after all.

Besides, when you are a backer, you will be allowed to have supper, perhaps, with the leading lady, and you will find this a most thrilling experience. You will be able to hear, from first hand, how good she is, and how, if she only had her chance, which you, of course, will be allowed to give her, she could become one of the world's great stars.

As no one else knows how good she is, except the leading lady, you will be hearing exclusive inside information.

You back her shows; she shows her back.

I know one backer who, after spending about £40,000 on West End plays, is now a steward on a liner. He has the great joy now, when he is not serving soup, of telling the other stewards how once he knew Miss Wonky-Tonk. This impresses the other stewards very much. They all wish, so much, that they had £40,000, that they save up their tips, so that they can back a show, one day.

Yes, you will have some great thrills, if you are a backer. You will be able to know whether the manager is going to make any profit out of your investment or not, and you will be allowed to buy him lunch every day.

This is done by all the best backers.

If you are not rich enough to be a backer, try to look like one. Then you will find, when you walk into a West End restaurant, half a dozen managers will want to meet you. You need not have any money. Get it whispered around, and your lunch will be free, and you will be able to hear, at first hand, how marvellous a certain show is going to be.

Never meet the comedians, however. They have no respect for backers. They often make rude remarks about them, especially if, after the first week, their salary is cut in halves. Passers-by think they are jokes. They are not.

Then, at the end, you can join the Backers' Club. You will find it allowed to seat itself near the fire at your local workhouse, honoured by all.

There is a branch on the Embankment, but only the best backers go there—the ones who used to be very, very rich, the ones formerly rich enough to back three shows running.

Before they jump in the Thames, they always pick up the cigar ends thrown in the gutter from the motor cars of the rich managers whose failures they once backed.

The backer will be just about to choose a nice dry-looking piece of water. The manager will be on his way to find a new backer.

He will find one.

So, while the backer will be dying on water, the manager will still be living on champagne.
—Yours hopefully,

Nursery Meals

(*Continued from page 74*)

HERE are some simple nursery puddings which may be used to ring the changes.

NEWCASTLE PUDDINGS.

INGREDIENTS.—*2 eggs, their weight in butter, flour and sugar, ½ teaspoonful baking powder, a little milk.*

METHOD.—Cream the butter and sugar, add eggs (beaten) and flour by degrees, and mix well. Add the baking powder at the last with just sufficient milk to make a soft consistency. Turn into greased dariole moulds and steam for ¾ hour. Turn out and serve with jam or custard sauce.

SYRUP SPONGE.

INGREDIENTS.—*½ lb. flour, ¼ lb. suet, ½ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoonfuls ground ginger, 1 gill syrup, 1 gill milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful brown sugar.*

METHOD.—Sieve the flour, bicarbonate of soda and ginger into a basin, add the finely chopped suet and sugar. Beat the egg and add to it the melted syrup and the milk, then stir this liquid into the dry ingredients. Mix well and turn into a greased basin, cover with a greased paper and steam for about 2 hours. When ready, pour on to a hot dish and pour round some heated syrup.

BAKED APPLE CHARLOTTE.

INGREDIENTS.—*4-6 apples, ½ lb. breadcrumbs, 2 oz. suet, 2 oz. sugar.*

METHOD.—Peel, core and slice the apples. Mix the breadcrumbs, shredded suet and sugar together. Place alternate layers of prepared apples and breadcrumb mixture in a greased pie dish, finishing with breadcrumbs. A little water may be added to the apples if necessary. Bake in a moderate oven for about 1½ hrs. till the apples are cooked and the pudding nicely browned.

GENERAL FAVOURITE PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS.—*2 or 3 sponge cakes, a little jam, 2 eggs, ½ pint milk, 1 dessertspoonful sugar.*

METHOD.—Split the sponge cakes and spread them with jam. Cut them in neat fingers and put them in a greased pie-dish. Beat up the yolks of the eggs with the sugar, and pour over them the hot milk. Strain this custard over the sponge cakes and bake in a cool oven for about 30 minutes until the custard is set. Whip the whites of the eggs stiffly, add to them two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, place this meringue roughly on top of the pudding, decorate with a few cherries, and place in a cool oven for 20 to 30 minutes until the meringue is set.

END

Baked Jam Roll.

Baked Jam Roll—crisp,—delicious,—most nourishing, is no more trouble to make than a milk pudding, when you use

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

RECIPE.

½ lb. Flour. ¼ lb. Shredded 'Atora.' Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about ¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

452*b*

THE first tee had no terrors for Miss Lee, Mrs. Mole and Mrs. Gordon Harrison at Woodhall Spa

FIRST TEE-ITIS

and the Northern Foursomes at Royal Lytham and St. Annes

By Eleanor E. Helme

THE first part of this article is addressed to all who ever take part in any competitions anywhere; the second to those who have any thought of coming to the Britannia and Eve Northern Foursomes which are to be played on the Lancashire coast in April. If either category of readers should glance over the other's section—well, so much the better; nobody is too unused to big competitions to find a welcome at our Foursomes, and nobody who is an habitué of them will object to a reminder of how to tackle nerves on the first tee. We are all of us subject to them, more or less.

To all sufferers there is this consolation to be offered: most people get over that feeling of nervousness with constant competition play, and it mercifully leaves you as soon as the first shot has been struck. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*

But there are certain definite things one may do to render the feeling innocuous. For example, do not sit waiting on the first tee watching others drive until you are cold physically as well as with fright. Though it is fatal to hurry on to the tee as your name is called to start, too long a wait is certainly equally productive of nerves. Give yourself time to have a practice swing or two: that will give you confidence.

Then, when the time comes for you to tee up, do not be in a bustle. You have a perfect right to choose your place to tee with due thought. And, above all, do not hurry your swing. That is what nerves make you so prone to do. Swing a little more slowly than usual, relax your muscles rather than brace them, and then try to keep your body steady, your eye on the ball, and to forget that people are looking at you. Probably they are not looking at you at all, and it is only foolish self-consciousness which makes you think so. Think only of the shot, and the horrid moment will soon be over, and you will "come to," as it were, and find your ball safely down the fairway, not very far maybe (only a champion or an idiot goes out for her longest shot from the first tee) but at all events away from that chamber of horrors under the starter's eye.

A FAMILY affair. Miss J. R. Snook, Miss D. F. Snook and their mother, Mrs. W. P. Snook

One would like to assure newcomers that the first tee at a Britannia and Eve Foursome is not a chamber of horrors. There is always a box of chocolates on it, which does cheer up most people, and another of cigarettes, so that you may have whichever suits your fancy as a nerve-soother: nobody's head has ever been bitten quite off for failure to produce a handicap certificate; laughter has been heard, and the very camera has recorded a good many smiles. Nor will things be otherwise because Lytham and St. Annes, where there have been such cheery foursomes in the past, is now Royal. The club could never be anything but the most hospitable and kindly and un-awe-inspiring; terrors may await you in the bunkers, but never on the first tee, and upstairs in the luncheon room there will still be potted shrimps. Oh! those shrimps!

This is frivolous, but then the 1932 Northern Foursomes look like being the gayest, most crowded week that even Northern Foursomes have known. It is not only the attraction of Royal Lytham and St. Annes itself, though that alone would account for such a prediction. But there is the consolation competition for defeated foursomites for a Challenge Cup newly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill, to be played over the Royal Lytham and St. Annes Ladies' Course, and foursomes over the St. Annes Old Links for those who can wangle invitations out of members of the Girls' Golfing Society.

Let us set these things out in due order. The Girls' Golfing Society is a body composed of competitors, past or present, in the Girls' Championship, and this year, by kind invitation of St. Annes Old Links, their spring meeting is to be held over that course, a couple of miles away from the Royal Lytham and St. Annes course, on the Monday before the Northern Foursomes. Members of the Girls' Golfing Society will have the right to ask golfers who

The "Britannia and Eve" NORTHERN FOURSOMES

(10th year)

The "Britannia and Eve" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1932, will be held at Roya Lytham and St. Annes, by kind invitation, April 5th and following days.

Holders: Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but Britannia and Eve reserve the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, Britannia and Eve Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 17th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Britannia and Eve reserve the right to close the entry list before March 17th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of Britannia and Eve reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

By kind permission of Royal Lytham and St. Annes, competitors may practise over the course on Monday, April 4th, without payment of green fee.

Entrance Form on opposite page

CONSOLATION COMPETITION in aid of the N.P.F.A.

By the courtesy of Royal Lytham and St. Annes Ladies' G.C. a Consolation Competition will be held over their nine-hole course from Wednesday, April 6th, to Friday, 9th, both inclusive, for a Challenge Cup kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill.

The Cup will be given for the best medal round, singles, over 9 holes returned by a competitor in the Northern Foursomes who is beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting list. Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish, but no card may be returned later than 12.30 noon on Friday the 9th. Ties to be decided on the last five holes or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Secretary Royal Lytham and St. Annes L.G.C. may arrange.

A scratch prize will also be given.

One shilling entrance for the first card, 6d. for each subsequent card; these fees to be given to the National Playing Fields Association.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps, which will be reduced during the competition in accordance with L.G.U. regulations in the event of any player completing 18 continuous holes.

AN INVITATION ROUND

On Monday, April 4th, the Girls' Golfing Society will hold their Spring Meeting over *St. Annes Old Links*, and competitors in Britannia and Eve's Northern Foursomes may be INVITED by members of the Girls' Golfing Society to compete with them in the afternoon foursomes there, either as partners or opponents.

Entrance fee of 1s. to be sent by March 28th to the Hon. Secretary of the Girls' Golfing Society, Miss M. Brennan, Curraheen, Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent, of whom any further particulars may be obtained.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION

Britannia and Eve headquarters for the Northern Foursomes will be *Grand Hotel, St. Annes-on-the-Sea.* Special inclusive terms for bedroom, baths, breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner and after-dinner coffee 16s. 6d. per head per day, single room, or 14s. 6d. per head per day for two sharing a room with two beds. Or 14s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. respectively without lunch and tea.

Hotel Majestic, St. Annes-on-the-Sea, 18s. 6d. each person per day for all table d'hote meals, afternoon tea, baths, etc., or 16s. 6d. for dinner, bed, breakfast and baths.

are not Girls to play with or against them in the Foursomes which form the afternoon competition. Hence there will doubtless be a rush to make oneself pleasant to Girls in hope of an invitation! Yet everybody else can practise to their hearts' content without green fee on the R. L. and St. A. course in preparation for the next day, so nobody need spend a dull afternoon. For further details, please study the conditions printed on the opposite page, noting especially that BRITANNIA AND EVE are *not* responsible for the Girls' G.S. entries. In those same conditions you will find details, too, of the Consolation Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup which has been presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill and will be played for this year for the first time, by kind invitation of the Royal Lytham and St. Annes Ladies' G.C., over their course. Only nine holes, singles, medal play, so that every player as soon as she is beaten can find time to play; only a shilling for the first card and sixpence for any number more you may like to take out, so that nobody can be too economical to afford it, and all for the good of that splendid cause of Playing Fields for those who have nowhere to play, with a Challenge Cup for the best return under handicap for nine holes and a prize for the best scratch nine holes.

What a vista of continuous golf that week seems to open up! The only thing to be said is—enter early. Priority of entry, not lowness of handicap, decides who shall play in the Northern Foursomes, and so, though players on the waiting list will be allowed to play in the Consolation Competition, couples whose names reach BRITANNIA AND EVE office after the limit of 128 has been reached will not be drawn in the match play Foursomes over the men's course. Entries are open to players resident in *any* locality. They actually close on Thursday, March 17th, but experience of previous years seems to suggest that long before that date the list will be full. Once more—DO IT NOW!

SMILE while you wait! Mrs. F. Mantle, Mrs. William Ball and Mrs. C. M. Coy showed the way last year at Woodhall Spa

THE great ones, Miss Hartill, Mrs. Bradshaw, Miss Enid Wilson and Miss G. E. C. Rudgard, were all cheery, too

The "Britannia and Eve"
GOLF COMPETITIONS

The "BRITANNIA AND EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Heartiest congratulations to RYDE, who have regained the Challenge Cup, of which they were the first winners two years ago, and on doubling their percentage of cards. LANGHOLM, the holders, have done splendidly to be second, after a ding-dong, year-long struggle with Ryde, and THONOCK, who have twice been second, are a plucky third this time.

Leading Results for December

Club.	No. of Members	Entries.	Percentage.
Langholm	68	33	48·52
Ryde	64	27	42·18
Thonock	80	13	16·25
La Moye	45	1	2·22
Camberley Heath	140	3	2·14
Hockley	80	1	1·25
Kingsthorp	87	1	1·15

Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club.	Percentage.	Club.	Percentage.
Ryde (Wins Cup)	**61·54**	Thonock	42·98
Langholm	54·66	Cowes	27·89

Results of the DECEMBER Monthly Medal Competition
Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely:—18 and under in the Silver division; 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. d'A. Kilgour	Tollygunge (India)	86	18	68	73	5 Below
Mrs. W. G. Dobson	Grimsby	91	17	74	75	1 ,,
Miss Bond	Northenden	93	18	75	75	Equal
Mrs. Edmeston	Worsley	87	12	75	74	1 Above
Miss Wooding	Kingsthorpe	89	14	75	74	1 ,,
Miss A. Reynolds	Sale	92	16	76	75	1 ,,
Mrs. H. Swallow	Ashton-under-Lyne	84	11	73	71	2 ,,
Mrs. E. V. Gurney	Northampton	91	12	79	77	2 ,,
Miss M. Vereker	Camberley Heath	89	10	79	75	4 ,,
Mrs. G. F. Playford	Thonock	84	8	76	70	6 ,,
Mrs. Osborne	Ryde	102	16	86	70	16 ,,

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. E. G. Harvey	Croham Hurst	102	36	66	76	10 Below
Mrs. D. V. Gibb	Tollygunge (India)	98	33	65	73	8 ,,
Miss M. R. Miller	Tollygunge (India)	100	33	67	73	6 ,,
Miss F. Higson	Hockley	107	36	71	75	4 ,,
Miss Dewhurst	Camberley Heath	101	29	72	75	3 ,,
Miss J. M. Loader	Ryde	97	30	67	70	3 ,,
Miss E. Jenkins	La Moye	106	36	70	73	3 ,,
Miss Pickering	Gosforth Park	102	28	74	76	2 ,,
Mrs. Ireland	North Hants	106	32	74	76	2 ,,
Miss B. Hall	Birkdale	96	22	74	75	1 ,,
Mrs. Rowcroft	Camberley Heath	98	22	76	75	1 Above
Miss Story	Ryde	90	19	71	70	1 ,,
Mrs. J. P. Watts	Ryde	99	27	72	70	2 ,,
Miss Wiseman	Ryde	97	20	77	70	7 ,,
Mrs. A. G. Watts	Ryde	98	20	78	70	8 ,,

ROYAL LYTHAM AND ST. ANNES **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Tenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 17th.

"Britannia and Eve" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Royal Lytham and St. Anne's, on April 5th, 1932, and following days

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ……………………………………………………………………

of …………………………………… *Club, L.G.U. Handicap* ………………

Home address ……………………………………………………………………

Telephone number ………………………………………………………………

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* ……………………………………………………………………

of …………………………………… *Club, L.G.U. Handicap* ………………

Home address ……………………………………………………………………

Telephone number ………………………………………………………………

Please notify change of partner, handicap or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 1st to Grand Hotel, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs. Tel. 55.

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

BRITANNIA AND EVE has much pleasure in congratulating the following players on holing in one.

Mrs. Eiffe	14th at Seacroft.
Mrs. H. Amy Thorpe	10th at Cooden Beach.
Mrs. A. L. Hewman	10th at Moseley.
Mrs. Martin	6th at Dulwich and Sydenham.
Miss Silver	6th at Deeside.
Mrs. F. H. Hewitt	12th at Queensbury.

All entries for BRITANNIA AND EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the Cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" GOLF COUPON **FEBRUARY**

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* ……………………………………………………

Address ………………………………………………………………

………………………………………………………………

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of …………………………… *of which I am a member*

EMPIRE
EVERY 12" FLAGON FREE
BIG TREE BURGUNDY

EMPIRE
BIG TREE BURGUNDY

We have gone to the Empire for its finest wines. Big Tree Burgundy is pure and unadulterated, and an Empire product throughout. Here are two more important improvements :—

THE NEW CARTON
—more convenient to handle, and—most important—the wine is protected from the light.

THE NEW STOPPER
—cork instead of vulcanite and rubber. No threads in the neck of the flagon, so pouring is easier. No corkscrew required. Experience has long proved that cork is the best method of sealing wine.

For those who find a French wine more suitable, we shall continue to supply the original Big Tree Burgundy.

When you have collected 12 capsules from Big Tree Burgundy flagons your supplier will give you a FREE flagon in exchange for them.

4/6 Empire Big Tree
Every 12th flagon free
Sample Half-Flagon 2/3

GRIERSON OLDHAM & CO., LTD., *Shippers of Fine Wines since 1820*, 25, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

M.C. 7

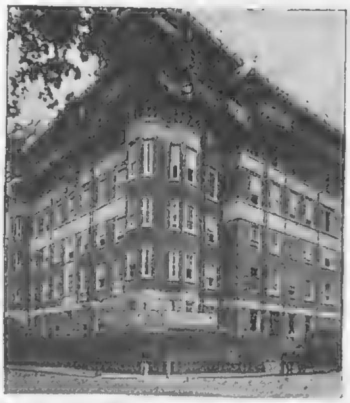
Please Help—

The Cancer Hospital (Free) is the first special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

The illustration on the right is of the new wing of The Cancer Hospital. It comprises a new Radiological Department and accommodation for patients who can contribute towards their cost.

Please send a donation to the Secretary.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.



Playing with Fire

(*Continued from page 16*)

IT was shortly before twelve, the hour at which the fishermen and the masons gather for their aperitifs in the cafés of the upper town. Jario was as likely as not to be in the summer bar. She felt nervous as she climbed the steep, narrow street. She felt that everyone was looking at her, that everyone was whispering about her, that she was surrounded with invisible and intangible enemies. There was an instant dropping of voices as she turned into the summer bar. She looked round; Jario was not there. She hesitated in the doorway. "If I don't go in," she said, "I'll look as though I were running away from them."

"Have any of you seen Jario ?" she asked.

She saw, or fancied that she saw, a smile on the face of the bare-armed workman she addressed the question to. "This is terrible," she thought. "But I must see it through."

"He'll probably be coming later," she said, when the question had been answered by shaken heads. "I'll wait."

There was a table vacant by the door. She ordered a Dubonnet. She felt lonely among these men who yesterday had been her friends, but now seemed strangers. Were they all believing that of her ? She felt she must speak to someone.

"Won't you have something with me ?" she said to the proprietress, as custom lessened in the room.

The proprietress was a married woman, in the middle forties. She was large and wise and kindly. Most evenings she would spend half an hour or so seated at Muriel's table.

"I wonder where Jario is," said Muriel.

"He'll turn up soon enough." It was said so contemptuously that Muriel started.

"You don't like him ?"

"He's well enough."

"He's always been very nice to me."

The proprietress made no reply; but there was an amused twinkle in her eye. "It's true," thought Muriel. "Everyone thinks something. I must find out what exactly it is they think."

She pressed her questions.

"What have you against Jario ?" she asked.

"I've nothing against the child."

"He's always been charming as far as I'm concerned."

"That's all that matters, isn't it ?"

"You don't think he's been a good friend for me ?"

"I didn't say so."

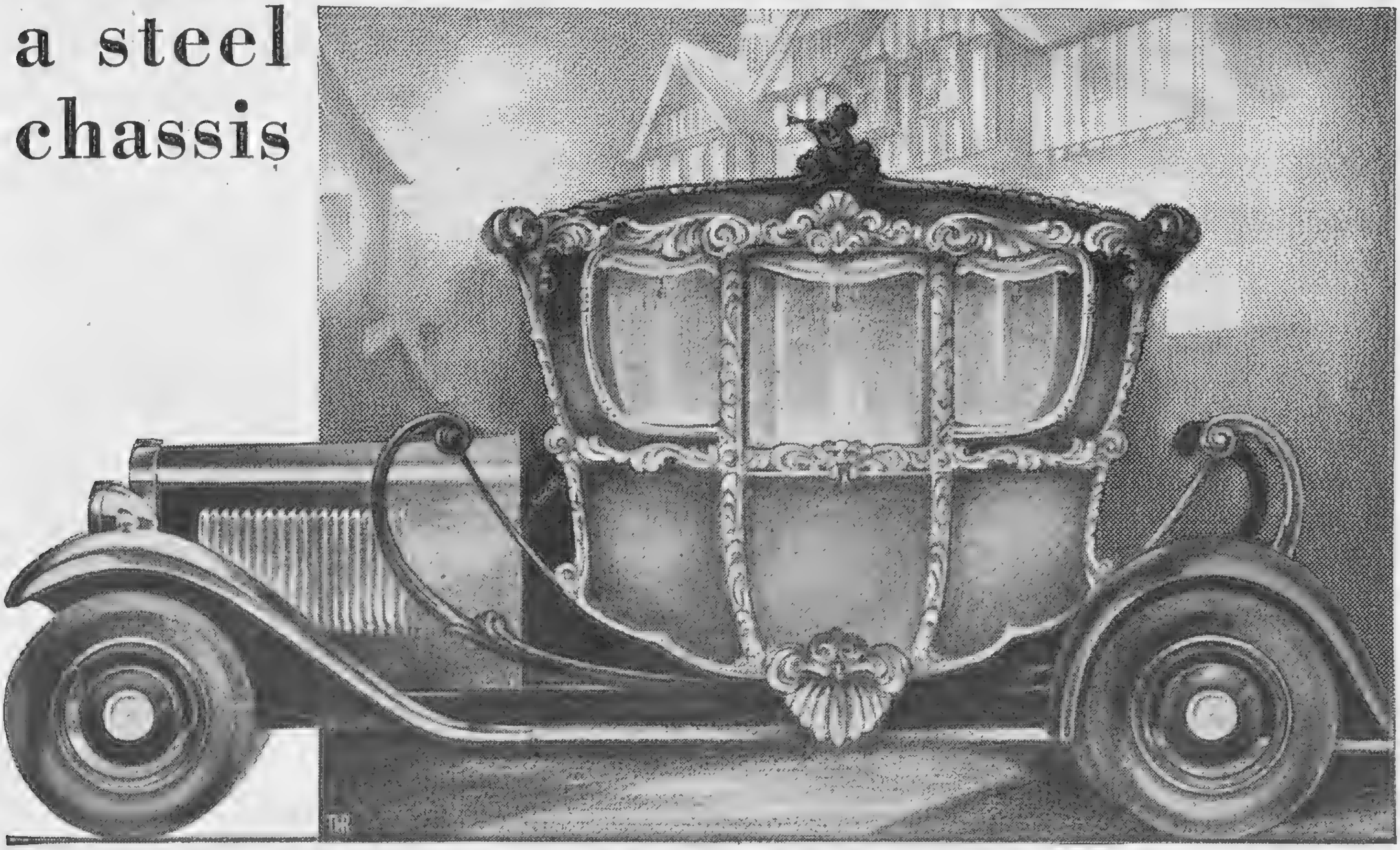
"Why don't you think he's been a good friend to me ?"

The proprietress cast a cautious look about her. The café had begun to empty. No one was in immediate earshot. She hesitated. Then in a sudden muddled rush she poured it out, a typical mixture of French friendliness and practical amorality.

Madame was young, Madame was lonely. It was natural Madame should seek consolation. She knew how one felt when one was young. But Madame should have been discreet. Madame should not have chosen a child like Jario, who would go boasting all round the town. When nothing was known, no harm was done. But the moment people began to gossip . . . Philosophically she shrugged her shoulders.

Despairingly Muriel listened. So it *was* true then. Jario had lied and boasted, and because so many foreigners had behaved casually, it had not occurred to anyone to doubt his word. There was not a soul in Villefranche who believed her innocence. And it was in this atmosphere she had to remain until John came to join her, with everyone whispering about her, everyone pointing her out, every new guest to the hotel being told about her. "If I were to run away," she (*Continued on page 100*)

Do you carry an old time coach on a steel chassis



or have you a modern "one-piece" car?

There are folks who will come for miles to see the Lord Mayor's coach—and they'd be dumbfounded if you told them many car bodies are still built very much in this same way. Same bulky wood frame; heavy and splinterable—with a cumbersome wooden sill to hold it down to the steel chassis. *Now* P·S·C builds body and chassis together; gets rid of everything that gives bulk but not strength; makes body and chassis into *one* unit . . . . pressed steel all through; tough, light, lasting and strikingly good to see. For the first time the modern car body is really part of the modern car . . . thanks to P·S·C.

A P·S·C-built body consists of four main units of pressed steel welded into one . . . . light but very strong. This body is fixed direct to the chassis so that body and chassis are unified. In this P·S·C 'one-piece' construction, chassis and body-frame and body itself are all one and all-steel. Without costing any more a P·S·C Pressed Steel body adds a great deal to the comfort, appearance and safety of your car. Ask about P·S·C when you buy your new car. Ask if the body is of P·S·C Pressed Steel—*made on the P·S·C 'one-piece' principle.*

WOLSELEY, HILLMAN, AND AUSTIN ARE USING P·S·C 'ONE-PIECE' BODIES

P S C

THE PRESSED STEEL COMPANY · OXFORD

Service Ad. 3W

Rough, Cracked Hands Beautified Overnight

Overnight you can have beautiful hands. No matter if your hands are rough, red, cracked or chapped, you can wake up to-morrow with your hands 100 per cent. beautified. In a few days you will hardly recognise the lovely new hands as your own. Yet, to acquire them is easiness itself. You simply rub a little VELDEW—the new discovery—well into your hands just before you get into bed. Overnight Veldew works its transformation. In the morning every crack is healed—all trace of roughness is gone. You are no longer sensitive of your hands. You are proud of them. Veldew is the new and better way to beautiful hands. A dainty flask costs you but 1s. 3d., and lasts several weeks. Double quantity 2/-. Of all chemists, Boots Branches, Taylors Drug, etc., etc.

Free trial sample gladly sent on receipt of postcard (giving your name and address) to VELDEW, 68, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

Here's "HAWICO" Undies!

This luxurious underwear is woven to shape *individually*, so tailored yet elastic fit is certain.

Hold HAWICO to the light, note absence of ugly seams and the neat reinforcing where wear is heaviest.

It is hardly surprising that HAWICO should be the choice of many members of the Royal Family, as it is of their most discerning subjects in the smart set.

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Underwear of Excellence

168 Regent Street, London: and Trinity Mills Hawick

thought, "any lingering doubt there might be in anyone's mind would be dispelled. They'd know the worst instead of thinking it." Not that she considered seriously the escape of flight. She was frightened, but she was not a coward. She was not going to be talked out of any place. She would see it through.

Not by herself, though, if she could help it. She walked straight to the Post Office from the summer bar. "Darling," she telegraphed to her husband, "I am so lonely, do come quickly."

Four hours later the reply that she expected came.

"Arriving to-morrow Nice, five-thirty."

IT was with an anxious heart that she paced the platform that next afternoon. There was only one course open to her. She knew that. To tell John everything. She could not face the risk of his learning from some other source. She had no idea how he would take it. That he would question her innocence she did not for one instant think. He would accept her word. But the fact that she had behaved in such a way as to make the whole town gossip might seem to him as bad as though she had deserved its gossip. His dignity as her husband had been jeopardised. She did not know how Englishmen felt about these things. They had such a sense of dignity. In New York women were treated as goddesses who could do no wrong, but London was a man's city. By getting herself talked about he might think that she had failed in her duty as a wife. An American husband would not think that he had a great deal to forgive the wife who got herself misunderstood. An Englishman might feel differently. She did not know. She was in the dark, desperately in the dark.

"I'm a fool," she thought, "a crazy fool."

Playing with fire, indeed. There were more kinds of fire than one realised.

When the train drew into the station, and she saw in a compartment's doorway John's strong-shouldered handsomeness, and on his face the eager reassuring smile of welcome, her heart both leapt at the sight of him, and sank at the prospect of the task in front of her. She loved him so. Never again would she run the risk of damaging his love of her.

"John," she said, "there is something I've got to tell you straightway."

HE listened without comment as she told him her story over a cup of coffee and a *croissant* in the station café. His face and manner were impassive.

"It's a bad business," he said, when she had finished. "I think we had better deal with this Baron person first."

They found Baron as they had expected, seated over a cocktail on the hotel terrace. John walked straight up to him.

"I am John Swaine," he said. "I hear you have made some peculiarly insulting suggestions to my wife. You will pack your trunks and leave the hotel at once."

He spoke loudly. There were a number of other people on the terrace. They stopped their conversations immediately. A group of fishermen turned round from the nets they were at work on. Baron rose blusteringly to his feet.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said.

"You know perfectly well what I am talking about, and you will leave the hotel at once."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"In that case I shall have to make you."

With the palm of his open hand he struck Baron across the cheek. It was not a hard blow, but it stung. Then after a second's pause so that Baron should have a chance to defend himself, he drove his right fist, with a hard jolt, below his heart.

Gasping and groaning Baron sank back into his chair, his face whitened and his fingers twitching.

"Are you going now?" said John. "You are? Splendid. In that case Muriel, we'll have a cocktail here."

Seated at an adjacent table he began a cheerful and casual conversation about mutual friends and interests, as though there had been no such person as Baron in the world. Whatever else there might be for the onlookers to wonder over, it was very clear that between Muriel and her husband an open and happy comradeship was unimpaired. "He believes in her," the gossips whispered. "Perhaps there was nothing in it. A husband, after all, knows best." John Swaine was clearly not the man to accept an equivocal situation.

For half an hour Muriel and John talked together. Then he rose to his feet.

"It's dinner time, I think," he said.

As they walked towards the dining room he passed his arm affectionately through his wife's.

"We'll deal," he said, "with Master Jario after dinner."

She looked up at him adoringly, but inquiringly. She had still no idea what he thought. Everything that he had done and said had been a piece of acting staged for the restoration of their dignities.

IN a very few minutes the news of John's treatment of Curtis Baron had run the length of the town's narrow streets. In the summer café there was a tense atmosphere. If John Swaine had treated Curtis Baron, who had only spoken about his wife, so violently, how would he treat Jario, the fount of gossip?

Jario himself, although he was possessed by terror, did his best to make a brave display.

"He is stronger than I am. I am a boy. He is a full-grown man. He will thrash me probably. But well, one must pay for things. It's been worth it." And he shrugged his shoulders.

His bravado scarcely had the effect he had expected. John Swaine had impressed the town. His treatment of Curtis Baron had placed the whole situation in a different light. It had placed Muriel, too, in a different light. You had to respect a woman who had a man like that to fight for her. Among the soldiers and fishermen and masons a woman's virtue was the measure of her husband's fist. It was a standard they understood. John, by his acceptance of their standard, had proportionately diminished Jario's stature. "He is a man," they said.

And indeed there was glamour about the entrance of John and Muriel, an hour later, into the summer bar. He was so strong, so handsome; she so beautiful. They adorned, completed each other. There was such an open friendliness, too, about the manner in which he insisted on being introduced to the proprietress and the sailors with whom Muriel had made acquaintance.

"My wife tells me that she's had her best times in Villefranche up here among you all. I do hope now that you'll do me the pleasure, all of you, of taking a drink with me."

He set them instantly at their ease. He possessed to the full, through the privilege of breeding, the capacity for meeting simple people on equal terms. He sat at a high stool among them at the bar, clinked glasses with them, told them about his journey, asked them questions about local matters. Within five minutes he was one of them. It was not till he had been among them for ten minutes that he took notice of Jario.

"That's Jario, isn't it?" he said, "and he's not drinking. What'll you have? I've heard so much about you. Come and join us." With his arm laid friendlily along Jario's shoulders, he turned to the proprietress.

"Do you think, as it's an occasion, we ought to allow the boy some cognac? perhaps we should. But only one glass, mind. At his age I'd never touched strong liquor." Then he turned back to Jario.

"I'm so glad to find you," he said. "I expect you've heard about this trouble at the hotel. I can't tell you how sorry I am. When a man like Baron behaves in that way one has to deal forcibly with him. But I don't want you to let that worry you at all." He paused, with his hand on Jario's shoulder. His strength, his popularity, made Jario seem more of a child than ever. You could not imagine the one being in competition with the other.

"You mustn't worry for a moment," he repeated. "I know naturally that there couldn't possibly be anything but the most harmless friendship between Muriel and"—he paused again—"a person like yourself."

There was a laugh at that. A laugh that established the husband as completely as it ridiculed the lover. A laugh that sent the blood hotly into Jario's cheeks. It was worse than the worst that he had dreaded. If only there had been a fight. There was something dramatic, something dignified and heroic about a fight. The mere fact of a fight's necessity is a tribute to one's importance. It would not have mattered how utterly he had been beaten. To have been horsewhipped would have been better. The man who is horsewhipped has at any rate roused another man to anger. But to be treated like a child; and by a man who had thought another man worth fighting: to be disregarded: to be laughed at: to be exposed as a liar, and a boastful liar! He would be the laughingstock of every child in Villefranche. Everyone would despise him. How Rolo would chuckle! No girl would take him seriously. It was something he would never live down—never. He might just as well be dead. He wished he were dead. He gulped at his brandy quickly; then, his heart heavy with hate and misery, his head singing with the unaccustomed alcohol, ran out into the street.

FOR a full half-hour more John stayed to exchange gossip with the sailors. Then he touched Muriel's hand.

"It's time for home, I think."

As they walked out into the starlit night he passed his arm through hers.

"Well, that's that," he said, and his fingers twined lovingly through hers.

She looked up eagerly. It was the first personal sign that he had made her. Up till now it had been all play-acting.

"Am I forgiven, then?"

"Silly! there wasn't anything to forgive."

But she knew there was, she knew that he had been angry, and that the suspense he had kept her in had been her punishment.

"I'm so sorry, so more than sorry."

"Idiot!" he laughed. "It was my fault for leaving you alone."

"Don't you ever leave me alone again then, darling."

But if he did, she would take care not to make such an idiot of herself. She loved him so. He had been so marvellous. He had so easily taken control of things. Masterful with Baron, gentle with Jario; setting things where they should be set. He was everything to her. She snuggled close against his arm.

"I was such a fool," she said.

He laughed.

"They're funny folk down here," he said. "One's got to know them. They've got their prejudices and they've got their pride. They're foreign to us. One has to handle them with kid gloves. If one once starts monkey tricks with them, one doesn't know where things will end. One doesn't know who'll get hurt."

"But it's over now."

"All over now."

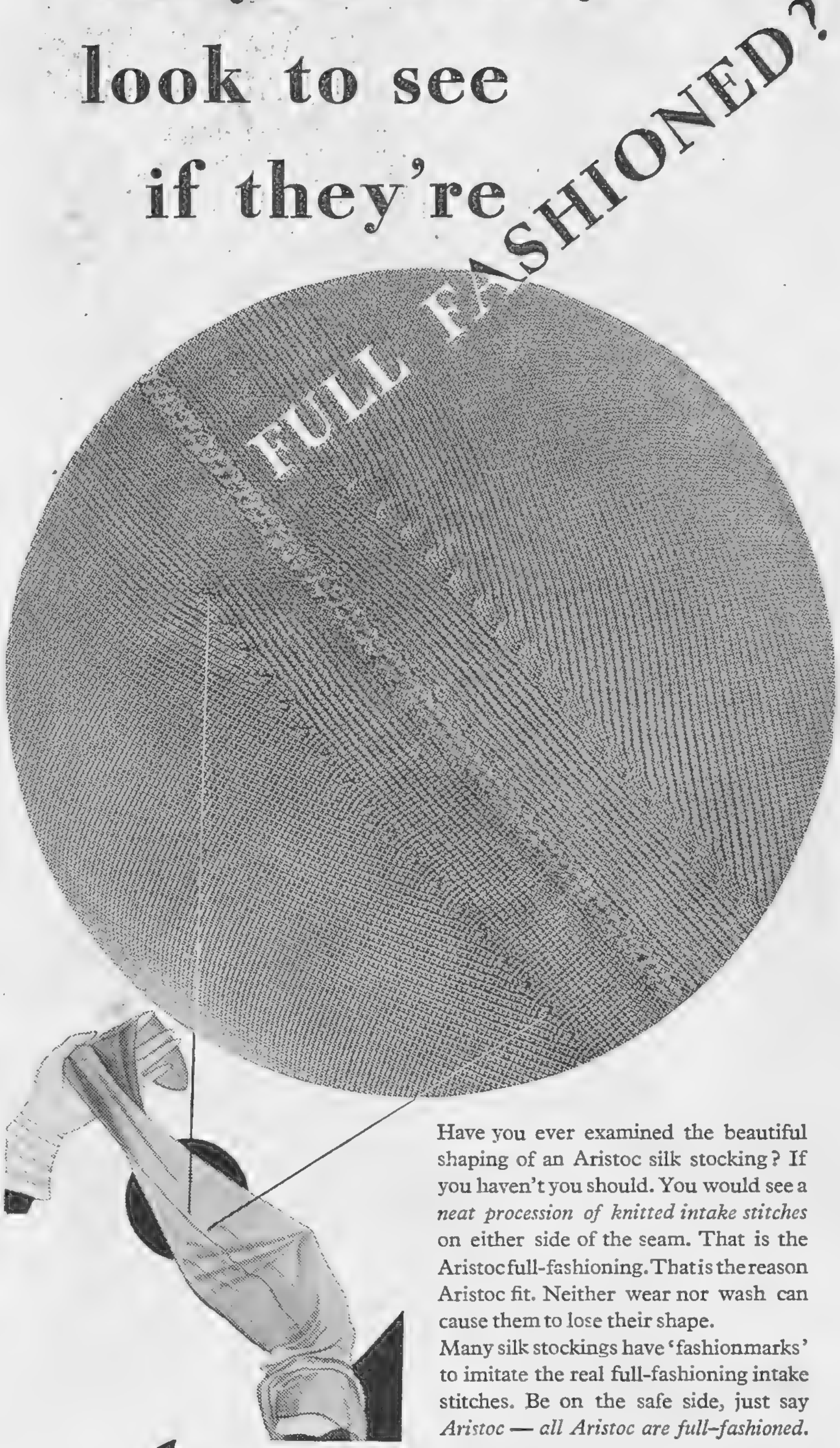
"Darling."

They were passing the dark shadow of the archway to the Rue Obscure. She checked her step, turned close to him, lifted her face to his, and closed her eyes.

The kiss did not come, however. He gave a gasp. His strength became a weight suddenly in her arms. When she opened her eyes it was to see, deep plunged in his left side, a quivering ebony carved hilt.

END

Do you always look to see if they're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Have you ever examined the beautiful shaping of an Aristoc silk stocking? If you haven't you should. You would see a *neat procession of knitted intake stitches* on either side of the seam. That is the Aristoc full-fashioning. That is the reason Aristoc fit. Neither wear nor wash can cause them to lose their shape.

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THE PROBLEM of CONSTIPATION

by a physician

The relief and cure of constipation is a problem which many scientific workers have tried to solve for years—but without success. All the old-fashioned purgatives depend upon one property—i.e., that of irritating and exciting the mucous membrane of the intestines in order to induce the bowel to throw off its load by force. The after-effect is a tired bowel, which requires the whip of ever-increasing doses in order to make it function at all.

Constipation is most often due to lack of natural secretion, i.e., lubrication in the bowel. Liquid Paraffin was tried for this condition and gave promising results. Constipation is also due to the presence of toxins in the body-cells. Magnesia was found to destroy toxins. Attempted combinations of these two substances did not give the results anticipated. Experiments were long continued to induce "team-work." At length complete success was achieved in the laboratories of The Musterole Fine Products Co., Ltd., giving the ideal aperient—one that acts by persuasion only. It is called Musterole Brand Magnesia-Oil. The story can be told in a sentence. Both the Liquid Paraffin and the Magnesia were brought into intimate association through being rendered to a state of minute subdivision never before achieved.

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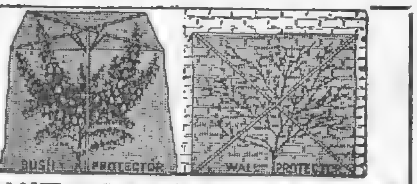

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Airedale

(Continued from page 33)

his eyes. And all at once she was weary of being alone, she wanted someone. He sat so straight upon his horse. So sure. There was strength in the man, and devotion. Her heart went suddenly out to him. Her pulses started to pound. He swerved his horse against hers. She was in his arms.

"Will you marry me, Pat?" he whispered hoarsely, and his breath was warm on her cheek.

"Yes." She met his kiss with hers.

"We'll go to France on our honeymoon," he told her. "Spend the winter on the Riviera. We'll swim off the Lido. Watch the sun drop behind the blue, blue Mediterranean. Go to Nice where the perfumes are made. Acres and acres of flowers, Pat. And none of them as lovely as you. Love," she heard his whisper in her hair, "and you and all the world."

Leonard came in on the Overland that night. She found his note in her box after she had bade good night to Clay. She was still tingling from the touch of his lips on her fingers, half wishing they had been upon her lips.

The note was like a sudden, stinging cold rain, drenching her in the midst of warm sunshine. She read it and tore it up and called the desk.

"I am not to be disturbed," she told the night clerk, and went to bed to toss till dawn.

When she granted him permission to see her next morning, it was to make it plain to him that she had found someone else and to tell him that their life together was ended.

Yet when he came in, it was as if she had never left him. All the time she had been away from him was as the time consumed in a long, weary journey. All the bitterness that their quarrel and his letter had raised in her was turned to a singing in her heart.

He was haggard. There were circles under the anxious brown eyes that pleaded mutely with her as they stood facing each other.

"Pat!" he said and his voice was shaking. "Oh, Pat!"

"Len!" she cried. "You look terrible!"

She closed the door, trembling, behind them and took him in her arms.

"Why did you do it?"

"I don't know. A woman. . . . Listen, Pat, she wasn't even true to me——"

It was an hour before Pat guiltily remembered that such a person as Clay Sanborn existed.

END

Behind the Silver Screen

(Continued from page 27)

decidedly dry dock. The decks of this strange phantom-like vessel are properly built and strong enough to hold several hundred players, many heavy lights, cameras and crew. But just open one of the solid cabin doors, and you find yourself on a narrow gallery, surrounded by scaffolding. The ship is sham; the back of it is just a bunch of woodwork, a very false affair indeed.

The building of this liner took two weeks, and a small army of carpenters, naval architects, and property men worked on it. So much trouble was it to prepare that instead of scrapping it, after the scenes for which it was created had been shot, the Studio Executives voted that it was allowed to remain. And it must have paid for itself over and over again, in the four or five years that have elapsed since it was first launched on the dry soil of California.

AT Universal City, which is one of the most widely spread studios in Hollywood, one catches weird glimpses of apparently wrecked cities, hollow churches, houses that have been cut in halves, and ruins of all kinds. These are scattered over the sprawling hills inside the Studio grounds; they have been used for dozens and dozens of pictures, and from one angle they are complete and solid. It is only when seen from the wrong point of view that the fact they are a sham is revealed.

The process of putting the face of a star on the screen—once the studios themselves have been thrown together, the permanent buildings and sets put up, and the business offices built—is lengthy and unexpectedly crowded with turnings and surprising departments, all doing their share in the great work. The first step is the selection of a play, a story, or just a bare idea, from which the film is to be built up.

It may be an existing play, or the adaptation of a popular novel, or an entirely original story. Once the purchase has been made the story is turned over to the Scenario Department, where the screen adaptation is started, by a staff of experts. To arrive at something near perfection three or four brilliant writers are turned on to tackle one adaptation; they are all highly paid, and any of them, if their adaptation proves the one that is picked for filming, will get what is known as "screen credit," which is the ambition of everyone connected with a Studio.

From several "treatments" one is selected and that script is handed over (with its production number attached to the front page of every copy) to the people responsible for the production of the film. Conferences take place, at which the director, the chief cameraman, the star, the set designer, the costume designer, and the assistant director are all present. When it has been decided how many different sets are needed, and a hundred other details, the script goes back to the scenario department for a detailed list of scenes, with dialogue, to be prepared. This is called "breaking down the story."

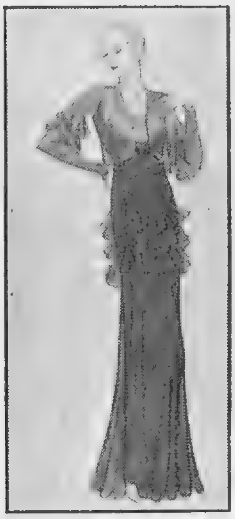
In this second script full descriptions are given of the movement of the camera in every scene. Copies of this version of the story are sent to all the people mentioned above, and several more. The Casting Office comes into action at this stage in the proceedings. Players are suggested for various rôles, and fifty or so are approached for fifteen or twenty parts. From this collection the final cast is chosen.

Players are each given a script, and start to learn their words, at the same time visiting the wardrobe for consultations about clothes. In most cases, even with the biggest stars, make-up tests are necessary; new forms of make-up are tried, new styles in hairdressing, and even the possibility of an actress changing the shade of her hair from blonde to auburn, or brunette to platinum blonde. Joan Crawford did this recently, having been photographed in a series of tests with wigs of different tints, till she arrived at the colour that seemed best for the part she was to play. When it was decided that blonde hair was desirable she went to the hairdresser and had her brown hair made a gorgeous gold. When the film was over she started to get back her natural colour as quickly as possible.

While sets are being built, furniture chosen, clothes made, parts studied, wigs designed, and advance portraits of the cast made in the Portrait Studio, one department, almost the most important of them all, is hard at work giving advice to practically every branch of the studio concerned in making the film, except the production manager, whose job it is to work out costs, and see they are kept to as closely as possible.

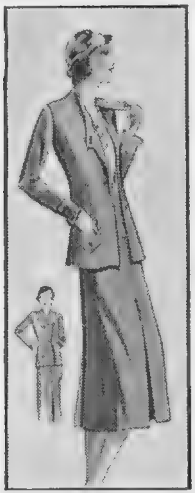
The department that is so fully occupied is known as the Research Department. By this department information is supplied on every point that may arise in connection with a film. The set designer may want to know if a German house of the seventeenth century had chimneys, and if so what position they occupied on the roof. The wardrobe wants details of clothes worn in foreign lands; the scene painters want (Continued on page 104)

corot models by instalments



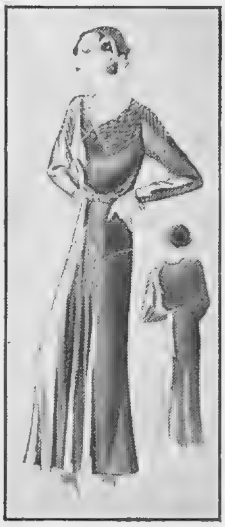
"cocktail"

the evening line is subtly demonstrated in this lovely gown of black silk georgette that uses a yoke of pink taffeta veiled with beige lace as a note of relief at the neck. the frilled motif of the peplum on the skirt is again repeated on the sleeve of the short jacket in georgette that completes the ensemble. lined with crepe - de - chine. **24/-** monthly
cash 8 gns



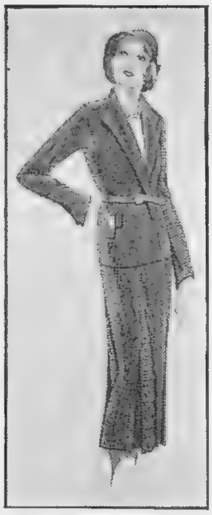
"la trotteuse"

a cardigan suit that is both unusual and becoming, comprises a skirt that is hip yoked with deep box pleats, and a fitting coat cut with the new shaped lines, and boasting a collar that fastens at the neck. the original model in green woollen hopsac can be copied in many exclusive shades. **12/-** monthly
cash 4 gns.



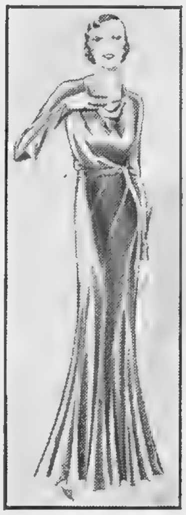
"wait for me"

interest is given to this frock of dorcas crepe by reason of the intricate tucking on the bodice and sleeves. the skilfully cut hip band gives the slim line demanded, while the skirt gains its fulness from the row of small pleats that fall into soft folds. the embroidered pique collar and cuffs are a dainty finish. in many new shades. **12/-** monthly
cash 4 gns.



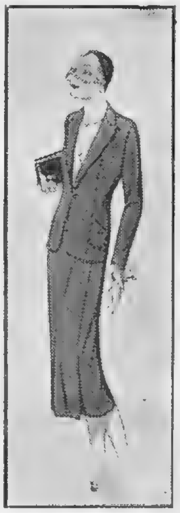
"gleneagles"

the stitched leather belt and the leather trimming on the pockets make this sports suit in a novelty chenille weave tweed of immediate interest. combine this coat with a perfect fitting skirt with flat box pleats, and you have the ideal sports or country suit. and when one considers that it can be chosen in beige and brown and one or two other mixtures, what more could be desired? **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



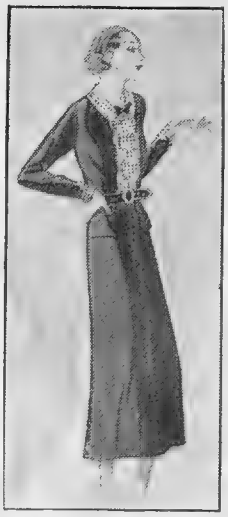
"la fille de la famille"

the gown that is slightly more formal than that for afternoon wear has a worthy exponent in this model of satin excel. cut with the softly falling cowl collar, it shows a sweeping hip line with a fully flared skirt, and a tight fitting sleeve with uncommon wing cuff. originally in the new cafe au lait shade, it can also be copied in black or other new shades. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



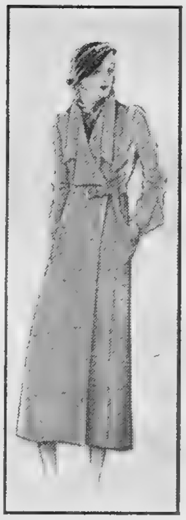
"superbe"

for the first days of spring the smart woman will choose a perfectly tailored costume in black ribbed barathea suiting. this model shows the new cut in its coat with rounded edges and link button fastening. the wrap-over skirt, and coat lining of crepe-de-chine are notable. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



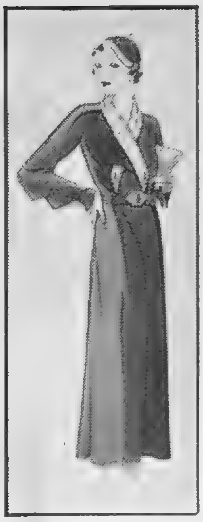
"walk this way"

again the costume idea enters into the designs for street frocks and we have a little runabout model in wool mousse cut with a jacket front that shows a waistcoat in figured crepe. the belted waistline and the gored effect of the skirt are both good. originally in black with vest in black and green, this can be copied in many new shades. **12/-** monthly
cash 4 gns.



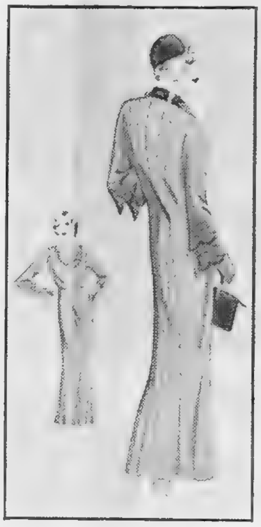
"come along"

an ideal adaptation of the ever popular tweed coat for town or country wear is exemplified in this model in fawn mixtures. the military note has also entered here with the wide revers and trim belted waistline and the sleeves and pockets are unusual in their cut. lined throughout with charmeuse satin, this can be chosen in several mixture shades. **13/6** monthly
cash 4½ gns.



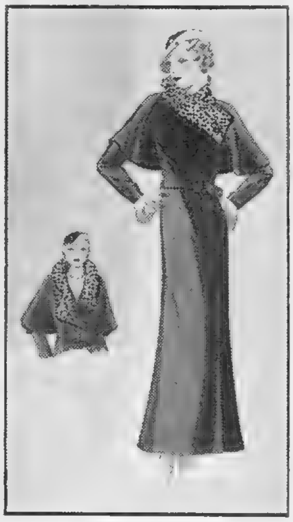
"here and there"

the interest that is attached to colour contrast will be focused on this coat of black novelty coating with its collar of crocus yellow self-woven plaid. the all-important rever has taken a fascinating aspect with its cross over effect, and fastens with silvered metal buttons. also in one or two other new colourings. **18/-** monthly
cash 6 gns.



"from day to day"

the ensemble has taken a new mood and in this model caters for the woman who seeks both chic and practicability. made of a novelty fine woollen in the new rust red, both coat and frock match in weave and colour. the contrast being made with the touch of black galliac fur and the black lining of the coat. the frock takes its trimming in rows of drawn thread work and uses metal buttons as a final touch of smartness. may also be copied in other new shades. **36/-** monthly
cash 12 gns.



"till to-morrow"

in sympathy with the revival of the period gowns we have fashioned this coat of a soft novelty woollen weave with the most becoming of shoulder capes, and have belted it at the high waistline. the caressingly soft and unusual collar is of leopard coney, and fastens in a most intriguing manner, or may be left open to give the one-sided rever that is of the latest. originally in black, this may be copied in one or two other shades. **27/-** monthly
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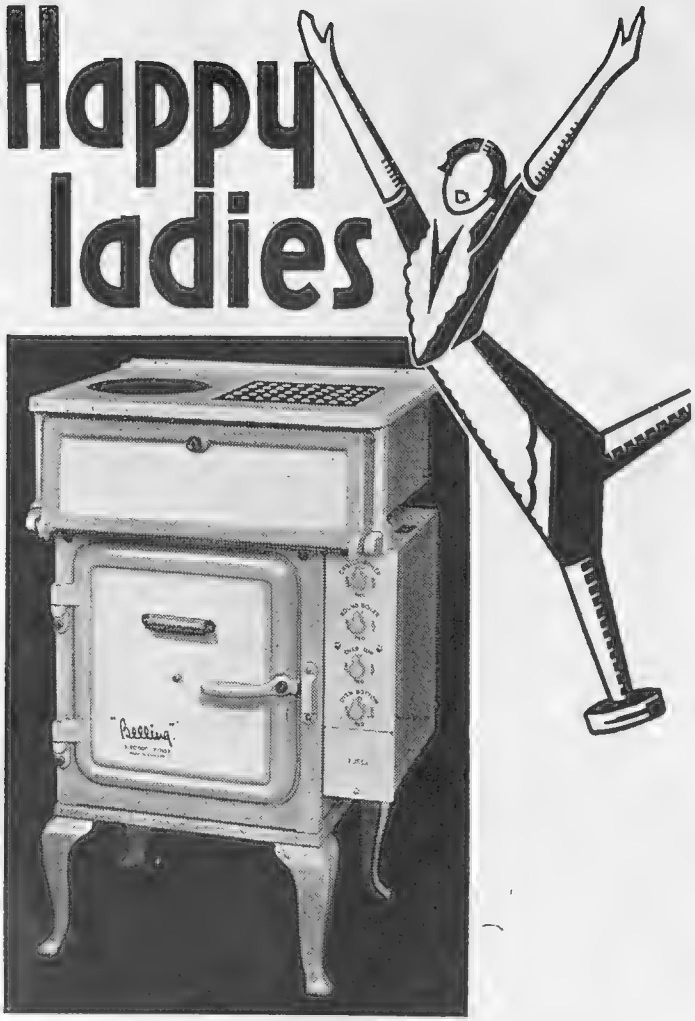

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See the Belling Fire advertisement on page 109

information about colouring and the arrangement of furniture in rooms; the property room needs a full description of paintings that have to be duplicated correctly or some old-world coach that has to be built.

All this mass of detail comes under the heading of Research. To be the head of a Research Department in any big studio requires tremendous knowledge; ability to speak several languages; and immense concentration. There is a girl at the head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Department who is half-Russian, half-English. Her name is Mrs. Natalie Bucknell; she is the daughter of a Russian diplomat, and the wife of an English naval officer. She speaks five languages perfectly, and has a working knowledge of twelve.

She has thousands of volumes in her department, covering the history of many lands, for many centuries. She has files full of prints and photographs, dealing with houses, costumes, hair, art, music, literature. When Greta Garbo started work on her recent "Mata Hari" film certain scenes showed her as a Javanese dancing girl.

From Mrs. Bucknell's department masks from Java were produced and studied; old prints were sent to Miss Garbo, and from them her dancing girl's dress was designed.

The cameraman works in conjunction with the Chief Electrician and the Director; it is his job to inspect all the sets and fix the grouping of lights and the number of "truck" or "dolly" shots that are to be used. These are the technical names given to a scene that is photographed with the cameras on a moving platform, following the characters from room to room, or down a street.

By the time contracts are signed by specially engaged players all the behind-the-scenes work is reaching its climax. The 'script girl, who sits on the set during the entire filming of the play making notes of clothes worn by the players, the arrangement of their hair, the number of cushions on a sofa and other details, has been in close consultation with the Director and his staff for some time before actual shooting starts.

Her task is particularly interesting, but very hard-working. I have known many 'script girls, and all of them are keenly intelligent and fond of their jobs. But it is not easy to dash to a typewriter between scenes, to get a record of roughly-made notes! Nor is it always pleasant to have to sit up quite late, having been on the set since eight in the morning, typing a complete record of the day's scenes. Yet before she can get much needed sleep this is what the 'script girl must do.

When the film is being made the work of the cutting room begins. Many directors have their films cut and assembled while they are still shooting. In this way, the earlier sequences—if the story has been photographed in sequence, as is so often the case with talking films—are cut and put together by the time the final scenes are shot. It does not take long to complete the all-important cutting then; and so it is possible to have a preview of the film much sooner than in other days when no cutting was done till the whole thing was "in the box."

The work of the sound department is vital nowadays; often it is necessary to make special sound tracks after a film has been finished, if certain scenes prove faulty or disappointing on the sound side. This is not an easy task; but the sound experts tackle it with a grin. The "O.K." of the sound department must be given on every scene before the Director can say, "That's all; let's get on to the next sequence."

There are other departments, too numerous to mention in detail, all doing their specialised work in order that the faces of the stars may be flashed on the screen and their voices heard all over the world. Remember the people who live inside the hive, next time a film proves enjoyable, and realise that without their undemonstrative but efficient labour there would be no films and no stars.

END

A Smart Hat and Cravat Scarf (*Continued from page* 55)

opposite moss stitch border, complete moss stitch border.

Repeat these last two rows until you have only one stitch left on your needle. Cast off.

THE CROCHET BORDER.

The border to the scarf is done in crochet work.

Join on at the upper end of the slope. * Make 3 ch., put the hook into the scarf end the length of the 3 ch. along, and make 1 d.c. Repeat from * across the scarf end.

2nd row.—3 d.c. in each loop.

3rd row.—Slipstitch to centre d.c. of 1st scallop, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in centre d.c. of next scallop. Repeat from * across row, then make 3 ch., 1 d.c. in the last d.c. of last scallop.

4th row.—3 d.c. in each loop. *5th row.*—The same as 3rd row. *6th row.*—The same as 4th row.

7th row.—Sl. st. to centre d.c. of 1st scallop, then work 1 d.c. in each d.c. across row.

8th row.—2 d.c. in 1st d.c., then continue with 1 d.c. on each d.c., but do not work into the last d.c.

9th row.—Sl. st. into 1st d.c., * 3 ch., miss over 2 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c. Repeat from *, but make an extra loop of 3 ch. at the end of the row.

10th row.—Same as 4th row. *11th row.*—Same as 3rd row. *12th row.*—Same as 4th row. *13th row.*—Same as 3rd row.

14th row.—Same as 4th row. *15th row.*—Same as 7th row. *16th row.*—Same as 8th row.

Make another piece of scarf exactly the same as this, and then join them neatly together.

Press carefully with a warm iron over a damp cloth, pressing the scarf lengthwise. Fold down the centre, and slipstitch the edges neatly together to make a double cravat scarf, leaving the ends open.

Books (*Continued from page* 63)

SO far I have spoken of nothing but books which you may easily have missed. You can hardly have missed the publication I am about to mention, yet I mention it just the same because it simply cannot be ignored by anyone interested in literature. I mean the Standard Edition of the Works of Bernard Shaw, now being issued by Messrs. Constable at six shillings each volume. Whether or not Frank Harris was right in denying immortality to the works of G. B. S., they certainly read and reread extraordinarily well to date. Because we can return to them, they are worth possessing. There is, in fact, no other satisfactory reason for possessing books.

Lastly, I give you, I share with you, a short story. I call it "An Echo of Christmas," though actually it has no name, and has never been written until this moment. Scene: a bookseller's shop. Trailed by a weary assistant, a young lady has been walking round for some time, picking up volumes and laying them down again. She is choosing a present for herself. In the course of time she comes across a copy of *The Good Companions*. This she picks up like others, and lays aside—but with reluctance. She even pauses before passing on. Perhaps she sees the gleam in the assistant's hopeless eye, for she suddenly confides in him. "That," she says, pointing to Mr. Priestley's book, "is what I should really like, of course. But my mother is frightened that it may not be a classic." The procession moves on.

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It's a Wise Child

(Continued from page 25)

still young enough to be his daughter, though she had already been married and divorced—some said twice, but they were ill-natured. Her plight rendered Garry all the more chivalrous in his flirtation. How delicately he had manœuvred the early stages! . . . His smile lost something of its tensity, and became reminiscent and faintly fatuous, as he recalled his opening gambit: "Why, little lady, you're nothing but a naughty baby at heart," and, a few days later: "I claim a father's privilege," drawing her towards him and kissing her, oh, so carefully, first on the brow, and then on her soft curving lips. He believed now that she had learned to care for him more than was quite safe for either of them, though naturally she did not show it. Instead, how she teased and tantalised him, led him on, threw him off, made him bathe with her, dance with her, go surf-riding with her, sit beside her while she drove at break-neck pace, gamble with her, scramble with her—no rest for Garry.

"Ahoy!" "Hallo!" "Garry!" "Come along!" "Are you ready?" "Armorel! Garry! Garry!" "Who'll be a mermaid?" "Don't bother to dress. Throw on a bathing-costume and come along." "Don't bother to wash. *We*'ll wash you!" "Ahoy! It's grand. It's swell. We've been in already!" "Garry, you lazy hound, aren't you coming?"

Again and again they sounded the horn. No escape. With limbs still stiff from yesterday's orgies, Mr. Austin, of White Croft, Durley Green, painfully arose, drew on a bright red bathing-costume, wrapped himself in a brilliant orange towelling coat, pushed slightly swollen feet into scarlet rubber shoes, and surmounted all this by a rather incongruous panama hat, neat and expensive—they always laughed when they saw him in a hat; most of their pates seemed impenetrable to the sun's blaze.

He swung jauntily down to the front door. They were still tootling their horns. They hadn't stopped for a moment—not one moment. Already Garry's head ached . . .

"THANK God," said Dick Lindsay to Armorel, "that you were knocked out in the first round, and that I've managed to escape from duty. Now we can talk. I adore you. You're looking worried. What is it?"

"Father," replied Armorel, used to the direct speech of her own generation. It saved so much time, not to have to fence.

They were sitting under the graceful spraying foliage of a pepper-tree, in a far corner of the tennis-club gardens. The sounds of distant strife, which should have recalled Dick to his responsibilities as assistant secretary of the club, seemed hardly relevant to their own patch of flowering Eden; carpets of geraniums flung over the wall behind them. . .plumbago and azaleas and roses tangled together in scented wilful masses . . .

"What's wrong with your father?" asked Dick, who unofficially was a painter, and poor, and had fallen so richly in love with Armorel. "He seems happy enough, stuck up there like a monkey on a pole, and calling out 'Forty-love' all day long."

"I don't like this Nedra business."

"Oh, everybody knows Nedra," easily; "she's not serious, as they say out here about banks and florists and things: '*Questa banca non a seria, Signora.*'"

"Yes. But Dad's not used to that sort of Nedra convention. Supposing *he*'s serious?"

"Then she'll knock him flat and dance on him, but that's his look-out, not yours, darling."

"I brought him out here, and gave him all this. Sometimes I think perhaps I made a mistake. It wasn't exciting at White Croft, but at least it was safe. One has to be careful with one's tender young father. It's so exposed out here, exposed and—naked, somehow." She mused for a moment on this curious, flashing, slippery sunlit existence, which had been her father's most urgent dream. Fortune had enabled her to transform it into precarious reality. Three months, she had thought, gloriously cut off from the past or future—but could you ever take a period of time and wholly cut it off in that high-handed god-like way? Having started off with a flourish and a purse of gold, she found herself wholly unable to control the generous headlong pace of their expenditure. They were spending far too much money, and were only half-way through their three months' tenancy of the Villa Allegra. What would happen during the next six weeks? And what would happen—afterwards? "One does slide so, with money," she murmured half-aloud.

"Don't I know it?" young Lindsay agreed heartily. "But you're rich, aren't you? I thought *I* was the beggar-man of this Queen Cophetua act."

It would be a relief to tell Dick the dramatic circumstances of their holiday out here. He was nice, and poor, and clever. His presence was comforting, and so was his sturdy common sense over financial facts. She knew, and he knew, too, and both were happily aware of the other knowing, that this was no philandering of a Riviera summer, but would continue steadily through the autumn and through the winter, and on into other summers and winters . . .

"If only I could work!" That was the rueful crisis of Armorel's tale. "I can't get any work done, and I want to. I'm full of it. If I lived in one room and wrote hard, and just came out for an evening walk, before sunset, when the lizards are out, too, and bask on the walls—then all that ridiculous gang for ever humming round the villa—they'd leave me alone."

"All except me," said Dick. "I'd share your evening walk. We might split a dish of spaghetti together, afterwards; only one fork, of course, so I'd eat first, and then paint you while you were mopping up the rest. Then I'd sell the portrait and save the money, and perhaps one day we could afford to marry."

"Yes" . . . the girl from Durley Green contemplated this idea of hard work and lizards and sunsets and spaghetti and plenty of Dick Lindsay, and found it good and satisfying. She had a contract for her second novel; she had meant to write it out here, to get it finished in time to receive the advance which would carry them on when the three months were over. It was a strange thing that Armorel was a genuine vagabond at heart; a lover of loneliness; the only one of the Austin children who really wanted to do what her father wanted all the others to do, for the simple reason that he did not like them.

. . . Suddenly panic rolled over and submerged her. What was the use? She could not coolly throw over her father, now that she—she and no one else—had encouraged him to make such a drastic break with his old life; now that she had given him this new taste for living in sensuous luxury, living on velvet; "I'm responsible, and I can't keep it up. I shall have to, though. And then when my five hundred has come to an end, we'll be forced to leave San Remo and become adventurers and swindlers, living on our wits."

"Oh, not as bad as that, darling?" laughed Dick.

But she insisted, childishly, absurdly, in the extremes of her fear of debt in a foreign country: "Yes, we will. We'll have to learn shoddy card tricks and things."

"My precious little swindler, what's to prevent you just stopping all this grand villa stuff, when your money comes to an end, and living here quietly and cheaply with the old man? You mustn't go away. I can't bear it."

"At the end of our three months we shall owe the tradespeople thousands of lire. There's the car, and all the servants. They were all hired for the season, too. I must have been quite mad, lost my sense of proportion or something. . . . You *can't* stop when you're going as fast as this. . . . You have to go on and on until you crash!" she mused.

IT was during the impromptu dance at Villa Allegra that evening, to celebrate the tournament finals, that someone of the gang suddenly cried out, "It's a gorgeous night, and I'm simply rippling with zip. What about a moonlight bathe?" The only objection to that was that there happened to be no moon; but Nedra and Pixie and Giulio and Gyp and Mrs. Gyp and Rex and Boob Kavanagh were not of the mettle to be handicapped by any such trifle. They were all of them rippling with zip, or rather with a form of nervous restlessness which masqueraded as youthful energy. A bathe before breakfast, a long day of tennis and motoring in the burning sun, and an evening of cocktails, champagne and dancing, had merely left them craving for more sensational action before they wound up what they termed, on the whole, "rather a dud day!" Most of them, anyway, were already in pyjamas, starred and striped and spotted, so that a change into bathing costume, anybody's bathing costume that happened to be handy in Armorel's villa, did not take a moment. Gyp and Rex and Boob showed their usual genius for making Garry's room fairly uninhabitable—after the bathe it would become totally uninhabitable—and presently they were all running over the rocks, climbing, slipping and stumbling, till one splash after another, and loud screams, announced that one after another had found the black shiny Mediterranean that licked in little waves at the small private bay belonging to the Allegra.

Garry was swept along with the rush. He hated this clammy adventure under the stars, without the sun to turn it to gold, or the moon to romance. He could not see his way, and fell once or twice, scraping and cutting his knees. He was tired out, so tired that he could hardly drag himself along, but he was not going to allow Nedra, *his* Nedra, to bathe alone in the enveloping blackness with Boob Kavanagh. "You can't trust a cad," and it was his duty as a man of the world to protect Nedra, that reckless pansy-brown child with the big eyes. But how was he to find her in this infernal, this almost solid blackness? How could he tell whose shrieks were hers? Or which dim shape, barely seen, dripping on the rocks, half in, half out of the water? He lost her the second time he fell, and she did not bother to wait. Miserably he dived, landed flat—strangely difficult to dive in the dark!—swam about for a bit in an aimless way, bumping into Mrs. Gyp, who felt extraordinarily like a jelly-fish . . . and then, hearing voices which he thought included Nedra's, from the little jut of rock round the island, swam in that direction.

. . . A burst of laughter. Then Boob spouting in what was obviously meant to be a scoffing imitation of one infatuated: "Nedra, dear child, I claim a father's privilege!"—and another chorus of half-drunken laughter as Nedra was pulled across Boob's knee . . . and a loud slap echoed facetiously under the bright stars.

"Don't forget the rest, Boob!"—(Yes, it was Nedra's voice, velvet with mockery)—"'Why, little lady, you're nothing but a naughty baby at heart!'"

"Nedra, he *didn't*!"

"Does he think he's a wicked, wicked wag, the poor mutt?"

"Silly old bore. Ga-ga. Makes me sick."

"I know, but I can't get rid of him."

"I'll get rid of him for you."

"Not without upsetting Armorel, and she's good fun."

"Oh, well, forget him. Who's for the porpoise game? One—two—all in together! . . . Giulio, you're a funk!" . . .

GARRY waited on the terrace until Armorel had speeded the last car load of the gang on their

(*Continued on page* 108)

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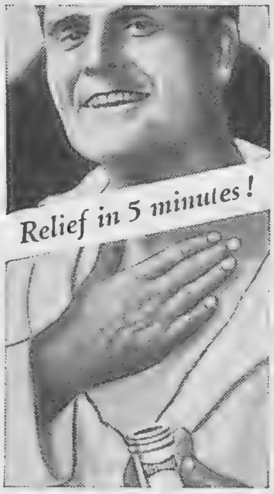
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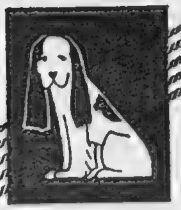

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way home, about an hour after midnight. Their bathe had actually made them sleepy, and they decided to retire early, for once. He waited, dogged and clammy. He was not going back into his bedroom while it held any nauseating traces of merry Riviera comradeship.

. . . " Armorel."

" Hallo, Dad, not gone to bed yet ? You must be tired."

" Yes. Too much pleasure can be highly exhausting."

Something in his voice made her scrutinise him more closely. The reflection of light from within showed her the father who had been her engaging and debonair hero for so many years, now unaccountably pinched and drawn in the face, shoulders drooping, moustache and hair damp and uncurled. Yet there lurked a faint sparkle of irony in his eyes. Garry was just able to take note of a certain poor old mutt. . . .

" Armorel, I've been thinking. . . . Do you know the date ? "

" Why, yes, it's the fourth—no, the fifth. Yes, the tournament was to end on the fifth ; that must be to-day. Why ? "

" Mab's wedding is on the eighth. I think, darling, I have been feeling more and more that I ought to—er—to sacrifice my own inclinations in the matter, and be there after all, in person, to give her away. If I started to-morrow morning, I——"

" But, Dad — you'll be back again, of course ? "

A long pause. Suddenly Armorel knew for a certainty that as far as Garry was concerned, her grand enterprise had been a failure. She had given him his wish, and, like all wishes of fairy-tale and legend, it had worked out wrong. Her first impulse was a sort of unreasonable anger : " You wanted it, and I spent all that money, and now—the trouble is you just don't know your own mind ! " But she controlled this, realising it was merely childish. Mab—Mab's wedding—yes, she must leave him this hastily snatched makeshift to wrap round his dignity. She would play up, help him. There was no need for pride to strip itself. . . .

" Of course," agreed Armorel, thoughtfully, waiving any reference to Garry's return to Villa Allegra, " of course, in a way Mummy *was* right. It would look rather bad before Bernard's parents and all his relations if there were nobody but Reggie to give Mab away."

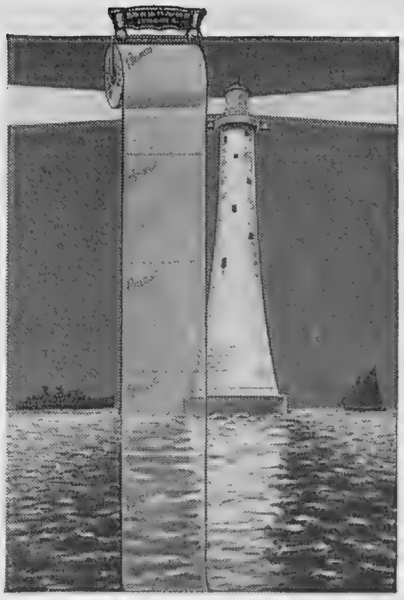
" It's my daughter's feelings that I'm thinking of," interrupted Garry. " There's no doubt that to a certain extent I should be letting Mab down by—ah—enjoying myself frivolously when I ought to be doing my duty, from a father's point of view." It was partly to spare his own vanity, but partly, also to spare Armorel that he was arranging this terrific concentration upon Mab.

Armorel assented solemnly. " Well, you know, I do understand Mab's point of view. It isn't just a question of whose arm she's leaning on as she comes up the aisle, but—' The bride was given away by her father '—it's a sort of symbol, isn't it ?—a symbol of leaving the old protected life, and being handed over to . . . to the new," she finished, somewhat lamely. It was really a tiny bit difficult to envisage Mab's future as a savage adventure flung headlong into space, when she and Bernard were only just two minutes from White Croft, and coming home to dinner every single Sunday.

Garry repeated no less solemnly : " Quite right, darling. How well you understand. Yes, it's a symbol."

And while they continued to speak in curiously hushed voices, and still in terms of glowing hyperbole, of Mab, her wedding-day, symbols and the paternal instinct, Armorel had a quick, humorous vision of a reformed Garry swinging jauntily down to the Durley Green Tennis Club, and, fresh from his victories over Cochet and Borotra, creating a sensation by his affability. It's a wise child that knows her own father. . . .

" It'll be a lovely surprise for Mummy and all of them," was all she said.



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IT was not until Garry had gone to bed, for the last time behind a mosquito-net, that she realised that she, too, had had a lovely surprise, and that this was her solution. She could never have got rid of her father. Now, of his own accord, he was going home. And she had little doubt but that the lease of White Croft would be sturdily renewed for yet another seven years. Now she could let off the villa for the remaining six weeks of the season. There would be no difficulty about that, and . . . just stay on out here by herself, living cheaply; take a room somewhere; work and work. . . . Dick would be there. They would go for walks together, up into the olive-groves at sunset, when the little dry lizards basked on hot grey walls. How she loved the place! How she loved the soft warm air, and the scent of oleanders on the terrace!

T*he* Last Door *to the* Arctic Opens

(*Continued from page* 57)

dollars before he started in to trap. This would include silk clothing and hosiery for his squaw and daughter, a sewing machine perhaps, a navy blue suit and an overcoat for himself—also an outboard engine, a canvas-covered canoe and gasolene to take him to his hunting grounds, gramophone records, candy, and a thousand and one unnecessary articles often totally unsuited to the woods and his usual mode of life.

These tremendous debts, to natives who are considered " minors " in the eyes of the law and cannot be held responsible for their debts, proved a delusion and a snare as, finding out their legal status, they frequently, when arriving at the forts of settlements with their furs, would barter them with some trader to whom they were not indebted, leaving the others in the lurch.

Often the white trapper would adopt anything but a conciliatory attitude when penetrating some ancestral hunting grounds of an Indian family. The Indian had given up all rights to his own country when he had taken " treaty " from the Canadian Government some years before, and the white man was within his rights, but the red man could not understand. Under the circumstances it is not to be wondered at that, in many cases, whilst the white trapper was " outside " for the summer selling his winter's catch of furs, a bush fire should spring up in the vicinity of his cabins and upon his return he should find his traps and outfit destroyed and his hunting territory a wilderness of blackened stumps and brule.

Now that the fur has disappeared from the country, the trading companies are cutting credits to the bone, fur prices are reaching new low levels, and small hordes of traders are suddenly disappearing or going broke, while even the old-established trading companies are experiencing trouble weathering the storm. Meanwhile the Indian, having burned the candle at both ends, scarcely realises what it is all about; he has had his wine, his good times and his song, and at last has come the inevitable headache.

The Mackenzie River Indian has been thoroughly, if only temporarily, demoralised as a result of the traders' methods, while the Canadian Government has now found it necessary to import a herd of three thousand reindeer from Alaska into the North-West Territories with which to insure feed for the Eskimo population as a result of their having decimated the original herds of caribou during the last ten years through the indiscriminate sale by traders of high-powered rifles and ammunition to them.

It is to be hoped that, while there is still time, Government regulations will be put into effect which will save the native population of Hudson Bay and the adjacent territory from exploitation such as has ruined both the native and the fur trade of other parts of Canada of late, as well as the caribou and other animal life of the Canadian North from early extermination.

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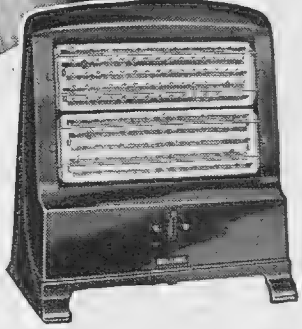

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Wind-Jamming *the* Horn

(*Continued from page* 39)

And as he squares up to me I remember that one of the more saintly of them, a melodeon expert who plays hymns on the communal melodeon as though he had just been converted, had told me yesterday that: "We Finns are not the barbarians people say. In my part of the country, when at a card party or dance a man has been 'stuck,' we always carry the body out on to the roadside." He adds as an afterthought, "Anyhow, it's unlucky to have a corpse at a party."

Yeah!

The Wild Boy gets closer and closer, and here I find that Irishman's tongue which is sometimes even mightier than *jiu-jutsu*: I talk to him as men will speak to the thing they love and wish to kill! (*You* know what I mean, as our friend Mundy says.)

He is finally led away as things look like getting interesting and after I have demonstrated the thrust of the left arm forward as the knife descends, the snapping of the killer's own arm as his shoulder is held by the victim's right hand and the arm forced in to the head.

So is honour satisfied!

SHARK-FISHING has its humours and its high lights.

I know what the average man thinks. You throw your rope overboard with a great hook on the end and a leg of stinking pork, Johnny engulfs the lot, and then you haul him on board.

But it is not so easy!

My experience of several months of sharks is that they are wily as any cock salmon that ever haunted Tay or Blackwater.

I have one time or another seen hundredweights of pork slung overboard on the needle-pointed hook and I have seen His Bloodiness flaunt his great shadow indifferently around as though pork to him was poison.

I have seen him swim away, all his fins going, and I have realised that the theologians have made a mistake; that the Devil is Fish and not Man. And that the man who said that fish have no brains simply proved it the other way about!

One day we had fished hour after hour for a "fin." Just that. A fin that clove the sulky grey swells of the South Pacific and that swam around and around the ship with the body invisible beneath it waiting for that corpse which it expected and which we felt might in that heat at any moment be provided.

To that fin we paid homage. We offered it fish and we offered it pig. We offered it our curses and our prayers—so often one and the same thing. We implored it to hear our petition and to take the hook in its mouth.

And John Shark heard us not.

As the shades of eve drew down upon a glassy surface white-heated by the 100-degree sun, one of our two Danes, and the noblest Viking of them all, announced that he knew an infallible method of shark-baiting. He said it was "great sport."

This idea of sport was to use himself as bait! For any sort of sportsman can use a fellow-fish as bait.

So down over our lofty sides we lowered Christian in a bos'n's chair—that is, a little board on a rope. Down to where the great shadows sulked about our foc's'le head.

Down to the edge of the water, with his white, naked feet dipping into it. A Christian not to the lions, but to the sharks.

But this was not enough for our sportsman.

He wanted a lantern so that Johnny could see where to bite the aforesaid bare 'uns.

Down with the lighted lantern.

Above, a great white moon threw upon the waters a line of bobbing heads, as the crew came to see the "fun." There was Christian below, on his precarious perch, his short stabbing harpoon in his hand ready to let go the moment he "got a bite!"

In vain did he dabble those white tootsies of his in the murder-laden waters. In vain did he call upon Johnny and upon his own gods on a ship where every man had his private particular god. In vain did he perform certain incantations favourable to "getting bites."

The great shadows materialised from the depths, took a look at the lantern, then at Christian's bobbing feet . . . and swam away contemptuous.

And then, as we had yielded hope, we saw the boy below, stripped to the waist, lift his long right arm with the harpoon, and the muscles bunching under his shoulder-blade, drive it down into the waters of the Pacific.

Something begins to thrash the depths. There is a yell like that of a tribe of Apaches on the war-path, from the line of heads. Some of the boys are jigging on the "head" with delight. Others are screaming and laughing. Others gaze white-faced, intent, down on to the waters now reddened with blood.

"Shark!—*Haj*!" they yell in their different tongues, as they haul on the rope attached to the harpoon.

But it is no shark. Only a big dolphin which has stuck his snout up to our lantern.

Up he comes. "Springer" steak for breakfast! Hurrah!

All through the Pacific night, off and on, they fish for Johnny, who holds his nightly vigil around our barque. A great whale, who looks half the length of the ship, has come up in the small hours as Christian stands at the wheel to send his "blow" over the helmsman and to "jock" him on his failure to catch Johnny. Having done which, down he goes, and then comes up on the other side to blow again and to laugh at Christian, who is as sure as man can be that Belmoth, the whale, is laughing at him.

He takes it to heart and, his spell over, once more goes on to the foc's'le head. He gets out a specially tasty stinking piece of "horse," and having muttered an invocation hurls it into the unresistant waters of the Pacific.

It has three feet of strong chain to prevent the teeth of Johnny getting through. And above the chain is tough manilla.

Johnny, luxuriating on the glassy swell, noses round towards it, takes a look at it, pretends to swim away . . . and then turns to swallow it—hook, bait and sinker.

Christian lets out a roar that should wake the dead lying under our keel at 3,000 fathoms. The boys rush out of their deck-house like migratory devils. Christian, stripped to the waist, is fighting Johnny single-handed, the great muscles lumping and untwining themselves as he manipulates the rope.

Half a dozen boys hurl themselves on to the rope, and then begins a Homeric struggle.

The sea is stained with blood. It is thrashed into white foam. Johnny Shark, all his fins and tail going, is battling for his life, and he knows it.

Then on a sort of whip up he comes, inch by inch, the blood streaming from him and his wicked eyes and jaws showing.

"Stand back!" they cry. "'Ware teeth!"

Over an hour afterwards, I bring my camera on to the "head" to take a death-shot of John. He is dead as mutton. He hangs there in the already terribly doldrum heat. I see clinging to his awful jaws some tiny sucker-fish. I go up to him to pull one of them off, when . . . Smack!

The great jaws close.

A capstan bar is taken and rammed down the would-be murderer's throat—and the teeth close on it as though it were paper.

No shark is *ever* dead. That is my reasoned belief!

We cut his head off—the head lives and moves and has its gargoyle being. The body waltzes round the deck, headless. No shark is *ever* dead! Like Man, his enemy, he is immortal.

THAT is one sort of fishing. Fishing in water.

Here is another. Fishing in water and air. "Albatrossing," I call it.

I know a man who spent three months and three hundred pounds fishing in a salmon river in the South of Ireland, who, in the whole of that time, killed exactly two fish—one of 10 and the other of perhaps 12 pounds. Salmon fishing is another word for suicide.

Also for lunacy. For that lunatic has never stopped boasting to this day of the hour's struggle which these two minnows gave him. They grow, it is true, a pound or two a year. But, still, minnows—tiddlers.

Personally, I think there is no fun in fishing unless the fish at the other end of the line can do something to you when you land him!

I have heard tell of the 'trosses being easily caught. I can only say that it took the whole ship's company three months' hard fishing to catch three! Of these I caught two—one of them a record-breaker. He was exactly 32 inches round the chest!

And how many of my sporting friends would care to fish day after day and month after month for the chance of one "bite" in one thousand coming off?

You fish for albatross not with hook, but with a brass or copper triangle, its inner edges sharpened like a razor. You lash to that triangle some smelly pork with rope yarn. To it, you attach some copper wire, and to the wire, not a line, but what is really a young rope. Two hundred yards of it if you can get it.

Your albatross *never* takes any food on the fly. Nor will he "take" if the ship is doing more than 3 to 4 knots. Nor will he take sometimes even if everything—sea and swell and *tempo* synchronise.

He is neither shy nor is he afraid. But he has at times a super-cunning.

And when you catch him—look out for his razor beak. Our "third" once had a stout leather boot slashed through and the flesh underneath. Also look out for something else—sea-sickness! For these birds are always sea-sick when they come on a moving deck.

The triangle you insert within a cork frame, so that it may float. You may be, as I have been, fishing in a swell that blots out the horizon, with a "back and fill" which needs every bit of a fisherman's cunning to keep the floating triangle just under the hooked beak of the 'tross, without either letting it get behind the bird or too far in front. If a 'tross fails to get the triangle nicely under its rapacious snout, like that of an Afghan robber, it just swims away and you won't see that bird again, as a rule.

Out of ten thousand pecks and "drives" they make at the bait, perhaps one or two may result in the bird catching the beak, which hooks back on itself, in the sharpened apex of the triangle.

It needs enormous patience and as "nice" working of the line as fishing for that "five pound brown" in the mill stream at home.

I had been fishing a month perhaps when I got my first "bite." The moment you feel the bite, you begin to haul, absolutely evenly and steadily. You have not a chance in a hundred of landing your fish unless you have a steel back; whipcord muscles; and good wind. To 'tross-fish rightly, you must train!

When I got my first giant "on," he instantly tried to put out his great ten-foot, double-jointed pinions against the current rush of what then was a 5-knot breeze.

I hauled perhaps fifty yards, my breath coming in gasps, the bird fighting every inch. My wind and then my arms began to give—and at last he succeeded in getting out his great wings, and with that I had to let go, the beak came out of the triangle—and in a few seconds he was a thousand yards astern.

My first 'tross was, with the exception of

(*Continued on page* 112)

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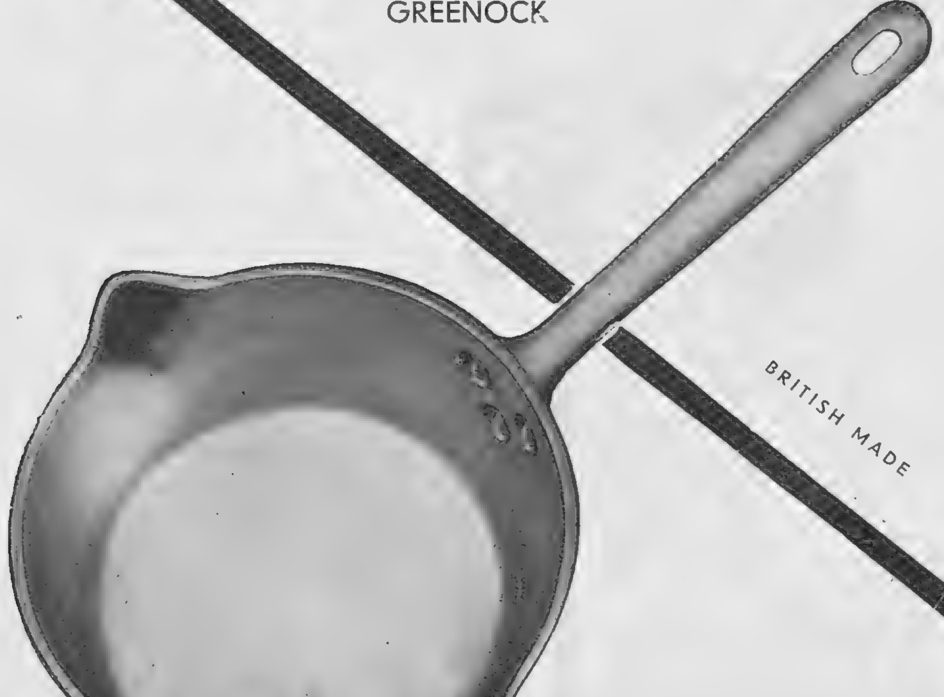

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Ebenezer—the 'tross I had tamed to fly close to me and almost to hold communion with me—the biggest bird I had seen. It must have been a good eleven feet from wing tip to wing tip along the back.

I was in hard physical condition. My muscles were like springs. My wind perhaps a little better than Dempsey's when he fought Tunney the second time. But after I had fought this maddened monster for about fifty yards or so, I felt that I was all in."

In extremis, I howled for help. Howled in anguish, with a line that was cutting my hands to the bone and was dragging out the top joint of the first finger of my left hand as the wet line cut in. (And no cuts heal round the Horn!)

Out of the charthouse behind me, for I was fishing off the poop, poured the 250 pounds of captain, followed by the "Chief" or first mate.

On to my 196 pounds he hurled his 250 and the 450 pounds of man began to fight the 13 pounds of bird—for these muscular giants of the air are the lightest of all created things proportionate to bulk.

The albatross began to get out the first section of his wing-spread to the lifting, rushing seas, as his relations crowded about him excited and exciting him to fight; and then, despite all we could do, he got out the second section. We hauling and cursing and praying—the captain, of course, doing the cursing and I the praying!

And then, snap! The rope had broken in the middle, not at a knot—and the next moment there was our beauty, the triangle dropped from his beak, floating away astern, lost for ever!

MY fight with my first 'tross, landed alone, should be writ alongside the feats of Ulysses, who never sailed on argosy such as ours!

After I had got fast to the snowy monster, I determined to fight him in silence, meaning at all costs to land him single-handed.

For twenty yards I kept the strain on him so that he could not get out his wings.

Then the great pinions began to come out, only for me to reply with a quicker haul. Another twenty yards, and my arms began to numb.

The wings were beginning to spread themselves. The wind was coming down on the ship to give her extra pace, and, therefore, for my bird, now shaking his head angrily from side to side, extra water resistance.

I had got him nearly under the counter, my breath coming in great gasps and *wondering if I should not faint*! (think of the fainting fisherman!), when the last trace of feeling left my arms. I was about to let the line go, when my eye caught a belaying pin half sunk in the stern rail.

I had inspiration. With a turn of the line round the pin I took my chance and let the white struggling fury below do his damndest to get off the triangle. But he could not. The sharpened apex bit into his beak, and so he hung suspended on the tremendous swell, giving us a lift and fall of many feet, and every time that bird went down I expected to see him washed off.

But the edge had bitten in deep, and the triangle held.

Then, my arms with "feeling" returned to them, I lifted him foot by foot up to the rail, and putting my hand over, took him behind the sinewy back to prevent that murderous beak getting to work, and lifted him over, triangle and all.

For my humanitarian and vegetarian friends may I say that I never killed or allowed any boy to kill one of our 'trosses, even when they wanted to use the great 11½ inch across webbed feet for tobacco pouches and the beaks for hat-pegs. As for eating 'tross, I can only say that it *has* been done—but only once. Might as well eat musk-cat. And as 'trosses are humans, it would be cannibalism.

I HAVE actually dozed in the folds of the furled flying jib in a pretty heavy sea when near the Horn, tying myself on with a rope as I lifted a score of feet and then drove down into the smother. Some seamen may say that it is impossible. But they, of all people, should know that on a Cape Horner *nothing is impossible.* Anyhow, it actually happened.

That is one form of "sport." At least for me, as I happen to be a natural coward, frightened of all sorts of things from 10-inch knives to going over the futtocks, and from quack doctors to quarter day. The sport lies in overcoming your fear.

In fact, that is the basis of all real sport, as opposed to gentlemanly golf, pat-ball tennis, and make-believe cut-throat bridge . . . now nearly extinct but coming in again.

But if you want to go "jibbooming" in the right way, take an 18-foot harpoon, with a movable head which comes out if you make connection with a "springer," and a rope to help you to land it. Go out on the bowsprit shrouds (we had only the single spar, so you can call it "bowsprit" or "jibboom" as you like)—that is, the chains running back from the lofty point of the jibboom, two of 'em.

On one of these you balance yourself, holding on with one hand to the shroud above, and thinking of your end as you swing twenty or thirty feet up and down in a roaring sea. Your heavy harpoon, which takes a powerful arm to wield, you use as a balancing pole as you watch the giant "springers" darting from side to side just before the ship's forefoot, like chain lightning.

Sometimes you take a chance and let go with the hand that is holding, in order to get more power and speed into your stroke.

Watch our champion harpooner go out like a monkey with me behind him, as we hurtle up and down on waves that, for me at any rate, make the most of the stuff I have met in the Atlantic look like a mill pond. I hand Bellmann the harpoon.

He balances himself there on the lift and fall watching, with eyes which have in them the flame of swords, the olive-green monsters which are darting like weavers' shuttles about our forefoot.

The great shaft is lifted, and then is sent hissing into the blue wave of the Pacific.

It goes down and then comes bobbing back again. No hit!

Again and again it hisses from his hand, but to hit one of those kings of swimming is like trying to shoot the wings off a butterfly, as my Corsican friends do when they are tired of vendetting.

Again the shaft is lifted. It flashes down in the sunlight—and it holds! Flesh and blood is holding it down there in the blue.

When after half a dozen of us have landed the great creature that looks like a pig—warm-blooded and therefore an animal—we find that "Bell" has transfixed the spine-edge making a miracle of a shot.

That night we have springer-steak for supper.

Four of us drive at the smoking red slices in the communal dish—but "Bell" gets in first. Eight of them, one after another, he fairly hurls down his Cape Horn throat into his Cape Horn stomach under the spur of his Cape Horn appetite. But when I get my teeth into the first lump and see the ruddy marks the stuff makes round the lips of my hungry messmates—I give it best!

For getting something *fresh* to eat on a Horner is of all sports the most exciting!

. . .

But now we come to the rough stuff! The Horn itself. For of all sports on earth or sea, including as it does, steering a 4,000-tonner in hurricane seas; "sea-dodging"; "squalling"; sidestepping the k.o. of which I shall tell; and laying out on a dizzy swinging royal 150 feet over the heaviest seas that run, with "one hand for yourself and the other for the ship"—I give the palm to rounding the Horn himself. "Cape-Horning."

Old Devil Horn!

To be concluded

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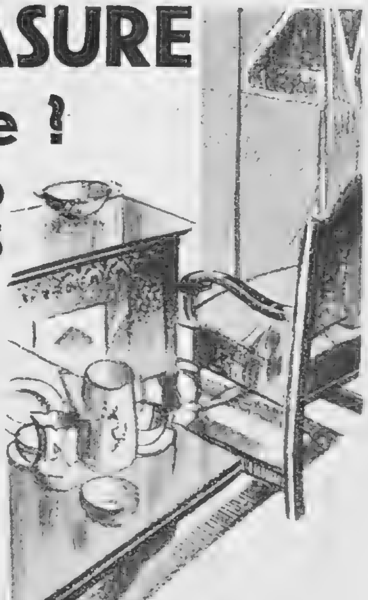

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The Anonymous Super-Men *of the* Air

Continued from page 37)

feet when his rudder controls failed to respond . . . These are everyday happenings while new machines are tried and the experts make the air safe for democracy.

Those specialists, the Air Taxi men, are equally loath to talk; the Cross-Europe pilot of "B.A.T." (short for British Air Transport) could, but will not, tell of the drama of his race to Belfast a few days back to the blazing *s.s. Bermuda* with one of the firm who built the doomed ship—of his chilly ordeal lately at 15,000 feet up (in winter) in an unheated plane for four or five hours at a stretch, testing out a new "beam" directional invention. There is also tricky "Movie" work that the taximan undertakes as well as the rapid continental flights during the recent crisis for "certain directors of English Banks," or the most recent of his rapid flights, which schedules Belfast at 8 a.m., Croydon (brief halt for check up by ground engineer) to Antwerp by 2.45, and home again for tea at Croydon at 4.45 the same day.

HALF across the world, the British pilots in Canada are keeping up a high level of achievement "day-in-day-out" with their services to survey, to sub-arctic travel and to forestry as well as commercial exploration! Note two of them, starting at 10.15 on the coldest day of the year, to go from one point on Ungava Bay (Hudson Strait) to another right across, a many days' trip by dog team. The temperature is over "thirty below," and, as they rise to 8,000 feet, drops to 40 below zero. But they make a job of the trip, landing 3 hours and 40 minutes later, and thus saving *over 190 hours* on the only other method of transit. Not least among the dangers that the regular survey pilots and transit pilots meet is the peril of the spring and fall mists, thick, white trailing curtains that veil the landscape from 200 to 1,000 or so feet, but in the case of the chilly trip above, the pilots, Leitch and Lawrence, seemed even to have enjoyed its difficult details.

Then there is Owen Cathcart-Jones and his French Alp. Mr. Cathcart-Jones, once a taxi-pilot at Hanworth and then pilot on his Cape flight with the late Glen Kidston, was taking a light plane over part of the French Alps, when the engine began to die on his hands. The country not being exactly prolific in landing-places, he juggled with the crisis gaining every second as he sought for any space that might save him and his passenger. In what seemed to be (and probably actually was) the only open space for miles, he made a successful landing—and got out to look round. A walk revealed a typical isolated Alpine hamlet; and a talk revealed that there was there one young woman who could speak English; but the subsequent conversation also revealed that the *native had learned her English at Feltham, which is "next village" to Hanworth, England*—and if that were not enough for one day, a search produced in the same tiny, primitive and isolated hamlet, an ex-R.A.F. mechanic to give first aid to the 'plane.

WHEREVER these new "supermen" gather you find the germ of a new viewpoint, a practical internationalism of the men for whom capitals have converged and frontiers are fluid; in the airports where a man is a Frenchman, German or Dutchman by accident, but a fine pilot (as he must be) by achievement—and the latter it is that counts, every time.

I am still charged with an (undelivered) message from a German officer of the Deutsche Luft Hansa, who walks with a limp. He showed me all the gadgets of his lovely airport with justifiable pride, and then asked, just before the air liner took me off, whether I knew an English "Commandant" of Air Service, *with only one eye*. I did, and still do not; so he told me the story.

In the war, in Palestine, he went up and fought a duel with a British pilot in the course of operations; Herr Felmy got hit in the foot, but he plugged the Englishman in the eye. . . .

Herr Felmy had just had an invitation to come to Britain to meet his ex-enemy, and wishes he could accept; but he cannot. All the same, he wants his foe to know how *desperately sorry he is about his eye*—apparently it was a good fight, worth a foot, if you will; but an eye—NO. Herr Felmy would very much like to make it up, in person; for savage war, he says, is stupid between men who love the same profession and go (literally) above the heads of the politicians.

END

Exit *the* Comic Tramp . . .

(*Continued from page* 47)

French will enjoy it" . . . In my opinion it is an even better picture than "Congress Dances," more witty, more romantic. There is in it an entrancing cooks' chorus: a row of chefs in immaculate white, their exaggerated chefs' hats emblazoned with eagles and crowns; each add something to the king's breakfast in a silver bowl as it glides automatically along the serving table, meanwhile singing lustily—a great improvement on the old-fashioned male chorus in musical comedies (was it Mr. Agate who wrote of them: "Hark the Morris Angels sing"?), with their meaningless gyrations and gestures, and is at the same time an amusing gibe at ceremonial and below-stairs etiquette.

Lilian Harvey's French is so accurate and English that I should have thought that anyone with even a smattering of the language would have understood her every word, even when the action does not speak for itself, which it generally does. As an English accent is—or was before the tariff question arose—considered utterly *chic* and charming in France, she should have a great success there in this film. There is a sentimental warmth in the acting of Lilian Harvey and Henry Garat in "Her Highness Commands" which should endear them both to the lovers of screen lovers. Garat, who plays Alexander in "Congress Dances," has a Chevalier part in the second picture and plays it with less humour and more sentiment. He is a good actor, an attractive personality, can use his eyes as expressively as Chevalier does his mouth, and wears pseudo-German uniforms as convincingly as Von Stroheim himself. Here is a star. Ladies who have unhitched wagons, forward, please!

UNTIL recently kings and queens and statesmen have been treated as tragic figures on stage and screen; but here, it seems, is a vast, uncultivated field in which the flowers of humour may bloom. With the possible exception of "Helen of Troy" and "Congress Dances," we have so far had only imaginary personages in the palatial comedies, but the laws of libel and *lèse majesté* do not apply retrospectively and some of the better known historical personalities surely lend themselves to lighter handling. There would be some good fun in the history of the gross and grandiose Henry VIII, his amours, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the ridiculous bye-play between him and François I. . . . There was the incident described by Mr. Walter Hackett when the French King roused Henry, "warmed Henry's chemise himself and gave it to him when his naked majesty arose," followed almost immediately by the wrestling match in which the athletic Henry was thrown, which nearly turned into something more than a royal romp!

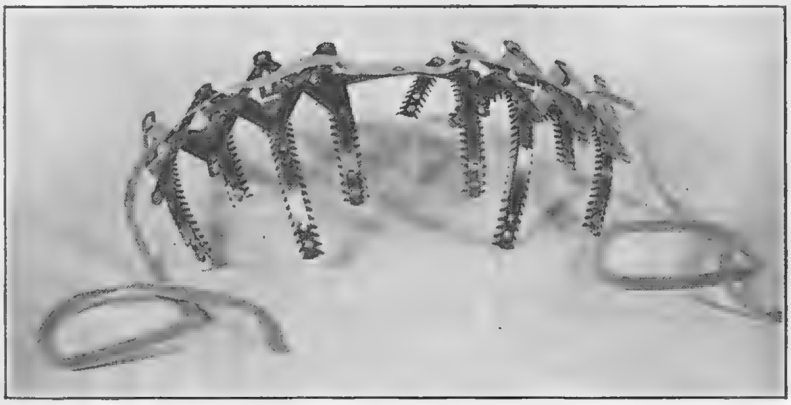
Then, too, if cleverly and discreetly handled, there is ready-made material for comedy in many of the authenticated incidents of Napoleon's career: his relationship with Josephine in the early days; with the plump, malicious, intriguing Madame de Staël; the *coup d'état* when his brother intervened to save him from ignominy has its humorous elements; no one dared laugh at the time at his coronation, but now. . . . !

It is not my own idea that in times of depression and crisis humanity needs the relaxation of frivolous entertainment. During the war we had the outstandingly successful revues, musical comedies, the ascendancy of Jazz and the establishment of night clubs. Now is the time for comedy films.

The older favourites are off the note: Chaplin—but "why bring that up?"—Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Fairbanks is travelling, Mary must know. . . . Laurel and Hardy only came into their own a couple of years ago. They will still do. "Beau Chump" was really funny. It may not come into the category of humour at the expense of the Grand and Great, but there is in it some excellent "guying" of militarism and, of course, of the sentimental and inaccurate Foreign Legion films.

The Ben Travers team have cornered a special brand of "clean English fun" of their own and continue to "get away with it" on stage and screen. The Colonies and the Provinces love it, and Winifred Shotter is the charming little English girl (or the "swell little Jane" as a Canadian correspondent called her), neither too deep nor too high, who "wins all hearts." "Mischief" will repeat the success of "Rookery Nook" (alias "One Embarrassing Night") and the others. They have made their own rules and they keep them. Though the £ drop, their standard remains the same. They bore me, but everyone else likes them, and, after all, I do not pay for my cinema tickets.

END



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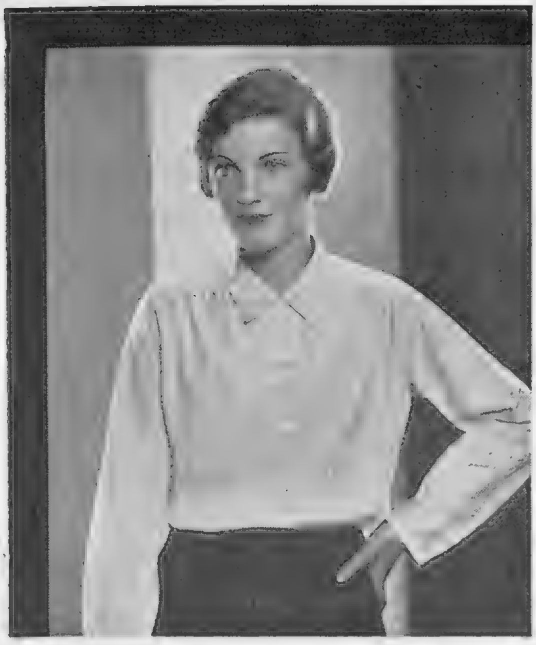

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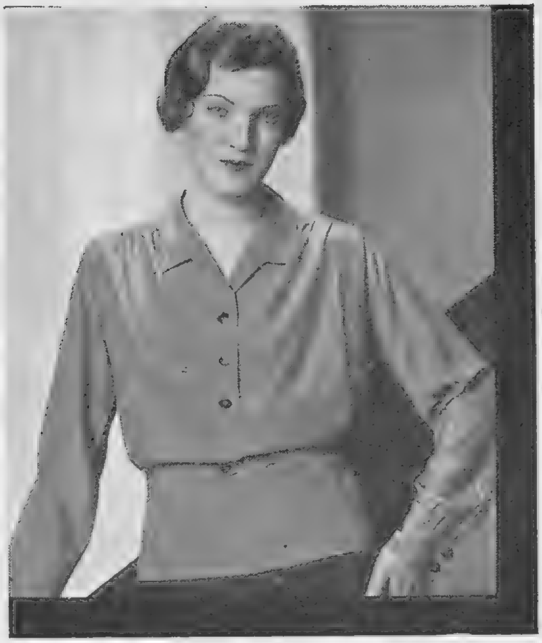

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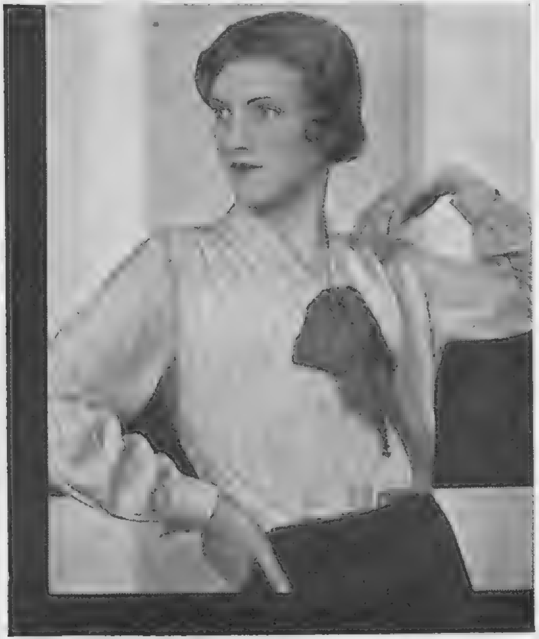

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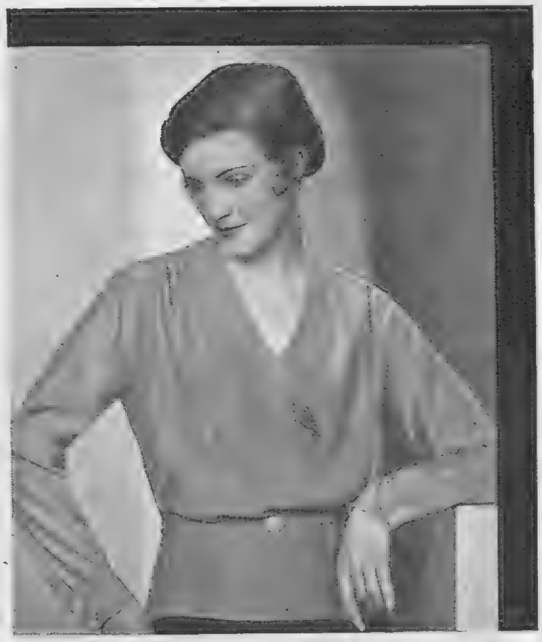

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For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

NEWS of the MONTH

BY the time these lines are in front of you, our Cinderellas' Pantomime Party will have taken place. In spite of the inexorable demands of taxgatherers, contributions are still coming in well, but I am unable to tell yet whether the collection has reached the necessary total. In order that no child shall be without an invitation, however, we shall take a risk, as in other years, of a small temporary deficit, knowing from past experience how promptly such a debit balance is likely to be wiped out by the generosity of Saloners as soon as they hear of it. Meanwhile I am most grateful for the very kind donations received from Irene Petch, Miss Roe, Peggy Berkeley, Sybil and Barbara Stallibrass, Rachel Melrose, Jean Dewar, Sheila and Joan Pidcock, Blanche H. A. Jones, Doris Mashiter, Gladys Cumpstey, Marjorie Blareau, Dora Langley, Nannie Cameron, D. P. Seymour, Sheila Apted, Nancy and Joan Guillaume, S. Christine Straker, Angel Verschoyle, Francis Jowett, M. Joyce Lambert, M. O. Orsman, Florence and Irene McCoy, Lily Pegg, Annie K. Arding, Sheila and Moyra Fraser, Vera Horton, Hilda M. Dunlop, Kathleen Drabble, Doris and Diana Seth-Smith, Kathleen Whittaker, Vera Dumain, Lady Elizabeth Hare, Nora Whittaker, C. S. Stamper, Margaret Barrett, Violet Horn, Ian F. Rose, Mrs. Harris and Joan and Seymour, Joan Le Feuvre, Nancie Berners-Wilson, Elspeth Duxbury, Eileen Tomlinson, Diana and Barbara Heaver, Nellie Hopwood, Nora Reed, S. Curtis, Amy G. Haydon, Olwen Lawton, Dorothy Guillaume, Melaine Kerr, Trixie Ford, Rosalind M. Finlay, G. Anthony Hern, Violet A. Peek, Maureen Kirkley, F. Joan Peters, Félicité and Alison Petters, Winifred and Audrey Clifford, Pamela and Anthony Mumford, N. M. Wilsher, May W. Harrison, Kathleen Benning, E. Hallis, Barbara Booth, Patricia M. Godwin, Isabel Jackson, Gwendollen R. Allen, Arnold Parkin, Dolly Davies, Gwendolen and Ursula Moss, Patricia J. Appleyard, Veronica Price Harris, Betty Crowther, Ruth Grech, Mary Gray-Fisk, Joyce Bidder, and Betty Crighton.

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, November 16th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do - As - You - Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to S. Cochrane, G.C.S. 5882. Hon. Mention: G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843; Winifred K. Mitchell, G.C.S. 5857.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Edith M. D. Pitts, G.C.S. 5883. Hon. Mention: Rosa Vine, G.C.S. 5864; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846; Nan Sharpe, G.C.S. 5658.

Needlework Competition.—A d'Oyley. Prize 10s. Divided between Amy Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and W. L. S. Piper, G.C.S. 5880. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A design for a Christmas Card or Calendar. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930. Hon. Mention: Patricia Hepburn, M.C.S. 3261.

Literature Competition.—" Your Favourite Film Star and Why." Prize 10s. Divided between Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910, and Norman Bunker, M.C.S. 2683. Hon. Mention: Jennifer Skinner, M.C.S. 3271.

Needlework Competition.—A Novelty. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gertrude Barker, M.C.S. 2556.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do - As - You - Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472. Hon. Mention: Moyra Fraser, A.C.S. 1336; Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225.

Literature Competition.—A Verse for a Christmas Card. Prize 5s. Awarded to Marion Lund, A.C.S. 1460. Hon. Mention: Barbara Stallibrass, A.C.S. 1408.

Handicraft Competition.—First prize 15s. Awarded to Maureen Twells, M.C.S. 3107. Second prize 7s. 6d. Awarded to Aileen Piper, M.C.S. 3088. Hon. Mention: S. Cochrane, G.C.S. 5882.

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

Award of Prizes, December 1st

Graduates' Circle.

Art Competition.—Design for a Christmas Card. Prize 10s. Awarded to Violet Horn, G.C.S. 5496. Hon. Mention: Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jill Maunsell, G.C.S. 5693. Hon. Mention: W. H. G. Reed, G.C.S. 4725; Vera Hollingworth, G.C.S. 5867; Rosa Vine, G.C.S. 5864.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Divided between Nancie Berners-Wilson, M.C.S. 3099, and Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719. Hon. Mention: Dorothy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3228.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Molly Roberts, M.C.S. 3263. Hon. Mention: Alison Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3042; Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Divided between D. M. P. Seymour, A.C.S. 3262, and Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1442. Hon. Mention: Daisy Higgins, A.C.S. 1197.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Dinah Ginsburg, A.C.S 1515. Hon. Mention; Clare Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1190.

Snapshot Competition

First prize 10s. Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060. Second prize 5s. Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189. Hon. Mention: Winifred K. Mitchell, G.C.S. 5857; Isabel Garden, G.C.S. 5851.

Future Competitions

(February—March)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. 1. Closing date, February 15th. A Design for a Book Jacket. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. An Illustration to any well-known Poem. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Landscape Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. A Sonnet. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. A Pincushion. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. Spring Flowers in a Vase. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Design for a Cretonne.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. A Short Article on any Topical Subject. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. A Paper on " How I would Run the Salon Competitions: Some Suggestions." No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Lyric.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, March 15th. Anything Embroidered.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. Anything taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Pencil Sketch of a Jug and Tumbler.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. Describe a Book which you have Recently Enjoyed. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Short Poem.

Open to All: Age taken specially into Account

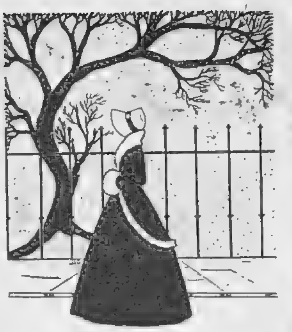
Snapshot Competition.—First prize 10s. Second prize 5s. Closing date, March 1st. Subject left to competitor.

A final echo of the Annual Competitions, Sheila Molyneux, Clare Fanghanel, and Peggy Hookham on the extreme left, with a number of other graceful and youthful entrants in the Dancing and Recitation Sections

Competition Circles

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Conducted by "LEVANA"



Above:

A dainty design for a Calendar, submitted by Madge Turnbull, G.C.S. 5847

Below:

Arnold Parkin, M.C.S. 2791, who competes regularly in the Members' Literature Section

Right:

Pamela Searight's winning entry in the December Snapshot Competition

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS

(*November 16th*)

Winifred K. Mitchell.—The general effect is pleasing enough, and the design cleverly balanced, although so much repetition of a single item might become wearisome to live with after a bit. This is a point to remember.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The effect of your spot light is purely arbitrary. Out of the circle of light the performer's legs would be in thick shadow. . . . Avoid repeating the name of the tree at the end of line three. In other respects this is much in advance of similar work of yours.

Mabel Hynes.—Interesting in conception and pattern, but too sharply divided in two at the centre, and the scale of the bird and children in the lower half wholly imaginary! Correct this; accuracy of scale is important.

Michaela Danckwerts.—The manner in which you have tackled this shows promise, but it would be better practice at your age to try to sketch direct from Nature—objects, people or landscapes.

Rachel Cunningham.—Some interesting colour, but in a study of this type background and foreground should be indicated. It is not possible to see anything as this is depicted, divorced from all its surroundings.

Mabel Sanders.—The wording of the last three lines is a little commonplace after the excellent beginning. I am sure you can deal with this.

Edith M. D. Pitts.—The method is rather "difficult," but there is some charming and original work in these lines. As a whole it is too long, and it would gain enormously with careful editing.

Arnold Parkin.—You could usefully have analysed your reasons at greater length. They are sound and would have stood development.

Florence Cook.—Very well argued. Be careful not to let the typewriter trick you into careless spelling. Careful correction would have made this easier reading.

Rosa Vine.—The double repetition is not necessary for the sake of emphasis and should therefore be avoided. If used once in each third line with an appropriate ending in each case, the effect should be very good.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—The last two verses are the best. The phraseology of the earlier ones is very strained, and only obvious sincerity saves them.

Vernita Churchill.—Dashing work, good colour rather beautified, the delicate drawing of the foreshore carelessly followed. Keep your work more simple and sincere even if it slows the pace; you ought to do remarkably well.

Margaret Smith.—The facial angle of your head is not usual in Caucasians, but, despite much idealisation, it is quite smart and attractive in method. Settle the middle line in profile work.

May Harrison.—An amusing commentary with a lot of run in it and with technique well suited to subject. Rather wavering in relative proportion and position, but interesting and fresh.

N. Hopgood.—A bit medieval in severity of design, but impressive in spite of harsh light and shade and morbid colour scheme. A scrupulous reconsideration of relative light values seems needed.

S. Cochrane.—A very effective middle distance and sky rather spoilt by the theatrical dazzle of the foreground. Extremely clever work, rather slapdash and carelessly accented and horizoned.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—A lot of clever work and elaboration, too much on the picture line to be well composed. The child in the tree is the best bit of drawing, the greatest need more studied balance of black and white. The delicate background excellent.

H. Cameron.—Somewhat Elizabethan in method as well as in subject. All beyond the middle line needs foreshortening, also some head beyond the ear. More shadow beneath projections would help. Keep middle line in mind.

M. Naylor.—Your rich, strong oil study is a surprise after your delicate, silvery watercolour work. A really sound and accomplished bit of work, the pineapple least satisfying; otherwise a masterly bit of low tone colour effect.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—Well composed and good Victorian character. In diffused interior light everything would tell more by tone and less by modelling. The high lights over-sharp and eyes and mouths stare; a flattening of flesh tones and some connecting shadows would help.

Penelope Burra.—Very well drawn and charming in colour with the fragile texture of flowers well felt. If you had used hot pressed paper instead of rough these points would be more apparent. Very artistic work for your age.

Doris Seth-Smith.—Better last lines are necessary for verses two and three. The rest has a characteristically dainty charm, although rather too slight and a bit lacking in ambition.

Rena Recaldin.—Ingeniously put together but a little clumsy in the border. The man's figure is remarkably well hit off; if the other had been a child the design would have been more pleasing, I think—not so crowded.

J. Wilkes.—Quite prettily done, but I think "Jack" should have been left out of it. The reference to the famous little fellow doesn't quite fit in here. It would have to be very apt to succeed.

Diana Seth-Smith.—Remarkable for its accuracy of proportion and general grasp of significant form. Go ahead; I think you will do well one day.

Heather Strudwick.—Very freshly stated and treated. I don't think there is anything to criticise, except your devotion!!

Joan Hunton.—Of their type excellent. and first rate as regards technique. A smoother surface would have assisted the lettering.

Moyra Fraser.—Stylishly handled in spite of your tender years. But as you seem to have a good eye naturally for colour, concentrate now on getting a similar accuracy of form.

Marion Lund.—The verse is decidedly pretty but rather hackneyed in sentiment. The neat run of the lines is, however, most commendable.

Florence E. McCoy.—An interesting effort, but I feel "dreamt," instead of "slept," would be preferable in view of the inner meaning of the verse and the title.

M. Joyce Lambert.—The curious condition in verse two is too sudden a *volte face*. Really, you have attempted too much in this limited space.

Buckingham Palace cleverly snapped, while floodlit, by Olwen Lawton, who takes first prize in the December Competition

Dorothy Higgins.—A very good attempt at illustration for your years. In tackling such a subject remember that atmospheric conditions affect everything in the picture, and that everything is related to the big effect.

B. Barker.—Very well planned, but your pencil is much too hard. Sketch very lightly at first and then look carefully for variety in the line and emphasise accordingly.

Kitty Earp.—A stronger line for the arch is desirable, and the silhouette of the drapery in the figures is also rather weak. Refined and pleasing as a conception, however.

Sylvia Reed.—Bold and effective, but the good result you should have achieved is withheld owing to the poor placing of the lettering, and its size. A larger card would have been better.

Barbara Booth.—A jolly little design, very appropriately handled, but day and evening costumes seem to have got a bit mixed! Delightful characterisation, but lettering rather casually treated.

Irene McCoy.—I feel this just fails to be as interesting as it ought, and I think the weakness lies in the repetitions. The last two or three lines are charming.

Olive Dwyer.—You back your opinion with a very sound argument, but the sweeping statement at the close needs some modification. Suggest what you feel so strongly, instead of announcing it quite so baldly.

Nan Sharpe.—The refrain is quite the best bit. The opening and close are a little commonplace in comparison. I think you should try to tackle them again.

Patricia Hepburn.—Very sound as pattern and the method taking and expert. But a better explanation of the background is necessary, particularly where it suddenly leaps forward in its narrow section on the left.

Ian Rose.—Perhaps *you* will be in need of the marble pillars now—for I have none either! In the difficult circumstances you do remarkably well. The gay spirit of the opening page might, however, have been insisted on all through, and it would have been effective to have increased the pace, as it were, with each fresh page.

G. Bertelsman.—One of the best papers you have done. You are improving very steadily indeed. Perhaps the last sentence is a little extravagant.

Peter Recaldin.—Ingeniously designed or copied? I am not sure which. The pencil work should have been in pen and ink and the introduction of green into this conventional scheme should have been avoided.

Trixie Ford.—The absence of any rhyme to agree with that in the last line is rather disturbing to the rest, which depends so much upon rhyme for its effect. In other respects very well done.

Patricia Appleyard.—In dealing with side issues for themselves, in places, apart from their connection with the main theme, you have lost some effect. But the paper is interesting all through and I realise the pains you have taken.

Joan Colyer.—The cedar's branches seem to have escaped the snow. This gives an odd impression. A purely decorative treatment for the background would have been better, and in this landscape fir trees would have been a better choice.

Betty Weir.—Very pleasant in design and daintily handled, but the ladies seem a bit lugubrious for the subject. Doubtless this wind of theirs is in the East, but on a Christmas card one must rise above minding that!

Olive Dockree.—Although technically sound, this verse fails to score because no attempt is made to break away from the conventional wording. All right, except for competition purposes.

Daisy Higgins.—Remarkable work for your age, essentials being splendidly grasped. The left whites between bricks and flowers are, however, quite out of tone. Remember this, another time.

Barbara Stallibrass.—Quite neatly put, but rather ordinary as to theme. At the risk of making mistakes, competition work should be ambitious and experimental, whenever possible.

Norman F. Bunker.—Very well done indeed; the light beginning and the more serious note at the finish are just right. This is good stuff. You might arrange paragraphs a little more frequently.

Desirée Picton Seymour.—Your work shows considerable improvement, but do not send in more than one drawing at a time, and see that it is suitable for the competition for which you are entering, and then I can criticise it.

(*Continued on page* 118)

Babies no longer have the monopoly of the adorable furry rabbit wool. Fashion decrees that this winter smartly-dressed women shall wear beautiful jumpers knitted in the new "Beryl" Fine Spun Angora Yarn, obtainable in an extensive selection of shades, ranging from delicate pastel tints to navy blue, stylish mixtures, and black and white. Only 3½ to 4 ozs. is required to knit a sleeveless jumper, and, being so finely spun, it knits into a light supple fabric, deliciously cosy on winter days, but never cumbersome or overheating. It is ideal for jumpers, pullovers, hats and scarves; and also for dainty suits and frocks for kiddies. Sold at all good-class wool shops. Write for samples, free and post free, to Dept. 53, Paton & Baldwin's, Ltd., Alloa, Scotland, or Halifax, England.

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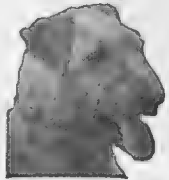

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Correspondence and Criticisms—(continued from page 117)

Joan Wyatt.—Rather slight, but very pretty as far as it goes. Work at the second verse again: it is a link between the other two which needs to be more strongly forged.

Jill Maunsell.—The last line but one spoils an otherwise charming little song, which would set to music admirably. It is worth working at again. There is so little wrong . . . . A better arrangement on the paper would have helped the calendar design greatly; in other respects an interesting performance.

Mary Bremner.—Individual lines are happy enough, but as a whole this lacks grace. Don't take too many liberties with form. Pleasure in reading hangs on it.

Annie M. Waters.—I think "now red, now brown," would be better for the end of line two, and "take" doesn't seem quite the best word in line six. You can easily get this right, I feel sure.

Veronica Price Harris.—It would assist you greatly now if you confined yourself to working with a pencil only for a bit. You will make little further progress until you battle with the problems of form. Charming colour, but not quite true in tone.

Bessie Wood.—A vigorous sketch, showing good grasp of essentials. Work if possible on plain paper, and record emphasis in a little less slapdash fashion. Good promise is shown. The essay covers all essentials, but for competition purposes it is necessary to give your ideas more play.

Molly Roberts.—The first half is very good indeed. The latter is less well handled; words are used with less skill and the composition is, by comparison, almost clumsy.

Jennifer Skinner.—Take more care with the details of composition. This is freshly and attractively written for the most part, but there are several little lapses from grace.

S. C. MacLeod.—Not a bad general impression, but faulty in proportions. Do not cramp yourself by working in such a small space. Stylish work, but you need guidance.

(December 1)

Florence E. McCoy.—These last lines break the run of the narrative without sufficient reason, striking a discordant note, which serves no purpose. You can easily avoid this.

Margaret Smith.—In a short poem of this type it is essential that the form of the first verse is adhered to in the second, and it would be an excellent exercise, in the present case, to recast the latter.

Olive Dockree.—A clever little sketch, although rather uncertain in technique. Keep this by you to work at again later. The last line of the third verse is one of the weakest spots.

The Children's Salon

COUPON

May W. Harrison.—Good pattern, but the detail weak. The angels' hands should be shown, and the head in the triangle must be reconsidered upon definitely conventional lines.

Doris Seth-Smith.—As far as "coverlet of flowers," this is charming, but after that the introduction of too many activities confuses the effect. Keep the theme simple and get back to the straightforward direct effect of the earlier lines.

Vera Hollingworth.—"Aghast" is scarcely the word to use in the opening line, seeing what pleasure follows. Otherwise this dramatic beginning is well handled. But it rather lacks the climax which such an opening suggests will follow. I know the spot well, and can share your enthusiasm.

Norman F. Bunker.—I must take objection to "sweetly" and "dancing." Get better words; these convey what you are aiming at, but are not quite right. Extremely good otherwise.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—I do not know what the philosopher concerned would say! A smoother, neater style seems necessary for a topic of this kind; the Gilbertian touch, in fact. So many thanks for good wishes.

Olwen Lawton.—A charming idea, but the form is a bit heavy-footed for the delicacy of the sentiment. Cast in a simpler mould, it could be a lovely little thing.

Arnold Parkin.—This begins well, but the verses which follow the first must keep time with it. Metrical accuracy is essential. Study the master poets and you will see what is required.

Dorothy Guillaume.—A remarkably painstaking study and excellent practice. A bit "tight," and too hard and rigid, but later you should do fine work when you can tackle things in more spontaneous fashion.

Rena Recaldin.—A background heavier in tone with cast shadow would have been better for these white flowers, which have lost almost all significance in competition with the vase. Otherwise boldly tackled in the right manner.

Penelope Burra.—The left lights on the beads are much exaggerated in mass if not in actual tone as well. A very pleasant group, charmingly seen, but not carried quite far enough.

Daisy Higgins.—Some delicious colour at the expense of form. Try to realise the volume of objects. Artistically first rate, and very advanced for your age.

The Children's Salon

Desirée M. P. Seymour.—Very sound draughtsmanship, but too equal in emphasis. It is impossible in such a group to see everything at the same value. Don't attempt to go one better than Nature—yet! Full of promise.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The card is well designed and handled, but very arbitrary in lighting. Your lamp, for instance, isn't doing any of its normal work! The story requires rewriting very carefully. There is any amount of good stuff going begging in it, at present, and it badly lacks sufficient experience.

Irene McCoy.—Very well done, but an occasional rallying-point, as it were, is necessary for a paper of this type. You could have secured this with the introduction of some dialogue on the appearance of fellow travellers. Let "R. L. S." assist you.

Edith Bannister.—Neatly put together, but in view of "Buy British" the last verse should be rewritten to give it more up-to-date point.

Molly Roberts.—You only just fail to achieve your purpose. The second verse rushes rather oddly into metrical inaccuracies. Work at it again, carefully.

Marjorie Webb.—The little coat is charming, one of the best of your recent entries, and most useful to us. Many thanks. As design your card scores, but better drawing is essential. You would do very well if you worked at art seriously.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Not a bad composition, but figures rather fixed and lifeless. It would give the fairy more effect if she changed places with the jester. Good in many ways, but not up to your standard.

Joyce Bidder.—A good subject for a lino cut but difficult for penwork. The pyramidal line of the mountains does not help. If you need angular form, roofs and chimneys would be better. Certainly fresh in style and method.

Violet Horn.—Capital feeling for colour of light. You must correct the top line of ink in bottle, otherwise a really first-rate impression, broad, free and artistic in method.

H. L. Wigmore.—A very effective decoration might be made in colour on solid black, but the form and line of the objects would need studious arrangement to make a pleasing pattern, and should perhaps fill more of the space. The germ of something new in this.

Joan Hunton.—There is attractive frankness in your work, though you are rather shy of tone and shadow. The curtain does not make good line or mass. You see form and colour very well, but must dare rather more effect.

Betty Weir.—Your big facts are well stated, but rather heavy handed and lacking in finesse. Try to put a little more fun into your work and more feeling for flats and angles as well.

The Children's Salon

COUPON

Yvonne Earle.—Objects and background extremely good, but no feeling for solidity beneath them; first-rate work in all other respects with delicate appreciation of colour and texture values.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—Very original and clever, but, with a modelled background, more than the well-used ground tone is needed for effective relief. Still, very interesting and bright.

Pamela Searight.—A good idea, the silhouettes too evenly spaced and upright figure not well balanced. Rather too many stars, particularly near horizon, and a slight suggestion of foreground modelling would help.

Veronica Price-Harris.—The movement in background tends to flatten the objects; it should be less visibly broken. Tender and charming colour, edges oversharp in places, but remarkably accomplished for your age. You would find a less textured paper easier to use.

W. H. G. Reed.—With some pruning—you will admit the justice of that word—this could be very funny. It must have a better climax sooner, and the chief idea can stand rather sharper emphasis.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—The close is cheap after the sustained power of the rest. "Thanks" is the word to delete; it is much too colloquial and out of key.

Dolly Davies.—The tracery is a bit casual and not very sound architecturally. The figures are well composed, but the design as a whole needs better relation to the card. Very agreeable colour.

Ursula Scott Morris.—The general effect is a bit confused, but in places you have worked out your idea with some very neat touches and the stride forward made recently is well sustained.

Rosa Vine.—I feel the subject is hardly worthy of the effort. Such a point must be borne in mind. Much is very good, but the rest dangerously near, sometimes, to grandiloquence.

Barbara J. Heaver.—The line before the last must be altered, because this is a condition possible to daylight also. The opening is very prettily done.

Clare Ackroyd.—A good theme for a sonnet, and an interesting opening. The latter part of the sixth line and the seventh are not very distinguished and should be recast, and the twelfth line should also be given another chance.

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The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve" 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Dinah Ginsburg.—A remarkable little outburst in four lines. Terse and arresting, but you should try for a better word at the end of the third line.

Doreen M. Hamby.—Hardly a lyric, but expressive and sincere. The last few lines are the most interesting. The beginning is a little hackneyed as a theme.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—Line nine has a bit too much the air of having been dragged in to give you the rhyme you want for the last line. Endeavour to alter this, as the effort is otherwise impressive.

Jean C. H. Crawford.—Beautifully neat and charming. A most useful and saleable affair. Thank you so much.

Isabel Garden.—Quite effective, particularly the last verse, but this is a subject better treated in more subtle fashion.

S. Curtis.—As an exercise this is bound to have its uses, but it isn't so suitable for a competition entry as more original matter. Still, a very good shot in many ways.

Sheila Apted.—The second verse is much the best, and if you were to take this for a model on which to shape the others, the little poem would be very passable.

Edith M. D. Pitts.—The matter is interesting enough, but I think the method might be better. Avoid too casual forms which are apt to disperse rather than concentrate the attention.

Joan Guillaume.—The last line makes a rather too sweeping statement, but you have managed a neat and appropriate little verse in other respects.

Amy G. Haydon.—A particularly pretty bit of colour and beautifully neat in stitchery. Thank you very much.

Jill Maunsell.—As a whole this is a most satisfactory design, but the poses of the chief figures are rather odd and too unconventional for such a subject. . . .The literature entry improves rapidly as it pursues its way and ends very well indeed. Try for a more interesting opening.

Annie M. Waters.—In a short poem such as this avoid using a single noticeable word more than once. "Corn" is overdone. If you read it aloud you will at once hear what is wrong.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a {*Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate*} *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name

Address

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Trixie Ford.—A very good glimpse of the book is given, but a better arrangement of your material is necessary. This hasn't quite your usual firm grip. The little cosy would be splendid for its purpose, but it is a bit on the clumsy side to look at, a point I have to consider!

Alison Ackroyd.—The first three and the last five lines are well managed; the end, in fact, is exactly right, but the maiden's short speech could be much better.

Pamela Searight.—You seem drawn to miniature effects. As a rule it is better to tackle things life size. Textures are not sufficiently differentiated, and the rose inclines to woolliness. Some exquisite colour.

Peter Recaldin.—A good lay-in, but to be interesting it is necessary to carry a sketch well beyond this stage. Determine as early as possible which are your darkest and lightest patches and then work in the tones between.

Dorothy Higgins.—A brave attempt at a very difficult subject. Keep your first washes rather more delicate until you are sure of the effect you want to achieve, and where emphasis is necessary.

Maureen Twells.—A little sharpening of the leaf edges in places would have assisted this charming effect very considerably. The slightly blurred look gives a rather false impression. Good colour, but drawing needs to be better.

Zenobia H. Forster-Brown.—The bird should look less lifelike, and more what he is—i.e., a carved model. This may have been the sculptor's fault, of course. Perspective of wall not quite accurate, but this is cleverly sketched otherwise. The latter half of the poem is charming, but a better technique all through is necessary.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—Some very graceful and pleasing lines, but at times a little confused in statement. Be your own severe judge. You have talent.

Mabel Sanders.—The verses neatly summarise the subject without much attempt to be original. It is better to venture on unhackneyed themes for the purposes of a competition. Thank you so much for the set: charming in style and colour.

Hettie Greening.—You can imagine how pleased I was to see your handwriting again. I do hope you are better now. A moving little poem, but a better line should be found for the close of the second verse.

Christabel Musson.—This has the lilt that one feels the subject demands, but there should be less strain apparent to secure correct rhymes and a better finish is necessary. Otherwise a promising entry.

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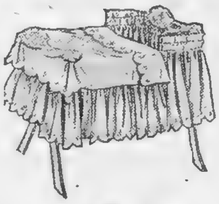

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Our Literary *Competition* Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH SERIES.

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post, February 15th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best short poem on any aspect of Leap Year.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—February 15

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post, February 29th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best denunciation in verse of poets who write hackneyed lines on spring.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—February 29

Results of 118th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to "J. A. B."

Hon. Mention: Lettie Cole, H. M. Hancock, B. Gibbs, Ena D. Reynolds, A. M. Waters, F. A. Edinborough, "Hannah May," Mabel Asher, Rosa Vine.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to May W. Harrison.

Hon. Mention: B. Paul, Evelyn Heaver, Marjorie Crosbie, Rosa Vine, Marjorie Elton Young, G. S. Ryder, Lettie Cole, Sybil Harker, Elizabeth Aitken, J. Binfield, G. B. Whitcombe, Dorothy Swift, Ruth Dobson, Doreen Hamby, Constance A. May.

Results of 119th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best review of a recent book.

Awarded to Reviewer of "John and David." Will this competitor please send name and address?

Hon. Mention: B. Paul, T. Ford, E. F. Ireland, May W. Harrison, John Perry-Dowling, J. Raxworthy, J. H. G. Gibbs, Eleanor Hebblethwaite.

The winning entry:

REVIEW OF A BOOK.

"John and David," by James Kenward (Peter Davies, Ltd., 1931), is a clever character study of two unusual boys.

The book begins when the brothers—with six years between them—are aged respectively six years and two months, and ends when they are twenty-five and nineteen.

From first to last the elder grudges and is passionately jealous of the attention paid to the younger, from the crying of the baby which brings the grown-ups to comfort him, to the artistic attainments of the young man which bid fair to attract the notice of the world.

The mother, and in a lesser degree the father, realise and understand this, but are quite unable to stem the growth of dislike which quickly turns to hatred between them.

As schoolboys, John, the elder, a duller boy, becomes more and more jealous of the capabilities of the younger, who is more brilliant both in work and games.

David, a very amiably inclined person, does not appear to notice it much until he suddenly realises that his successes are being made little of, in an endeavour not to hurt John's feelings and make more trouble. This effort of their parents to prevent bad feeling strikes him as grossly unfair, and matters are of course then in a very bad way.

The dreams and inmost thoughts of the boys are humanly and interestingly written; they are real people, so much so that one is loath to put down the book unfinished.

When John later thinks himself in love with a girl, Cynthia, he lets six years pass before he can bring himself to the point of confessing it, and by that time David has already proposed to her and been accepted.

This is the final straw; the ending is dramatic and well worked up to all through the book, but one is left wondering if it is possible for two brothers with such normal and understanding parents to be so utterly and completely devoid of any affection at all for each other. Let us—at any rate those who have boys ourselves—devoutly hope it is not.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best letter to his uncle from a schoolboy who wants a portable wireless set for Christmas, but does not think it wise to make the hint too palpable.

Awarded to H. M. Hancock.

Hon. Mention: E. Dundas, "Peg," Jill Maunsell, F. Peel, Phyllis M. Lubbock, J. H. G. Gibbs, Eleanor Hebblethwaite, Joan Raxworthy, W. P. Holtby, B. Porter, Trixie Ford, F. A. Edinborough.

The Gentle Art of Deportment

(*Continued from page 80*)

touching the wall, and the heels are about four inches away.

To improve your posture.

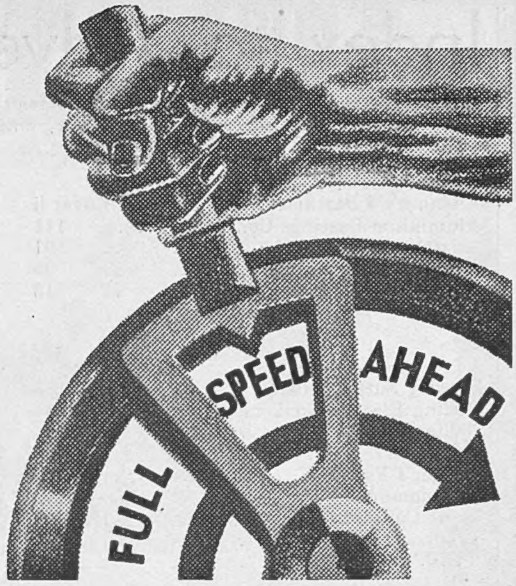
Stand with your feet slightly apart, toes pointing straight ahead, knees slightly relaxed. Pull in your abdominal muscles and flatten the lower curve of the back by pulling down the rear muscles. Make yourself as tall as you possibly can. The head should be held high, but not stiffly. Imagine that the back of the head is resting on an imaginary Elizabethan ruff. The muscles of the neck should be relaxed, not rigid. Your neck should remind the onlooker of a flower-stalk, not of a poker. Above all see that the shoulders are not held in a high, tense position. Distribute your weight evenly between your two feet, and keep your knees supple and relaxed.

Abdominal muscles are the basis of all good deportment, so bring all the exercises that tend to strengthen them out of your repertory and brush them up again. They will not only help your posture but give you that covetably trim waistline, without a suspicion of a bulge below the belt, that is the most important focus of the new line.

One more posture exercise that will help you not only to stand well, but to sit gracefully without dropping with an undignified bounce into your chair. Do this in front of a mirror.

Sit in a straight chair, with abdomen pulled in, back flat and feet on the floor.

Rise slowly from chair, keeping torso perfectly straight from the waist upwards, head well back. Assume a perfect standing position and walk round the room. Then sit down in the chair again, lowering yourself as slowly as possible and keeping complete control of your back and thigh muscles. Repeat this five times.



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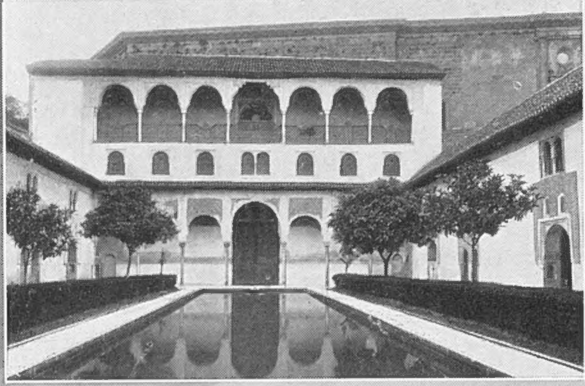
GRANADA. Arrayanes Courtyard in the Alhambra.

MADRID. Prado Museum.

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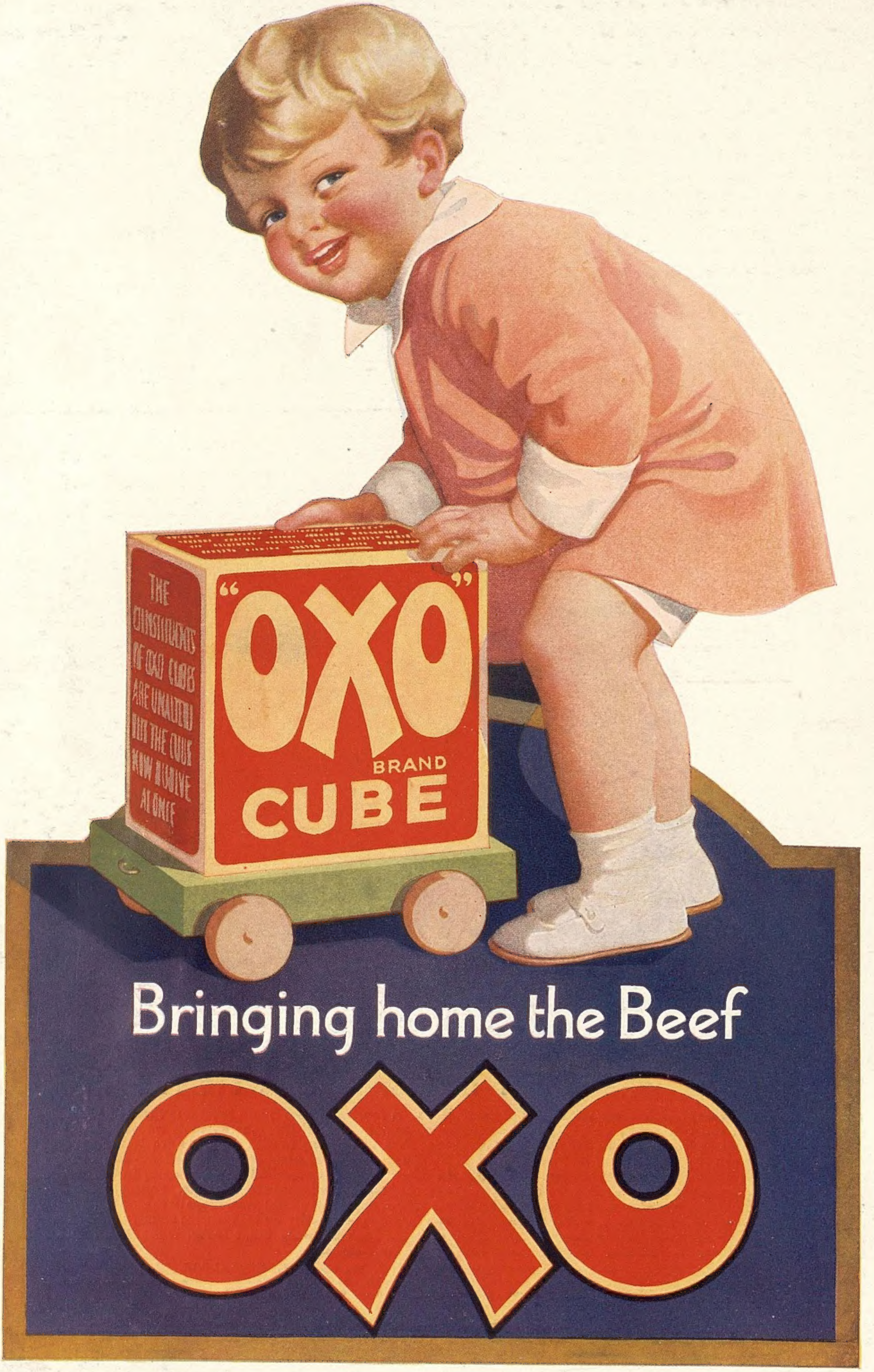
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